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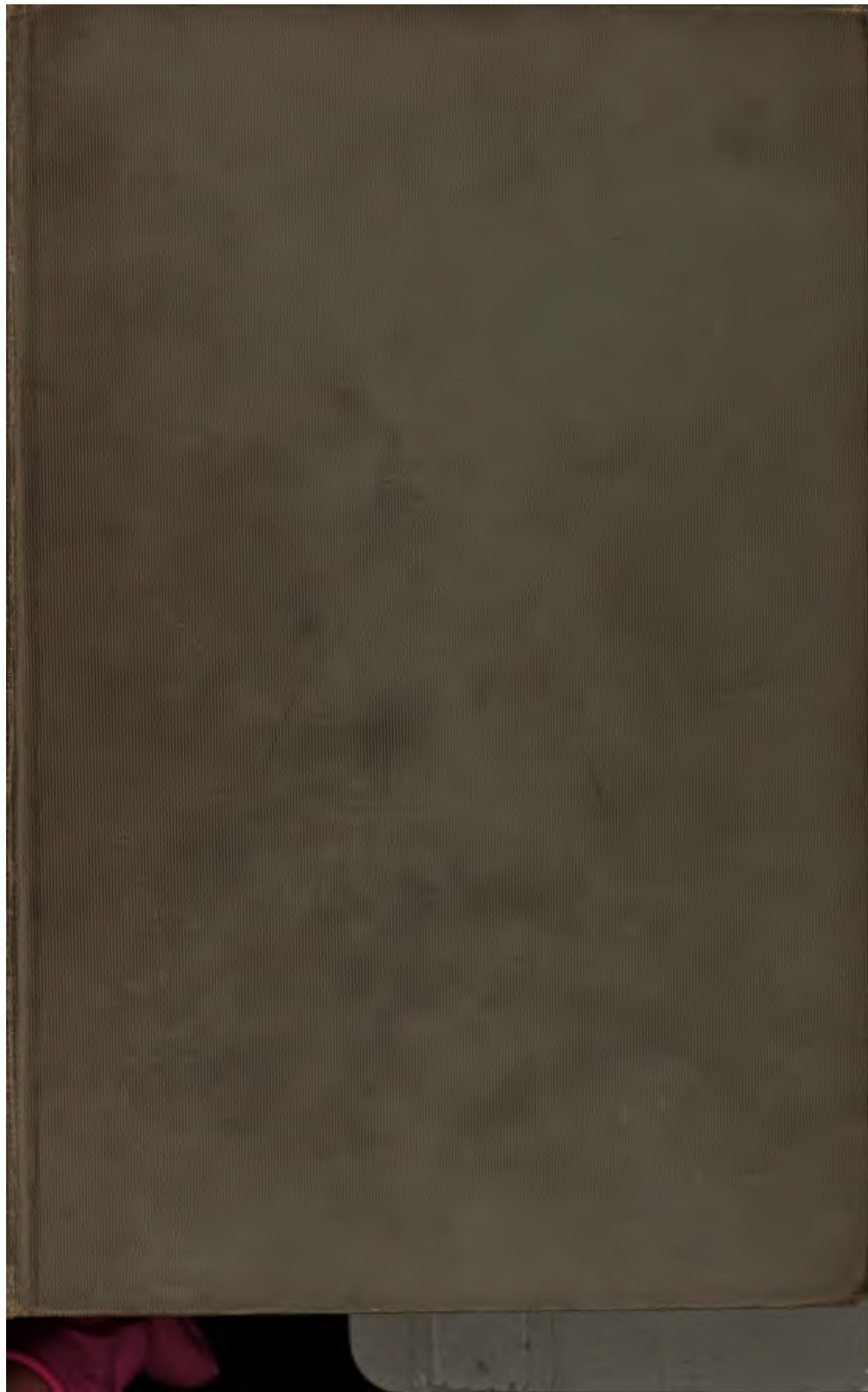
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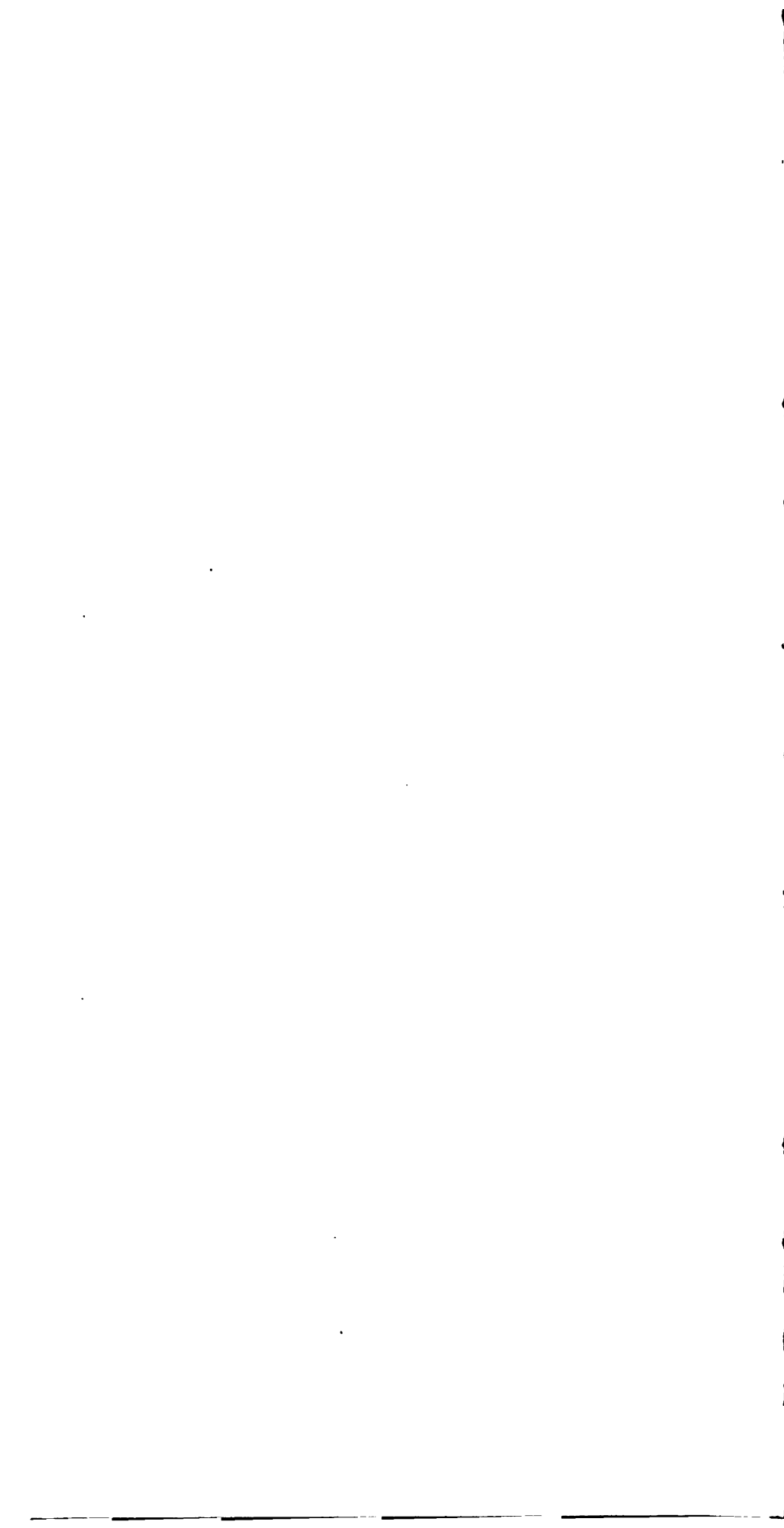
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OF THE POETICAL AND PROSE WRITINGS OF  
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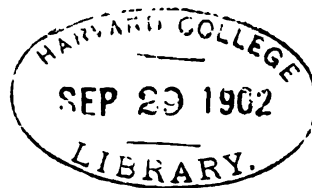
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EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF  
FITZGERALD'S RELATING TO THE  
"RUBÁIYÁT," SECOND EDITION.

To Mrs. Cowell.

[1868]

My dear Lady, you know that what I used to do with your own Verses was, to cut out; and now you won't let me do so with mine! E. B. C. will have had the Proof returned him before this: he almost frightened me; the more so because I know he is right. But, like Macbeth when he had committed the murder, I scarce dare go back to look on what I have done.

Do ask E. B. C. to answer me a Question in the Notes. It is about that line 'He knows about it all—he knows—he knows' (which reminds me of Borrow somehow!) I quote the original Line (as I suppose)—'U dánad, U dánad, U dánad, U.' Now, I can't find this in the first Calcutta Copy, which E. B. C. sent me from India, and in which I read it, if anywhere (for that, tell E. B. C., I know I didn't invent). But I can't find it in any Copy now: and I can scarce believe that the Line as I give it can be made to scan. Do, I say, ask Husband about this; and let him annotate it on the Proof sheet, which he will have to return to me. . . .





**RUBÁIYÁT  
OF  
OMAR KHAYYÁM**



°RUBÁIYÁT

OF

OMAR KHAYYÁM,

THE ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA.

*Rendered into English Verse.*

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:  
BERNARD QUARITCH,  
PICCADILLY.  
1868.



OMAR KHAYYÁM,  
THE  
ASTRONOMER-POET OF PERSIA.

OMAR KHAYYÁM was born at Naishápúr in Khorassán in the latter half of our Eleventh, and died within the First Quarter of our Twelfth, Century. The slender Story of his Life is curiously twined about that of two other very considerable Figures in their Time and Country: one of whom tells the Story of all Three. This was Nizám ul Mulk, Vizyr to Alp Arslán the Son, and Malik Shah the Grandson, of Toghrul Beg the Tartar, who had wrested Persia from the feeble Successor of Mahmúd the Great, and founded that Seljukian Dynasty which finally roused Europe into the Crusades. This Nizám ul Mulk, in his *Wasiyat*—or *Testament*—which he wrote and left as a Memorial for future Statesmen—relates the following, as quoted in the Calcutta Review, No. 59, from Mirkhond's History of the Assassins.

“ ‘One of the greatest of the wise men of Khorassán (iv)  
‘was the Imám Mowaffak of Naishápúr, a man highly  
‘honoured and revered,—may God rejoice his soul; his  
‘illustrious years exceeded eighty-five, and it was the uni-  
‘versal belief that every boy who read the Korán or stud-  
‘ied the traditions in his presence, would assuredly attain

'to honour and happiness. For this cause did my father  
'send me from Tús to Naishápúr with Abd-us-samad, the  
'doctor of law, that I might employ myself in study and  
'learning under the guidance of that illustrious teacher.  
'Towards me he ever turned an eye of favour and kind-  
'ness, and as his pupil I felt for him extreme affection  
'and devotion, so that I passed four years in his service.  
'When I first came there, I found two other pupils of  
'mine own age newly arrived, Hakim Omar Khayyám,  
'and the ill-fated Ben Sabbáh. Both were endowed with  
'sharpness of wit and the highest natural powers; and we  
'three formed a close friendship together. When the  
'Imám rose from his lectures, they used to join me, and  
'we repeated to each other the lessons we had heard. Now  
'Omar was a native of Naishápúr, while Hasan Ben Sab-  
'báh's father was one Ali, a man of austere life and prac-  
'tice, but heretical in his creed and doctrine. One day  
'Hasan said to me and to Khayyám, 'It is a universal be-  
'lief that the pupils of the Imám Mowaffak will attain  
'to fortune. Now, even if we *all* do not attain thereto,  
'without doubt one of us will; what then shall be our  
'mutual pledge and bond?' We answered 'Be it what  
'you please.' 'Well,' he said, 'let us make a vow, that to  
'whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it equally  
'with the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence for him-  
(v) |'self.' 'Be it so,' we both replied, and on those terms we  
'mutually pledged our words. Years rolled on, and I  
'went from Khorassán to Transoxiana, and wandered to  
'Ghazni and Cabul; and when I returned, I was invested

‘with office, and rose to be administrator of affairs during the Sultanate of Sultan Alp Arslán.’

“He goes on to state, that years passed by, and both his old school-friends found him out, and came and claimed a share in his good fortune, according to the school-day vow. The Vizier was generous and kept his word. Hasan demanded a place in the government, which the Sultan granted at the Vizier’s request; but discontented with a gradual rise, he plunged into the maze of intrigue of an oriental court, and, failing in a base attempt to supplant his benefactor, he was disgraced and fell. After many mishaps and wanderings, Hasan became the head of the Persian sect of the *Ismailians*,—a party of fanatics who had long murmured in obscurity, but rose to an evil eminence under the guidance of his strong and evil will. In A. D. 1090, he seized the castle of Alamút, in the province of Rúdbar, which lies in the mountainous tract, south of the Caspian Sea; and it was from this mountain home he obtained that evil celebrity among the Crusaders as the OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, and spread terror through the Mohammedan world; and it is yet disputed whether the word *Assassin*, which they have left in the language of modern Europe as their dark memorial, is derived from the *hashish*, or opiate of hemp-leaves (the Indian *bhang*,) with which they maddened themselves to the sullen pitch of oriental desperation, or from the name of the founder of the dynasty, whom we have seen in his quiet collegiate days, at Naishá- (†) púr. One of the countless victims of the Assassin’s dag-



ger was Nizám-ul-Mulk himself, the old school-boy friend.<sup>1</sup>

“Omar Khayyám also came to the Vizier to claim the share; but not to ask for title or office. ‘The greatest ‘boon you can confer on me,’ he said, ‘is to let me live in ‘a corner under the shadow of your fortune, to spread ‘wide the advantages of Science, and pray for your ‘long life and prosperity.’ The Vizier tells us, that, when he found Omar was really sincere in his refusal, he pressed him no further, but granted him a yearly pension of 1200 *mithkáls* of gold, from the treasury of Naishápúr.”

“At Naishápúr thus lived and died Omar Khayyám, ‘busied,’ adds the Vizier, ‘in winning knowledge of every ‘kind, and especially in Astronomy, wherein he attained ‘to a very high pre-eminence. Under the Sultanate of ‘Malik Shah, he came to Merv, and obtained great praise ‘for his proficiency in science, and the Sultan showered ‘favours upon him.’

“When Malik Shah determined to reform the calendar, Omar was one of the eight learned men employed to do it; the result was the *Jaláli* era, (so called from *Jalal-u-din*, one of the king’s names,)—‘a computation of time,’ says Gibbon, ‘which surpasses the Julian, and approaches (vii) ‘the|accuracy of the Gregorian style.’ He is also the

<sup>1</sup> Some of Omar’s *Rubáiyát* warn us of the danger of Greatness, the instability of Fortune, and while advocating Charity to all Men recommending us to be too intimate with none. Attár makes Nizám-ul-Mulk use the very words of his friend Omar [Rub. xxxi.], “When Nizám-ul-Mulk was in the Agony (of Death) he said, ‘Oh God! I am ‘passing away in the hand of the Wind.’”

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author of some astronomical tables, entitled *Zíji-Malik-sháhí*," and the French have lately republished and translated an Arabic Treatise of his on Algebra.

"His Takhallus or poetical name (*Khayyám*) signifies a Tent-maker, and he is said to have at one time exercised that trade, perhaps before *Nizám-ul-Mulk*'s generosity raised him to independence. Many Persian poets similarly derive their names from their occupations; thus we have *Attár*, "a druggist," *Assár*, "an oil presser," &c.<sup>1</sup> *Omar* himself alludes to his name in the following whimsical lines:—

'*Khayyám*, who stitched the tents of science,  
Has fallen in grief's furnace and been suddenly burned;  
The shears of Fate have cut the tent ropes of his life,  
And the broker of Hope has sold him for nothing!"

"We have only one more anecdote to give of his Life, and that relates to the close; it is told in the anonymous preface which is sometimes prefixed to his poems; it has been printed in the Persian in the appendix to *Hyde's Veterum Persarum Religio*, p. 499; and *D'Herbelot* alludes to it in his *Bibliothèque*, under *Khiam*.—<sup>2</sup>

"'It is written in the chronicles of the ancients that this 'King of the Wise, *Omar Khayyám*, died at *Naishápúr* 'in the year of the *Hegira*, 517 (A. D. 1128); in science he

<sup>1</sup> *Though all these, like our Smiths, Archers, Millers, Fletchers, &c., may simply retain the Surname of an hereditary calling.*

<sup>2</sup> "*Philosophe Musulman qui a vécu en Odeur de Sainteté dans la Fin du premier et le Commencement du second Siècle*," no part of which, except the "*Philosophe*," can apply to our *Khayyám*.

(viii) 'was|unrivalled,—the very paragon of his age. Khwá-  
'jah Nizámi of Samarcand, who was one of his pupils, re-  
'lates the following story: 'I often used to hold conversa-  
'tions with my teacher, Omar Khayyám, in a garden; and  
'one day he said to me, 'My tomb shall be in a spot, where  
'the north wind may scatter roses over it.' I wondered  
'at the words he spake, but I knew that his were no idle  
'words.<sup>1</sup> Years after, when I chanced to revisit Naishá-  
'púr, I went to his final resting place, and lo! it was just  
'outside a garden, and trees laden with fruit stretched  
'their boughs over the garden wall, and dropped their  
'flowers upon his tomb, so as the stone was hidden under  
'them.' "

Thus far—without fear of Trespass—from the Cal-  
cutta Review. The writer of it, on reading in India this  
(ix) story of | Omar's Grave, was reminded, he says, of  
Cicero's Account of finding Archimedes' Tomb at Syra-  
cuse, buried in grass and weeds. I think Thorwaldsen

<sup>1</sup> *The Rashness of the Words, according to D'Herbelot, consisted in being so opposed to those in the Korán: "No Man knows where he shall die."—This Story of Omar recalls a very different one so naturally—and, when one remembers how wide of his humble mark the noble sailor aimed—so pathetically told by Captain Cook—not by Doctor Hanksenworth—in his Second Voyage. When leaving Ulitea, "Oreo's last request was for me to return. When he saw he could not obtain that promise, he asked the name of my Marai—Burying-place. As strange a question as this was, I hesitated not a moment to tell him 'Stepney,' the parish in which I live when in London. I was made to repeat it several times over till they could pronounce it; and then 'Stepney Marai no Tootee' was echoed through a hundred mouths at once. I afterwards found the same question had been put to Mr. Forster by a man on shore; but he gave a different, and indeed more proper answer, by saying, 'No man who used the sea could say where he should be buried.' "*

desired to have roses grow over him; a wish religiously fulfilled for him to the present day, I believe. However, to return to Omar.

Though the Sultan "shower'd Favours upon him," Omar's Epicurean Audacity of Thought and Speech caused him to be regarded askance in his own Time and Country. He is said to have been especially hated and dreaded by the Súfis, whose Practice he ridiculed, and whose Faith amounts to little more than his own when stripped of the Mysticism and formal recognition of Islamism under which Omar would not hide. Their Poets, including Háfiz, who are (with the exception of Firdausi) the most considerable in Persia, borrowed largely, indeed, of Omar's material, but turning it to a mystical Use more convenient to Themselves and the People they addressed; a People quite as quick of Doubt as of Belief; as keen of Bodily Sense as of Intellectual; and delighting in a cloudy compound of both, in which they could float luxuriously between Heaven and Earth, and this World and the Next, on the wings of a poetical expression, that might serve indifferently for either. Omar was too honest of Heart as well as of Head for this. Having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any World but This, he set about making the most of it; preferring rather to soothe the Soul through the Senses into Acquiescence with Things as he saw them, than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they *might be*. It has been seen, however, that his Worldly Ambition was not exorbitant; and he very likely

- (x) takes a humorous or|perverse pleasure in exalting the gratification of Sense above that of the Intellect, in which he must have taken great delight, although it failed to answer the Questions in which he, in common with all men, was most vitally interested.

For whatever Reason, however, Omar, as before said, has never been popular in his own Country, and therefore has been but scantily transmitted abroad. The MSS. of his Poems, mutilated beyond the average Casualties of Oriental Transcription, are so rare in the East as scarce to have reacht Westward at all, in spite of all the acquisitions of Arms and Science. There is no copy at the India House, none at the Bibliothèque Impériale of Paris. We know but of one in England: No. 140 of the Ouseley MSS. at the Bodleian, written at Shiraz, A. D. 1460. This contains but 158 Rubáiyát. One in the Asiatic Society's Library at Calcutta, (of which we have a Copy) contains (and yet incomplete) 516, though swelled to that by all kinds of Repetition and Corruption. So Von Hammer speaks of *his* Copy as containing about 200, while Dr. Sprenger catalogues the Lucknow MS. at double that Number.<sup>1</sup> The Scribes, too, of the Oxford and Calcutta MSS. seem to do their Work under a sort of Protest; each beginning with a Tetrastich (whether genuine or not), taken out of its alphabetic order; the Oxford with one of Apology; the Calcutta with one of

<sup>1</sup> "Since this Paper was written" (adds the Reviewer in a note), "we have met with a Copy of a very rare Edition, printed at Calcutta in 1836. This contains 438 Tetrastichs, with an Appendix containing 54 others not found in some MSS."

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Expostulation, supposed (says a Notice prefixed to the MS.) to have|risen from a Dream, in which Omar's (21) mother asked about his future fate. It may be rendered thus:—

“Oh Thou who burn'st in Heart for those who burn

“In Hell, whose fires thyself shall feed in turn ;

“How long be crying, ‘Mercy on them, God!’

“Why, who art Thou to teach, and He to learn?”

The Bodleian Quatrain pleads Pantheism by way of Justification,

“If I myself upon a looser Creed

“Have loosely strung the Jewel of Good deed,

“Let this one thing for my Atonement plead:

“That One for Two I never did mis-read.”

The Reviewer, to whom I owe the Particulars of Omar's Life, concludes his Review by comparing him with Lucretius, both as to natural Temper and Genius, and as acted upon by the Circumstances in which he lived. Both indeed were men of subtle, strong, and cultivated Intellect, fine Imagination, and Hearts passionate for Truth and Justice; who justly revolted from their Country's false Religion, and false, or foolish, Devotion to it; but who yet fell short of replacing what they subverted by such better *Hope* as others, with no better Revelation to guide them, had yet made a Law to themselves. Lucretius, indeed, with such material as Epicurus fur-

nished, satisfied himself with the theory of so vast a machine fortuitously constructed, and acting by a Law that implied no Legislator; and so composing himself into a Stoical rather than Epicurean severity of Attitude, sat down to contemplate the mechanical Drama of the Universe which he was part Actor in; himself and all about him (as in his own sublime description of the Roman Theatre) discoloured with the lurid reflex of the Curtain suspended between the Spectator and the Sun. Omar, more desperate, or more careless of any so complicated System as resulted in nothing but hopeless Necessity, flung his own Genius and Learning with a bitter or humorous jest into the general Ruin which their insufficient glimpses only served to reveal; and, pretending sensual pleasure as the serious purpose of Life, only *diverted* himself with speculative problems of Deity, Destiny, Matter and Spirit, Good and Evil, and other such questions, easier to start than to run down, and the pursuit of which becomes a very weary sport at last!

With regard to the present Translation. The original Rubáiyát (as, missing an Arabic Guttural, these *Tetrestichs* are more musically called) are independent Stanzas, consisting each of four Lines of equal, though varied, Prosody, sometimes *all* rhyming, but oftener (as here imitated) the third line a blank. Something as in the Greek Alcaic, where the penultimate line seems to lift and suspend the Wave that falls over in the last. As usual with such kind of Oriental Verse, the Rubáiyát follow one another according to Alphabetic Rhyme—a

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strange succession of Grave and Gay. Those here selected are strung into something of an Eclogue, with perhaps a less than equal proportion of the "Drink and make-merry," which (genuine or not) recurs over-frequently in the Original. Either way, the Result is sad enough: saddest perhaps when most ostentatiously merry: more apt to move Sorrow than Anger toward the old Tentmaker, who, after vainly endeavouring to unshackle |his Steps from Destiny, and to catch some authentic (ziti) Glimpse of TOMORROW, fell back upon TODAY (which has out-lived so many Tomorrows!) as the only Ground he got to stand upon, however momentarily slipping from under his Feet.

---

While the present Edition of Omar was preparing, Monsieur Nicolas, French Consul at Rescht, published a very careful and very good Edition of the Text, from a lithograph copy at Teheran, comprising 464 Rubáiyát, with translation and notes of his own.

Mons. Nicolas, whose Edition has reminded me of several things, and instructed me in others, does not consider Omar to be the material Epicurean that I have literally taken him for, but a Mystic, shadowing the Deity under the figure of Wine, Wine-bearer, &c., as Háfiz is supposed to do; in short, a Súfi Poet like Háfiz and the rest.

I cannot see reason to alter my opinion, formed as it was a dozen years ago when Omar was first shown me by one to whom I am indebted for all I know of Oriental,



and very much of other, literature. He admired Omar's Genius so much, that he would gladly have adopted any such Interpretation of his meaning as Mons. Nicolas' if he could.<sup>1</sup> That he could not appears by his Paper in the Calcutta Review already so largely quoted; in which (xiv) he argues from the Poems themselves, as well as from what records remain of the Poet's Life.

And if more were needed to disprove Mons. Nicolas' Theory, there is the Biographical Notice which he himself has drawn up in direct contradiction to the Interpretation of the Poems given in his Notes. Here is one of the Anecdotes he produces. "Mais revenons à Khéyam, qui, resté étranger à toutes ces alternatives de guerres, d'intrigues, et de révoltes, dont cette époque fut si remplie, vivait tranquille dans son village natal, se livrant avec passion à l'étude de la philosophie des Soufis. Entouré de nombreux amis il cherchait avec eux dans le vin cette contemplation extatique que d'autres croient trouver dans des cris et des hurlemens," &c. "Les chroniqueurs persans racontent que Khéyam aimait surtout à s'entretenir et à boire avec ses amis, le soir au clair de la lune sur la terrasse de sa maison, entouré de chanteurs et musiciens, avec un échanton qui, la coupe à la main, la présentait à tour de rôle aux joyeux convives réunis.— Pendant une de ces soirées dont nous venons de parler, survient à l'improviste un coup de vent qui éteint les

<sup>1</sup> *Perhaps would have edited the Poems himself some years ago. He may now as little approve of my Version on one side, as of Mons. Nicolas' on the other.*

chandelles et renverse à terre la cruche de vin, placée imprudemment sur le bord de la terrasse. La cruche fut brisée et le vin repandu. Aussitôt Khéyam, irrité, improvisa ce quatrain impie à l'adresse du Tout-Puissant: 'Tu as brisé ma cruche de vin, mon Dieu! tu as ainsi fermé sur moi la porte de la joie, mon Dieu! c'est moi qui bois, et c'est toi qui commets les désordres de l'ivresse! oh! (puisse ma bouche se remplir de la terre!) serais tu ivre, mon Dieu?'

"Le poète, après avoir prononcé ce blasphème, jetant les yeux sur une glace, se serait aperçu que son visage était noir|comme du charbon. C'était une punition du (20) ciel. Alors il fit cet autre quatrain non moins audacieux que le premier. 'Quel est l'homme ici-bas qui n'a point commis de péché, dis? Celui qui n'en aurait point commis, comment aurait-il vécu, dis? Si, parce que je fais du mal, tu me punis par le mal, quelle est donc la différence qui existe entre toi et moi, dis?' "

I really hardly knew poor Omar was so far gone till his Apologist informed me. Here we see then that, whatever were the Wine that Háfiz drank and sang, the veritable Juice of the Grape it was which Omar used not only when carousing with his friends, but (says Mons. Nicolas) in order to excite himself to that pitch of Devotion which others reached by cries and "hurlemens." And yet whenever Wine, Wine-bearer, &c., occur in the Text—which is often enough—Mons. Nicolas carefully annotates "Dieu," "La Divinité," &c.: so carefully indeed that one is tempted to think he was indoctrinated by the

Súfi with whom he read the Poems. (Note to Rub. ii. p. 8.) A Persian would naturally wish to vindicate a distinguished Countryman; and a Súfi to enrol him in his own sect, which already comprises all the chief Poets of Persia.

What historical Authority has Mons. Nicolas to show that Omar gave himself up "avec passion à l'étude de la philosophie des Soufis"? (Preface, p. xiii.) The Doctrines of Pantheism, Materialism, Necessity, &c., were not peculiar to the Súfi; nor to Lucretius before them; nor to Epicurus before him; probably the very original Irreligion of thinking men from the first; and very likely to be the spontaneous growth of a Philosopher living in  
(xvi) an Age of social and political barbarism, under sanction of one of the Two and Seventy Religions supposed to divide the world. Von Hammer (according to Sprenger's Oriental Catalogue) speaks of Omar as "a Free-thinker, and a great opponent of *Sufism*;" perhaps because, while holding much of their Doctrine, he would not pretend to any inconsistent severity of morals. Sir W. Ouseley has written a Note to something of the same effect on the fly-leaf of the Bodleian MS. And in two Rubáiyát of Mons. Nicolas' own Edition Súf and Súfi are both disparagingly named.

No doubt many of these Quatrains seem unaccountable unless mystically interpreted; but many more as unaccountable unless literally. Were the Wine spiritual, for instance, how wash the Body with it when dead? Why make cups of the dead clay to be filled with—"La Di-

vinité"—by some succeeding Mystic? Mons. Nicolas himself is puzzled by some "bizarres" and "trop Orientales" allusions and images—"d'une sensualité quelquefois revoltante" indeed—which "les convenances" do not permit him to translate; but still which the reader cannot but refer to "La Divinité."<sup>1</sup> No doubt also many of the Quatrains in the Teheran, as in the Calcutta, Copies, are (xiv) spurious; such *Rubáiyát* being the common form of Epigram in Persia. But this, at best, tells as much one way as another; nay, the Súfi, who may be considered the Scholar and Man of Letters in Persia, would be far more likely than the careless Epicure to interpolate what favours his own view of the Poet. I observe that very few of the more mystical Quatrains are in the Bodleian MS., which must be one of the oldest, as dated at Shiraz, A. H. 865, A.D. 1460. And this, I think, especially distinguishes Omar (I cannot help calling him by his—no, not Christian—familiar name) from all other Persian Poets: That, whereas with them the Poet is lost in his Song, the Man in Allegory and Abstraction; we seem to have the Man—the *Bonhomme*—Omar himself, with all his Humours

<sup>1</sup> A Note to Quatrain 234 admits that, however clear the mystical meaning of such Images must be to Europeans, they are not quoted without "rougissant" even by laymen in Persia.—"Quant aux termes de tendresse qui commencent ce quatrain, comme tant d'autres dans ce recueil, nos lecteurs, habitués maintenant à l'étrangeté des expressions si souvent employés par Khéyam pour rendre ses pensées sur l'amour divin, et à la singularité des images trop orientales, d'une sensualité quelquefois revoltante, n'auront pas de peine à se persuader qu'il s'agit de la Divinité, bien que cette conviction soit vivement discutée par les moulahs musulmans, et même par beaucoup de laïques, (xvii) qui rougissent véritablement d'une pareille licence de leur compatriote à l'égard des chose spirituelles."

and Passions, as frankly before us as if we were really at Table with him, after the Wine had gone round.

I must say that I, for one, never wholly believed in the Mysticism of Háfiz. It does not appear there was any danger in holding and singing Súfi Pantheism, so long as the Poet made his Salaam to Mohammed at the beginning and end of his Song. Under such conditions Jeláluddín, Jámi, Attár, and others sang; using Wine and Beauty indeed as Images to illustrate, not as a Mask to hide, the Divinity they were celebrating. Perhaps some Allegory less liable to mistake or abuse had been (xiv) better among so inflam-|mable a People: much more so when, as some think with Háfiz and Omar, the abstract is not only likened to, but identified with, the sensual Image; hazardous, if not to the Devotee himself, yet to his weaker Brethren; and worse for the Profane in proportion as the Devotion of the Initiated grew warmer. And all for what? To be tantalized with Images of sensual enjoyment which must be renounced if one would approximate a God, who, according to the Doctrine, is Sensual Matter as well as Spirit, and into whose Universe one expects unconsciously to merge after Death, without hope of any posthumous Beatitude in another world to compensate for all the self-denial of this. Lucretius' blind Divinity certainly merited, and probably got, as much self-sacrifice as this of the Súfi; and the burden of Omar's Song—if not "Let us eat"—is assuredly—"Let us drink, for Tomorrow we die!" And if Háfiz meant quite otherwise by a similar language, he surely miscal-

culated when he devoted his Life and Genius to so equivocal a Psalmody as, from his Day to this, has been said and sung by any rather than spiritual Worshippers.

However, it may remain an Open Question, both with regard to Háfiz and Omar: the reader may understand them either way, literally or mystically, as he chooses. Whenever Wine, Wine-bearer, Cypress, &c., are named, he has only to suppose "La Divinité;" and when he has done so with Omar, I really think he may proceed to the same Interpretation of Anacreon—and even Anacreon Moore.




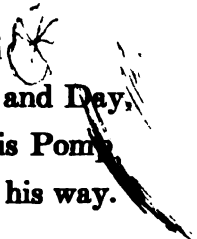
**RUBÁIYÁT**  
**OF**  
**OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR.**

- I WAKE!** For the Sun behind yon Eastern height  
Has chased the Session of the Stars from Night;  
And, to the field of Heav'n ascending, strikes  
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.
- II** Before the phantom of False morning died,<sup>1</sup>  
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,  
"When all the Temple is prepared within,  
"Why lags the drowsy Worshipper outside?"
- III** And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before  
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the door!"  
"You know how little while we have to stay,  
"And, once departed, may return no more."
- IV** Now the New Year reviving old Desires,<sup>2</sup> (2)  
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,  
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough  
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.<sup>3</sup>



- v Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,<sup>4</sup>  
 And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;  
 But still a Ruby gushes from the Vine,  
 And many a Garden by the Water blows.
- vi And David's lips are lockt; but in divine <sup>5</sup>  
 High-piping Péhlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!  
 "Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose  
 That sallow cheek <sup>6</sup> of her's to incarnadine.
- vii Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring  
 Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:  
 The Bird of Time has but a little way  
 To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.
- viii Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,  
 Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,  
 The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,  
 The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.
- ix Morning a thousand Roses brings, you say; (2)  
 Yes, but where leaves the Rose of yesterday?  
 And this first Summer month that brings the Rose  
 Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away. }

- x Well, let it take them! What have we to do  
With Kaikobád the Great or Kaikhosrú?  
Let Rustum cry "To Battle!" as he likes,<sup>7</sup>  
Or Hátim Tai "To Supper!"—heed not you.
- xi With me along the strip of Herbage strown  
That just divides the desert from the sown,  
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—  
And Peace to Máhmúd on his golden Throne!
- xii Here with a little Bread beneath the Bough,  
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou  
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!
- xiii Some for the Glories of This World; and some  
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;  
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Promise go,  
Nor heed the music of a distant Drum!
- xiv Were it not Folly, Spider-like to spin<sup>8</sup> (4)  
The Thread of present Life away to win—  
What? for ourselves, who know not if we shall  
Breathe out the very Breath we now breathe in!

- xv Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,  
"Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow:  
"At once the silken tassel of my Purse  
"Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw." °
- xvi For those who husbanded the Golden grain,  
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,  
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd  
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.
- xvii The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon  
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,  
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,  
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone. 
- xviii Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai   
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,  
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp  
Abode his destin'd Hour, and went his way.
- xix They say the Lion and the Lizard keep (5)  
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep: <sup>10</sup>  
And Bahráh, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

- xx The Palace that to Heav'n his pillars threw,  
And Kings the forehead on his threshold drew\*  
I saw the solitary Ringdove there,  
And "Coo, coo, coo," she cried; and "Coo, .coo, coo." <sup>11</sup>
- xxi Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears /  
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:  
*To-morrow!*—Why, To-morrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years. <sup>12</sup>
- xxii For some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his Vintage rolling Time has prest,  
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest.
- xxiii And we, that now make merry in the Room  
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,  
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth  
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?
- xxiv I sometimes think that never blows so red (6)  
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;  
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears  
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

- xxv And this delightful Herb whose living Green  
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—  
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows  
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!
- xxvi Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,  
Before we too into the Dust descend;  
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,  
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!
- xxvii Alike for those who for To-day prepare,  
And those that after some To-morrow stare,  
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,  
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There!"
- xxviii Another Voice, when I am sleeping, cries,  
"The Flower should open with the Morning skies."  
And a retreating Whisper, as I wake—  
"The Flower that once has blown for ever dies."
- xxix Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd (7)  
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust  
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn  
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

xxx Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument  
 About it and about: but evermore  
 Came out by the same door as in I went.

xxxi With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,  
 And with my own hand wrought to make it grow:  
 And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—  
 "I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

xxxii Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,  
 Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing:  
 And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,  
 I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

xxxiii What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?  
 And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!  
 Ah, contrite Heav'n endowed us with the Vine  
 To drug the memory of that insolence!

xxxiv Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate (s)  
 I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,<sup>18</sup>  
 And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;  
 But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

- XXXV There was the Door to which I found no Key:  
There was the Veil through which I could not see:  
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE  
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.<sup>14</sup>
- XXXVI Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn  
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;  
Nor Heaven, with those eternal Signs reveal'd  
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.
- XXXVII Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind  
The Veil of Universe I cried to find  
A lamp to guide me through the darkness; and  
Something then said—"An Understanding blind."
- XXXVIII Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn  
I lean'd, the secret Well of Life to learn:  
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,  
"Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."
- XXXIX I think the Vessel, that with fugitive (9)  
Articulation answer'd, once did live,  
And drink; and that impassive Lip I kiss'd,  
How many Kisses might it take—and give!

- XL For I remember stopping by the way  
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:  
And with its all-obliterated Tongue  
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"
- XLI For has not such a Story from of Old  
Down Man's successive generations roll'd  
Of such a clod of saturated Earth  
Cast by the Maker into Human mould?
- XLII And not a drop that from our Cups we throw<sup>15</sup>  
On the parcht herbage but may steal below  
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye  
There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.
- XLIII As then the Tulip for her wonted sup  
Of Heavenly Vintage lifts her chalice up,  
Do you, twin offspring of the soil, till Heav'n  
To Earth invert you like an empty Cup.
- XLIV Do you, within your little hour of Grace,  
The waving Cypress in your Arms enlase,  
Before the Mother back into her arms  
Fold, and dissolve you in a last embrace.

(10)



- XLV And if the Cup you drink, the Lip you press,  
End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;  
Imagine then you *are* what heretofore  
You *were*—hereafter you shall not be less.
- XLVI So when at last the Angel of the drink <sup>16</sup>  
Of Darkness finds you by the river-brink,  
And, proffering his Cup, invites your Soul  
Forth to your Lips to quaff it—do not shrink.
- XLVII And fear not lest Existence closing *your*  
Account, should lose, or know the type no more;  
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has pour'd  
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.
- XLVIII When You and I behind the Veil are past,  
Oh but the long long while the World shall last,  
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds  
As much as Ocean of a pebble-cast.
- XLIX One Moment in Annihilation's Waste, (11)  
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—  
The Stars are setting, and the Caravan <sup>17</sup>  
Draws to the Dawn of Nothing—Oh make haste!

- L Would you that spangle of Existence spend  
About **THE SECRET**—quick about it, Friend!  
A Hair, they say, divides the False and True—  
And upon what, prithee, does Life depend?
- LI A Hair, they say, divides the False and True;  
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue,  
Could you but find it, to the Treasure-house,  
And peradventure to **THE MASTER** too;
- LII Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins  
Running, Quicksilver-like eludes your pains:  
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi;<sup>18</sup> and  
They change and perish all—but He remains;
- LIII A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold  
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd  
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,  
He does Himself contrive, enact, behold.
- LIV But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor (12)  
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,  
You gaze, To-day, while You are You—how then  
To-morrow, You when shall be You no more?

- LV Oh, plagued no more with Human or Divine,  
 To-morrow's tangle to itself resign,  
 And lose your fingers in the tresses of  
 The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.
- LVI Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit  
 Of This and That endeavour and dispute;  
 Better be merry with the fruitful Grape  
 Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.
- LVII You know, my Friends, how bravely in my House  
 For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:  
 Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,  
 And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.
- LVIII For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though with Rule and Line,<sup>19</sup>  
 And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,  
 Of all that one should care to fathom, I  
 Was never deep in anything but—Wine.
- LIX Ah, but my Computations, People say, (18)  
 Have squared the Year to human compass, eh?  
 If so, by striking from the Calendar  
 Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

- LX** And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,  
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape  
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and  
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!
- LXI** The Grape that can with Logic absolute  
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute: <sup>20</sup>  
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice  
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:
- LXII** The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,  
That all the misbelieving and black Horde <sup>21</sup>  
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul  
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.
- LXIII** Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare  
BlaspHEME the twisted tendril as a Snare?  
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?  
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?
- LXIV** I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must, (14)  
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,  
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,  
When the frail Cup is crumbled into Dust!

- LXV If but the Vine and Love-abjuring Band  
Are in the Prophet's Paradise to stand,  
Alack, I doubt the Prophet's Paradise  
Were empty as the hollow of one's Hand.
- LXVI Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!  
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies:  
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;  
The Flower that once is blown for ever dies.
- LXVII Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who  
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through  
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,  
Which to discover we must travel too.
- LXVIII The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd  
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,  
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep  
They told their fellows, and to Sleep return'd.
- LXIX Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,  
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,  
Is't not a shame—is't not a shame for him  
So long in this Clay suburb to abide!

- LXX But that is but a Tent wherein may rest  
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;  
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh  
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest.
- LXXI I sent my Soul through the Invisible,  
Some letter of that After-life to spell:  
And after many days my Soul return'd  
And said, "Behold, Myself am Heav'n and Hell:"
- LXXII Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,  
And Hell the Shadow of a Soul on fire,  
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,  
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.
- LXXIII We are no other than a moving row  
Of visionary Shapes that come and go  
Round with this Sun-illumin'd Lantern held  
In Midnight by the Master of the Show; <sup>22</sup>
- LXXIV Impotent Pieces of the Game He plays (16)  
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;  
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays;  
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXXV The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;  
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,  
*He* knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows! <sup>23</sup>

[ LXXVI The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,  
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit  
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,  
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it. ] \*

LXXVII For let Philosopher and Doctor preach  
Of what they will, and what they will not—each  
Is but one Link in an eternal Chain  
That none can slip, nor break, nor over-reach.

LXXVIII And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,  
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,  
Lift not your hands to *It* to help—for It  
As impotently rolls as you or I.

LXXIX With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead, (17)  
And there of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:  
And the first Morning of Creation wrote  
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXXX Yesterday *This* Day's Madness did prepare;  
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:  
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:  
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXXXI I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,  
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal  
Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtari they flung,<sup>24</sup>  
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

LXXXII The Vine had struck a fibre: which about  
If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout;  
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,  
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXXXIII And this I know: whether the one True Light,  
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,  
One Flash of It within the Tavern caught  
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXXXIV What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke (18)  
A conscious Something to resent the yoke  
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain  
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!



LXXXV What! from his helpless Creature be repaid  
Pure Gold for what he lent us dross-allay'd—  
Sue for a Debt we never did contract,  
And cannot answer—Oh the sorry trade!

LXXXVI Nay, but, for terror of his wrathful Face,  
I swear I will not call Injustice Grace;  
Not one Good Fellow of the Tavern but  
Would kick so poor a Coward from the place.

LXXXVII Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin  
Beset the Road I was to wander in,  
Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round  
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin?

LXXXVIII Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,  
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:  
For all the Sin the Face of wretched Man  
Is black with—Man's Forgiveness give—and take!

. . . . .

**LXXXIX** As under cover of departing Day (19)

Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,  
Once more within the Potter's house alone  
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of clay.

**XC** And once again there gather'd a scarce heard  
Whisper among them; as it were, the stirr'd  
Ashes of some all but extinguisht Tongue,  
Which mine ear kindled into living Word.

**XCI** Said one among them—"Surely not in vain,  
"My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,  
"That He who subtly wrought me into Shape  
"Should stamp me back to shapeless Earth again?"

**XCII** Another said—"Why, ne'er a peevish Boy  
"Would break the Cup from which he drank in Joy;  
"Shall He that of his own free Fancy made  
"The Vessel, in an after-rage destroy!"

**XCIII** None answer'd this; but after silence spake (20)  
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;  
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry;  
"What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

- ciii And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,  
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—Well,  
I often wonder what the Vintners buy  
One half so precious as the ware they sell.
- civ Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!  
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!  
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,  
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!
- cv Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield  
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed reveal'd,  
Toward which the fainting Traveller might spring,  
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!
- cvi Oh if the World were but to re-create,  
That we might catch ere closed the Book of Fate,  
And make The Writer on a fairer leaf  
Inscribe our names, or quite obliterate!
- cvii Better, oh better, cancel from the Scroll (23)  
Of Universe one luckless Human Soul,  
Than drop by drop enlarge the Flood that rolls  
Hoarser with Anguish as the Ages roll.

**CVIII** Ah Love! could you and I with Fate conspire  
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,  
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then  
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

**CIX** But see! The rising Moon of Heav'n again  
Looks for us, Sweet-heart, through the quivering Plane:  
How oft hereafter rising will she look  
Among those leaves—for one of us in vain!

**CX** And when Yourself with silver Foot shall pass  
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,  
And in your joyous errand reach the spot  
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

**TAMÁM.**



## NOTES.

<sup>1</sup> The "*False Dawn*;" *Subhi Kásib*, a transient Light on the Horizon about an hour before the *Subhi sádik*, or True Dawn; a well-known Phenomenon in the East.

<sup>2</sup> New Year. Beginning with the Vernal Equinox, it must be remembered; and (howsoever the old Solar Year is practically superseded by the clumsy *Lunar Year* that dates from the Mohammedan Hijra) still commemorated by a Festival that is said to have been appointed by the very Jamshýd whom Omar so often talks of, and whose yearly Calendar he helped to rectify.

"The sudden approach and rapid advance of the Spring," says Mr. Binning, "are very striking. Before the Snow is well off the Ground, the Trees burst into Blossom, and the Flowers start from the Soil. At *Naw Roos* (*their New Year's Day*) the Snow was lying in patches on the Hills and in the shaded Vallies, while the Fruit-trees in the Garden were budding beautifully, and green Plants and Flowers springing upon the Plains on every side—

‘And on old Hyems’ Chin and icy Crown  
‘An odorous Chaplet of sweet Summer buds  
‘Is, as in mockery, set——’

Among the Plants newly appear'd I recognized some old Acquain- (26)  
tances I had not seen for many a Year: among these, two varieties of the Thistle; a coarse species of the Daisy, like the Horse-gowan; red and white Clover; the Dock; the blue Corn-flower; and that vulgar Herb the Dandelion rearing its yellow crest on the Banks of the Watercourses." The Nightingale was not yet heard, for the Rose was not yet blown: but an almost identical Blackbird and Woodpecker helped to make up something of a North-country Spring.

<sup>3</sup> Exodus iv. 6; where Moses draws forth his Hand—not, according to the Persians, "*leprous as Snow*,"—but *white*, as our May-Blossom in Spring perhaps. According to them also the Healing Power of Jesus resided in his Breath.

<sup>4</sup> Iram, planted by King Shaddád, and now sunk somewhere in the Sands of Arabia. Jamshýd's Seven-ring'd Cup was typical of the 7 Heavens, 7 Planets, 7 Seas, &c., and was a *Divining Cup*.

<sup>5</sup> *Péhlevi*, the old Heroic *Sanskrit* of Persia. Háfiz also speaks of the Nightingale's *Péhlevi*, which did not change with the People's.

<sup>6</sup> I am not sure if this refers to the Red Rose looking sickly, or the Yellow Rose that ought to be Red; Red, White, and Yellow Roses all

common in Persia. I think Southey, in his Common-place Book, quotes from some Spanish author about a Rose being White till 10 o'clock; "Rosa perfecta" at 2; and "perfecta incarnada" at 5.

<sup>7</sup> Rustum, the "Hercules" of Persia, whose exploits are among the most celebrated in the Sháh-náma. Hátim Tai a well-known Type of Oriental Generosity.

(27) <sup>8</sup> A Drum—beaten outside a Palace.

<sup>9</sup> That is, the Rose's Golden Centre.

<sup>10</sup> Persepolis: called also *Takht'i Jamshýd*—THE THRONE OF JAMSHÝD, "*King-Splendid*," of the mythical *Peeshdádian* Dynasty, and supposed (according to the Sháh-náma) to have been founded and built by him. Others refer it to the Work of the Genie King, Ján Ibn Ján—who also built the Pyramids—before the time of Adam.

BAHRÁM GÚR—*Bahrám of the Wild Ass*—a Sassanian Sovereign—had also his Seven Castles (like the King of Bohemia!) each of a different Colour; each with a Royal Mistress within; each of whom tells him a Story, as told in one of the most famous Poems of Persia, written by Amír Khusraw: all these Sevens also figuring (according to Eastern Mysticism) the Seven Heavens, and perhaps the Book itself that Eighth, into which the mystical Seven transcend, and within which they revolve. The Ruins of Three of these Towers are yet shown by the Peasantry; as also the Swamp in which Bahrám sunk, like the Master of Ravenswood, while pursuing his Gúr.

<sup>11</sup> This Quatrain Mr. Binning found, among several of Háfiz and others, inscribed by some stray hand among the ruins of Persepolis. The Ringdove's ancient *Péhlevi*, *Coo, Coo, Coo*, signifies also in Persian "*Where? Where? Where?*" In Attár's "Bird-parliament" she is reproved by the Leader of the Birds for sitting still, and for ever harping on that one note of lamentation for her lost Yúsuf.

<sup>12</sup> A thousand years to each Planet.

<sup>13</sup> Saturn, Lord of the Seventh Heaven.

(28) <sup>14</sup> ME-AND-THREE: some dividual Existence or Personality distinct from the Whole.

<sup>15</sup> The custom of throwing a little Wine on the ground before drinking still continues in Persia, and perhaps generally in the East. Mons. Nicolas considers it "un signe de libéralité, et en même temps un avertissement que le buveur doit vider sa coupe jusqu'à la dernière goutte." Is it not more likely an ancient Superstition: a Libation to propitiate Earth, or make her an Accomplice in the illicit Revel? Or, perhaps, to divert the Jealous Eye by some sacrifice of superfluity, as with the Ancients of the West? With Omar we see something more is signified; the precious Liquor is not lost, but sinks into the ground to refresh the dust of some poor Wine-worshipper foregone.

Thus Háfiz, copying Omar in so many ways: "When thou drikest Wine pour a draught on the ground. Wherefore fear the Sin which brings to another Gain?"

## NOTES.

SECOND  
EDITION

<sup>16</sup> According to one beautiful Oriental Legend, Azrael accomplishes his mission by holding to the nostril an Apple from the Tree of Life.

<sup>17</sup> The Caravans travelling by night, after the Vernal Equinox—their New Year's Day. This was ordered by Mohammed himself, I believe.

<sup>18</sup> From Máh to Máhi; from Fish to Moon.

<sup>19</sup> A Jest, of course, at his Studies. A curious mathematical Quatrain of Omar's has been pointed out to me; the more curious because almost exactly parallel'd by some Verses of Doctor Donne's, and quoted in Isaak Walton's Lives! Here is Omar: "You and I are the image of a pair of compasses; though we have two heads (*sc.* our|*feet*) we (29) have one body; when we have fixed the centre for our circle, we bring our heads (*sc.* feet) together at the end." Dr. Donne:

If we be two, we two are so  
As stiff twin-compasses are two;  
Thy Soul, the fixt foot, makes no show  
To move, but does if the other do.

And though thine in the centre sit,  
Yet when my other far does roam,  
Thine leans and hearkens after it,  
And grows erect as mine comes home.

Such thou must be to me, who must  
Like the other foot obliquely run;  
Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
And me to end where I begun.

<sup>20</sup> The Seventy-two Religions supposed to divide the World: including Islamism, as some think: but others not.

<sup>21</sup> Alluding to Sultan Mahmúd's Conquest of India and its dark people.

<sup>22</sup> *Fánúsi khiyál*, a Magic-lanthorn still used in India; the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures, and so lightly poised and ventilated as to revolve round the lighted Candle within.

<sup>23</sup> A very mysterious Line in the Original:

O dānad O dānad O dānad O —

breaking off something like our Wood-pigeon's Note, which she is said to take up just where she left off.

<sup>24</sup> Parwín and Mushtari—the Pleiads and Jupiter.

<sup>25</sup> At the Close of the Fasting Month, Ramasán (which makes the (30) Musulman unhealthy and unamiable), the first Glimpse of the New Moon (who rules their Division of the Year), is looked for with the utmost Anxiety, and hailed with Acclamation. Then it is that the



SECOND  
EDITION

NOTES.

Porter's Knot may be heard—toward the *Cellar*, perhaps. Omar has elsewhere a pretty Quatrain about this same Moon—

"Be of Good Cheer—the sullen Month will die,  
"And a young Moon requite us by and bye:  
"Look how the Old one meagre, bent, and wan  
"With Age and Fast, is fainting from the Sky!"

FINIS.

**SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL**  
**AN ALLEGORY**



*'Welcome, Prince of Horsemanship, welcome!  
Ride a field, and strike the Ball!'*

# SALÁMÁN & ABSÁL.

*An Allegory.*

FROM THE PERSIAN

OF

JÁMI.

IPSWICH:

COWELL'S STEAM PRINTING WORKS, BUTTER MARKET

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1871.



## SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

### I.

OH Sun Invisible, of which a Beam  
About this World of Matter wandering  
And striking through some lamp of Mortal Clay,  
We follow, madden, and fall down before,  
And with mad sensual Ecstacies adore,  
Unconscious of its origin Divine;  
Not till thy Secret Beauty through the cheek  
Of LAILI smite does she inflame MAJNÚN;<sup>1</sup>  
And not till Thou have sugar'd SHÍRÍN's Lip  
The Hearts of those Two Rivals fill with blood.  
For Lov'd and Lover are not but by Thee,  
Nor Beauty;—Mortal Beauty but the Veil  
Thy Heavenly hides behind, and from itself  
Feeds, and our Hearts yearn after as a Bride  
That glances past us Veil'd—but ever so  
That none the Veil from what it hides may know.  
How long wilt thou continue thus the World  
To cozen<sup>2</sup> with the Phantom of a Veil  
From which thou only peepest? I would be

<sup>1</sup> *All well known Types of Eastern Lovers. SHÍRÍN and her Suitors figure in Sect. 22.*

<sup>2</sup> *The Persian Mystics also represent the Deity Dice-ing with Human Destiny behind the Curtain.*

Thy Lover, and thine only—I, mine Eyes  
Seal'd in the Light of Thee to all but Thee,  
Yea, in the Revelation of Thyself  
Lost to Myself, and all that Self is not  
Within the Double World that is but One.  
Thou movest under all the Forms of Truth,  
Under the Forms of all Created Things;  
Look where I will, still nothing I discern  
But Thee throughout this Universe, in which  
Thyself Thou dost invest, and through the Eyes  
Of MAN, the subtle Censor,<sup>1</sup> scrutinize.  
To thy Harím DIVIDUALITY

- (2) No Entrance finds—no Word of THIS and THAT;  
Do Thou my separate and Derivéd Self  
Make one with thy Essential! Leave me room  
On that Diván which leaves no room for Twain;  
Lest, like the simple Arab in the Tale,  
I grow perplexed, oh God! 'twixt "I" and "THOU";  
If I—this Spirit that inspires me whence?  
If THOU—then what this sensual Impotence?

---

*From the solitary Desert  
Up to Bagdad came a simple  
Arab; there amid the rout*

<sup>1</sup> "The Apollonius of Keats' Lamia."

*Got bewildered of the countless  
People hither, thither, running,  
Coming, going, meeting, parting,  
Clammer, clatter, and confusion,  
All about him and about.  
Travel-wearied, hubbub-dixxy,  
Would the simple Arab fain  
Get to sleep—"But then, on waking,  
"How," quoth he, "amid so many  
"Waking know Myself again?"  
So, to make the matter certain,  
Round his ankle ties a Pumpkin,  
And, into a corner creeping,  
Bagdad and Himself and People  
Soon are blotted from his brain.  
But one that heard him and divin'd  
His purpose, sily crept behind;  
Off the Sleeper's ankle slipping,  
Round his own the Pumpkin ties,  
And down to sleep beside him lies.  
By and by the Arab waking  
Looks directly for his Signal—  
Sees it on another's Ankle—  
Cries aloud, "Oh Good-for-Nothing  
"Rascal to perplex me so!  
"That by you I am bewilder'd,*

(2)



*"Whether I be I or no!*

*"If I—the Pumpkin why on YOU?*

*"If YOU—then Where am I, and WHO?"*

Oh God! like this bewilder'd Wretch am I  
 Bewilder'd, in this World of *Why* and *What*,  
 Self-contradiction, and Duality,  
 Bewilder'd; in this World of *Mine* and *Thine*,  
 Bewilder'd utterly! Perplex me not  
 Discovering on Thyself of *Me* the Sign,  
 But into Me that of Thyself inspire  
 As with Thyself shall Me identify!  
 These mortal Dregs to Spiritual Wine—  
 Or, if not that, yet, as that earthen Cup  
 Whose name on earth I bear,<sup>1</sup> with thy Divine  
 This Human composition so refine  
 And purify, till not unworthy found  
 To pass that Spiritual Vintage round!

<sup>1</sup> *The Poet's name, "Jámi," signifying "A Cup." The Poet's YÚSUR and ZULAIKHA opens also with this Divine Wine, the favourite Symbol of Hafiz and other Persian Mystics. The Tavern spoken of is The World.*

*I listen in the Tavern of Sweet Songs,  
 And catch no Echo of their Harmony:  
 The Guests have drunk the Wine and are departed,  
 Leaving their empty Bowls behind—not one  
 To carry on the Revel Cup in hand!  
 Up JÁMI then! and whether Lees or Wine  
 To offer—boldly offer it in Thine!*

## II.

AND yet how long, Jámi, in this Old House  
 Stringing thy Pearls upon a Harp of Song?  
 Year after Year striking up some new Song,  
 The Breath of some Old Story?<sup>1</sup> Life is gone, (4)  
 And that last Song is not the Last; my Soul  
 Is spent—and still a Story to be told!  
 And I, whose Back is crookéd as the Harp  
 I still keep tuning through the Night till Day!  
 That Harp untun'd by Time—the Harper's hand  
 Shaking with Age—how shall the Harper's hand  
 Repair its cunning, and the sweet old Harp  
 Be modulated as of old? Methinks  
 'Twere time to break and cast it in the Fire;  
 The vain old Harp that sweet to other ears  
 May sound no more, but from the Fire may breathe  
 Sweet Resignation to the Harper's Soul,  
 Now that his Body looks to Dissolution.  
 My Teeth fall out—my two Eyes see no more  
 Till by Feringhi Glasses turn'd to Four;<sup>2</sup>  
 Pain sits with me sitting behind my knees,  
 From which I hardly rise unhelped of hand;

<sup>1</sup> "Yúsuf and Zulaikha," "Laili and Majnún," &c.

<sup>2</sup> First notice of Spectacles in Oriental Poetry, perhaps.

I bow down to my Root, and like a Child  
Yearn, as is likely, to my Mother Earth,  
With whom I soon shall cease to moan and weep,  
And on my Mother's Bosom fall asleep.

The House in ruin, and its Music heard  
No more within, nor at the door of Speech,  
Better in Silence and Oblivion  
To fold me head and foot, remembering  
What THE VOICE whisper'd in the Master's <sup>1</sup> ear—  
"No longer think of Rhyme, but think of ME!"—  
Of WHOM?—Of HIM whose Palace THE SOUL is,  
And Treasure-House—who notices and knows  
Its Income and Out-going, and *then* comes  
To fill it when the Stranger is departed.  
Whose Shadow being KINGS—whose Attributes  
The type of Theirs—their Wrath and Favour His—

- (5) Lo! in the Celebration of His Glory,  
The SHAH <sup>2</sup> whose subject upon Earth I am,  
As he of Heaven's, comes on me unaware,  
And suddenly arrests me for his own.  
Therefore for one last Travel, and as brief  
As may become the weary breath of Age,  
Once more I dip my pen into the Well,  
And send it forth discoursing on the Page,

<sup>1</sup> *Jelaluddin—Author of the "Mesnavi."*

<sup>2</sup> *YÁCÚB BEG: whose Father's Vision appears in the next Section.*

Where, of the Mortal writing, I may read  
Anticipation of the Invisible.

---

*One who travel'd in the Desert  
Saw MAJNÚN where he was sitting  
All alone like a Magician  
Tracing Letters in the Sand.  
"Oh distracted Lover! writing  
"What the Sword-wind of the Desert  
"Undecyphers so that no one  
"After you shall understand."  
MAJNÚN answer'd—"I am writing  
"Only for myself, and only  
" 'LAILI,'—If for ever 'LAILI'  
"Writing, in that Word a Volume,  
"Over which for ever poring,  
"From her very Name I sip  
"Her Presence till I drink her Lip."*

III.

WHEN Night had thus far brought me with my Book,  
 In middle thought Sleep robb'd me of myself;  
 And in a Dream myself I seem'd to see  
 Walking along a straight and even Road,  
 Which neither Whirlwind lifted into Dust,  
 Nor Rain confounded into Mire; a Road  
 (6) Fair as the Spirit-walk of the Sufí.  
 There I, methought, was pacing tranquilly,  
 When, on a sudden, the tumultuous Shout  
 Of Soldiery behind broke on mine Ear,  
 And took away my Wit and Strength in Fear.  
 I look'd about for refuge, and Behold!  
 A Palace rose before me; whither running  
 For refuge from the coming Soldiery,  
 Suddenly from the troop a Sháhzemán,<sup>1</sup>  
 By name and nature HASAN—in the robe  
 Of Honour mounted on a milk-white horse,  
 And wearing a white Turban on his Head,  
 Turn'd his rein tow'rd me, with a gracious smile

<sup>1</sup> "Lord of the World, SOVEREIGN; HASAN, BEAUTIFUL, GOOD." HASAN BEG of Western Persia, famous for his Beauty, had helped Jámi with Escort in a dangerous Pilgrimage. He died (as History and a previous line in the Original tell) before Salámán was written, and was succeeded by his Son YÁCÚB, to whom this Poem was addressed.

Opening before mine eyes the door of Peace.  
 Then, riding up to me, dismounted; kiss'd  
 My Hand, and many a Jewel from his Lips  
 Of Salutation utter'd; but of these  
 Not one that in my ear till Morning hung.  
 When, waking on my bed, my waking Wit  
 I question'd what the Vision meant, it answered;  
 "This favour done thee by the Shah now dead  
 "Foreshows the Son's Acceptance of thy Verse,  
 "Which lose no time in pushing to conclusion."  
 This hearing, I address'd me like a Pen  
 To steady writing; for perchance, I thought,  
 From the same Fountain whence the Vision grew  
 The Interpretation also may come True.

---

*Breathless to a Dream-divining  
 Wizard ran a simple fellow—  
 "Lo, this Morning I was dreaming—  
 "And, methought, in yon deserted  
 "Village wandered—all about me  
 "Shatter'd Houses—and, Behold!  
 "Into one, methought, I went—and  
 "Dug—and found a hoard of Gold!"  
 Quoth the Wizard in Derision,  
 "Oh Thou Jewel of Creation,*

(7)

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

*"Go and sole your Feet like Horse's,  
"Tiger-claw your hands with Iron,  
"And returning to your Village  
"Stamp in rubbish, scratch in dust,  
"And give Earth so sound a Shaking,  
"Hand you something up she must."  
Went at once the unsuspecting  
Countryman; with hearty Purpose  
Set to work as he was told;  
And the very first encounter,  
Struck upon his hoard of Gold!*

If thou would have thy Purpose by the Hilt,  
Catch at it boldly—or Thou never wilt.

## IV.

## THE STORY.

A SHAH there was who ruled the Realm of Yún,<sup>1</sup>  
 And wore the Ring of Empire of Sikander;  
 And in his Reign A SEER, of such Report  
 For Insight, reaching quite behind the Veil,  
 That Wise men from all Quarters of the World,  
 To catch the Jewel falling from his Lips  
 Out of the secret Treasure, as he went,  
 Went in a Girdle round him.—Which THE SHAH  
 Observing, took him to his Secresy;  
 Stirr'd not a step, nor set Design afoot,  
 Without that SEER's direction; till, so counsel'd,  
 From Káf to Káf <sup>2</sup> reached his Dominion: (8)  
 No People, and no Prince that over them  
 The ring of Empire wore, but under His  
 Bow'd down in Battle; rising then in Peace  
 Under his Justice grew, and knew no Wrong  
 And in their Strength was his Dominion strong.

<sup>1</sup> Or "YAVAN," Son of Japhet, from whom the Country was called "YÚNAN,"—IONIA, meant by the Persians to express GREECE generally. Sikander is, of course, Alexander the Great, of whose Ethics Jámi wrote, as Nisámi of his Deeds.

<sup>2</sup> The Fabulous Mountain supposed by Asiatics to surround the World, binding the Horison on all sides.



The SHAH that has not Wisdom in Himself,  
Nor has a Wise Man for his Counsellor,  
The Wand of his Authority falls short,  
And his Dominion crumbles at the base.  
For he, discerning not the characters  
Of Tyranny and Justice, confounds both,  
Making the World a Desert, and Redress  
A Fantom-water of the Wilderness.

---

*God said to the Prophet David—*

*“David, whom I have exalted,*

*“From the sheep to be my People’s*

*“Shepherd, by thy Justice my*

*“Revelation justify.*

*“Lest the misbelieving—yea,*

*“The Fire-adoring, Princes rather*

*“Be my Prophets, who my WILL,*

*“Knowing not my WORD, fulfil.”*

## V.

ONE night THE SHAH of Yúnan as he sate  
Contemplating his measureless extent  
Of Empire, and the Glory wherewithal  
As with a Garment robed, he ruled alone;  
Then found he nothing wanted to his heart  
Unless a Son, who, while he lived, might share,  
And, after him, his robe of Empire wear.  
And then he turned him to THE SEER, and said; (9)  
“Oh Thou, whose Wisdom is the Rule of Kings—  
“(Glory to God who gave it!)—answer me;  
“Is any Blessing better than a Son?  
“Man’s prime Desire; by whom his Name and He  
“Shall live beyond Himself; by whom his Eyes  
“Shine living, and his Dust with Roses blows.  
“A Foot for Thee to stand on, and an Arm  
“To lean by; sharp in Battle as a Sword;  
“Salt of the Banquet-table; and a Tower  
“Of salutary Counsel in Divan;  
“One in whose Youth a Father shall prolong  
“His Years, and in his Strength continue strong.”

VI.

WHEN the shrewd SEER had heard THE SHAH's discourse  
In commendation of a Son, he said:

"Thus much of a *Good* Son, whose wholesome Growth  
Approves the Root he grew from. But for one  
Kneaded of *Evil*—Well, could one undo  
His Generation, and as early pull  
Him and his Vices from the String of Time.  
Like Noah's, puff'd with Ignorance and Pride,  
Who felt the Stab of 'HE IS NONE OF THINE!'  
And perish'd in the Deluge.<sup>1</sup> And as none  
Who long for children may their children choose,  
Beware of teasing Allah for a Son,  
Whom having, you may have to pray to lose."

---

*Sick at heart for want of Children,  
Ran before the Saint a Fellow,  
Catching at his garment, crying,  
"Master, hear and help me! Pray  
That ALLAH from my barren clay  
(10) "Raise me up a fresh young Cypress,  
"Who my childless Eyes may lighten,*

<sup>1</sup> See Note in Appendix I.

*"And not let me like a Vapour  
"Unremembered pass away."  
But the Dervish said—"Consider;  
"Wisely let the matter rest  
"In the hands of ALLAH wholly,  
"Who, whatever we are after,  
"Understands our business best."  
Still the man persisted—"Master,  
"I shall perish in my longing:  
"Help, and set my prayer a-going!"  
Then the Dervish rais'd his hand  
To Heav'n—to Heav'n his arrow flew;  
From the mystic Hunting-land  
Down into the Father's arms  
A musky Fawn of China drew—  
A Boy—who, when the shoot of Passion  
In his Nature planted grew,  
Took to drinking, dice-ing, drabbing.  
From a corner of the house-top  
Ill-insulting honest women,  
Dagger-drawing on the Husband,  
And for many a City-bravol  
Still before the Cadi summon'd,  
Still the Father pays for all.  
Day and night the Youngster's doings  
Such—the City's talk and scandal;*

*Neither Counsel, Threat, Entreaty,  
Moved him—till the desperate Father  
Once more to the Dervish running,  
Catches at his garment—crying—  
“Oh my only Hope and Helper!  
“One more Prayer! That God, who laid,  
“Would take this Trouble from my head!”  
But the Saint replied “Remember  
“How that very Day I warn’d you  
“Not with blind petition ALLAH  
“Trouble to your own confusion;  
(11) “Unto whom remains no more  
“To pray for, save that he may pardon  
“What so rashly prayed before.”*

## VII.

“So much for the Result then—oft as not  
“So much beside the Mark; and for the Means—  
“Oh SHAH, who would not be himself a Slave,  
“Which SHAH least should, and of an Appetite  
“Among the basest of his Slaves enslav’d—  
“Better let Azrael find him on his Throne  
“Of Empire sitting, childless and alone,  
“Than his untainted Majesty resign  
“To that seditious Drink, of which one draught  
“Still for another and another craves,  
“Till it become a noose to draw the Crown  
“From off thy Brows—about thy Lips a Ring,  
“Of which the rope is in a Woman’s hand,  
“To lead Thyself the road of Nothing down.  
“For what is *She*? A Foolish, Faithless Thing—  
“To whom The Wise Self-subjected, himself  
“Deep sinks beneath the Folly he sets up.  
“A very Káfir in Rapacity;  
“Clothe her a hundred years in Gold and Jewel,  
“Her garment with brocade of Susa braided,  
“Her very Night-gear wrought in Cloth of Gold;  
“Dangle her ears with Ruby and with Pearl,

"Her House with Golden Vessels all a-blaze,  
 "Her Tables loaded with the Fruit of Kings,  
 "Ispahan Apples, Pomegranates of Yazd;  
 "And, be she thirsty, from a Jewell'd Cup  
 "Drinking the water of the Well of Life—  
 "One little Twist of Temper,—all you've done,  
 "Goes all for Nothing. 'Torment of my Life!  
 "She cries, 'What ever have you done for me!—  
 "Her Brow's white tablet—Yes—'tis uninscrib'd  
 (12) "With any Letter of Fidelity;  
 "Who ever read it there? Lo, in your Bosom  
 "She lies for years—one moment out of sight,  
 "And she forgets you—worse, if, as you turn,  
 "Her Eyes on any Younger Lover light."

---

*Once upon the Throne together  
 Telling one another Secrets,  
 Sat SULAYMAN and BALKÍS;<sup>1</sup>  
 The Hearts of Both were turn'd to Truth,  
 Unsullied by Deception.  
 First the King of Faith SULAYMAN  
 Spoke—"However just and wise  
 "Reported, none of all the many  
 "Suitors to my palace thronging*

<sup>1</sup> Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

*"But afar I scrutinize;  
"And He who comes not empty-handed  
"Grows to Honour in mine Eyes."  
After this BALKÍS a Secret  
From her hidden Bosom utter'd,  
Saying—"Never Night or Morning  
"Comely Youth before me passes  
"Whom I look not longing after"—*

"If this, as wise Ferdúsi says, the Curse  
"Of Better Women, what then of the Worse?"



VIII.

THE SEER his Satire ended; and THE SHAH,  
 Determin'd on his purpose, but the means  
 Resigning to Supreme Intelligence,  
 With Magic-mighty Wisdom his own Might  
 Colleagued, and wrought his own Accomplishment.  
 For Lo! from Darkness came to Light A CHILD,  
 (18) Of carnal composition unattaint;  
 A Perfume from the Realm of Wisdom wafted;  
 A Rosebud blowing on the Royal Stem;  
 The Crowning Jewel of the Crown; a Star  
 Under whose Augury triumph'd the Throne.  
 For whose behest dividing, and in one  
 Whole perfect Jewel re-uniting, those  
 Twin Jewel-words, SALÁMAT and ASMÁN,<sup>1</sup>  
 They hail'd him by the title of SALÁMÁN,  
 And whereas from no Mother Milk he drew,  
 They chose for him a Nurse—her name ABSÁL—  
 So young, the opening roses of her breast  
 But just had budded to an infant's lip;  
 So beautiful, as from the silver line  
 Dividing the Musk-Harvest of her Hair  
 Down to her Foot that trampled Crowns of Kings,

<sup>1</sup> SALÁMAT, *Inviolability*; ASMÁN, *Heaven*.

A Moon of Beauty Full; who thus elect  
 SALÁMÁN of Auspicious Augury  
 Should in the garment of her Bounty fold,  
 Should feed him with the flowing of her Breast.  
 And, once her Eyes had open'd upon Him,  
 They closed to all the world beside, and fed  
 For ever doating on the Royal Jewel  
 Close in his golden cradle casketed:  
 Opening and closing which her Day's Delight,  
 To gaze upon his Heart-inflaming Cheek,—  
 Upon the Babe whom, could she, fain she would  
 Have cradled as the Baby of her Eye.<sup>1</sup>  
 In Rose and Musk she wash'd him—to his lips  
 Press'd the pure sugar from the Honeycomb;  
 And when, Day over, she withdrew her Milk,  
 She made, and having laid him in, his bed,  
 Burn'd all night like a Taper o'er his head.

Then still as Morning came, and as he grew,  
 Finer than any Bridal-puppet, which  
 To prove another's love a Woman sends,  
 She trick'd him up—with fresh Collyrium dew  
 Touch'd his Narcissus Eyes—the musky Locks  
 Divided from his Forehead—and embraced  
 With Gold and Ruby girdle his fine Waist.

(14)

<sup>1</sup> Literally, *Mardumak*—the Mannakin, or Pupil, of the Eye, corresponding to the Image so frequently used by our old Poets.

So for seven years she rear'd and tended him:  
Nay, when his still-increasing Moon of Youth  
Into the further Sign of Manhood pass'd,  
Pursued him still, till full Fourteen his Years,  
Fourteen-day full the beauty of his Face,  
That rode high in a Hundred Thousand Hearts;  
For, when SALÁMÁN was but Half-lance high,  
Lance-like he struck a wound in every one,  
And burn'd and shook down Splendour like a Sun.

## IX.

SOON as the Lord of Heav'n had sprung his Horse  
 Over the Horizon into the Blue Field,  
 SALÁMÁN, kindled with the Wine of Sleep,  
 Mounted a Barb of Fire for the Maidán;  
 He and a Troop of Princes—Kings in Blood,  
 Kings in the Kingdom-troubling Tribe of Beauty,  
 All young in Years and Courage,<sup>1</sup> Bat in hand  
 Gallop'd a-field, toss'd down the Golden ball  
 And chased, so many Crescent Moons a Full;  
 And, all alike intent upon the Game,  
 SALÁMÁN still would carry from them all  
 The Prize, and shouting "Hál!" drive home the Ball.<sup>2</sup>  
 This done, SALÁMÁN bent him as a Bow (15)  
 To Archery—from Masters of the Craft  
 Call'd for an unstrung Bow—himself the Cord  
 Fitted unhelp't,<sup>3</sup> and nimbly with his hand

<sup>1</sup> *The same Persian Word serving for Youth and Courage.*

<sup>2</sup> *The Game of Chágán, for Centuries the Royal Game of Persia, and adopted (Ouseley thinks) under varying modifications of Name and Practice by other Nations, was played by Horsemen, who, suitably habited, and armed with semicircular-headed Bats or Sticks, strove to drive a Ball through a Goal of Upright Pillars. (See Frontispiece and Appendix.) We may call it "Horse-hockey," as it is even now played by young Englishmen in the Maidán of Calcutta, and other Indian cities, I believe, and might perhaps be well tried among our own young Gentlemen here.*

<sup>3</sup> *Bows being so gradually stiffened, to the Age and Strength of the*

Twanging made cry, and drew it to his ear:  
Then, fixing the Three-feather'd Fowl, discharged.  
No point in Heav'n's wide Azure but his Arrow  
Hit; nay, but Heaven were made of Adamant,  
Would overtake the Horizon as it roll'd;  
And, whether aiming at the Fawn a-foot,  
Or Bird on wing, direct his Arrow flew,  
Like the true Soul that cannot but go true.

When Night came, that releases Man from toil,  
He play'd the Chess of Social intercourse;  
Prepared his Banquet Hall like Paradise,  
Summon'd his Houri-faced Musicians,  
And, when his brain grew warm with wine, the Veil  
Flung off him of Reserve: Taking a Harp,  
Between its dry string and his finger quick  
Struck Fire: or catching up a Lute, as if  
A Child for Chastisement, would pinch its ear  
To wailing that should make an Elder weep.  
Now like the Nightingale He sang alone;  
Now with another lip to lip; and now  
Together blending Voice and Instrument;  
And thus with his Associates Night he spent.

*Archer, as at last to need five Hundredweight of Pressure to bend, says  
an old Translation of Chardin, who describes all the Process up to  
bringing up the String to the Ear, "as if to hang it there," before  
Shooting. Then the First Trial was, who could shoot highest: then,  
the Mark, &c.*

His Soul rejoiced in Knowledge of all kind;  
 The fine edge of his Wit would split a Hair,  
 And in the noose of Apprehension catch  
 A Meaning ere articulate in Word;  
 Close as the knitted Jewel of Parwín <sup>1</sup>  
 His jewel Verse he strung; his Rhetoric  
 Enlarging like the Mourners of the Bier.<sup>2</sup>  
 And when he took the nimble Reed in hand  
 To run the errand of his Thought along  
 Its paper field, the Character he traced,  
 Fine on the lip of Youth as the First Hair,  
 Drove Penman, as that Lovers, to despair.

(16)

His Bounty was as Ocean's—nay, the Sea's  
 Self but the Foam of his Munificence,  
 For it threw up the Shell, but he the Pearl;  
 He was a Cloud that rain'd upon the World  
 Dirhems for drops; the Banquet of whose Bounty—

<sup>1 2</sup> *The Pleiads and the Great Bear. This contrast is otherwise prettily applied in the Anvari Soheili—"When one grows poor, his Friends, heretofore compact as THE PLEIADS, disperse wide asunder as THE MOURNERS."*

X.

BUT here that inward Minister of mine  
 Arrested and rebuked me—"Foolish Jámi!  
 "Wearing that indefatigable Pen  
 "In celebration of an Alien SHAH  
 "Whose Throne, not grounded in the Eternal World,  
 "If YESTERDAY it were, TO-DAY is not,  
 "TO-MORROW cannot be."<sup>1</sup> But I replied;  
 "Oh Fount of Light!—under an alien Name  
 "I shadow One upon whose Head the Crown  
 "Both WAS and IS, and SHALL BE; whose Firmán  
 "The Kingdoms Sev'n of this World, and the Seas,  
 (17) "And the Sev'n Heavens themselves are subject to.  
 "Good luck to him who under other Name  
 "Instructed us that Glory to disguise  
 "To which the Initiate scarce dare lift their Eyes."

---

*Sate a Lover in a garden  
 All alone, apostrophizing  
 Many a Flower and Shrub about him,  
 And the Lights of Heav'n above.*

<sup>1</sup> The Hero of the Story being of YÚNAN—IONIA, or GREECE generally, (the Persian Geography not being very precise,)—and so not of THE FAITH.

*Nightingaling thus, a Noodle  
Heard him, and, completely puzzled,  
"What," quoth he, "and you a Lover,  
"Raving, not about your Mistress,  
"But about the Stars and Roses—  
    "What have these to do with Love?"  
Answer'd he; "Oh thou that aimest  
"Wide of Love, and Lovers' Language  
    "Wholly misinterpreting;  
"Sun and Moon are but my Lady's  
    "Self, as any Lover knows;  
"Hyacinth I said, and meant her  
    "Hair—her Cheek was in the Rose—  
"And I myself the wretched Weed  
    "That in her Cypress shadow grows."*



XI.

AND now the Cypress stature of Salámán  
 Had reached his top, and now to blossom full  
 The Garden of his Beauty: and Absál,  
 Fairest of hers, as of his Fellows he  
 The Fairest, long'd to gather from the Tree.  
 But, for that Flower upon the lofty stem  
 Of Glory grew to which her hand fell short,  
 Now with the Woman's cunning she began  
 Enticing as she might within her reach.  
 Darken'd the night of those dark Eyes in which  
 (18) To lose—and over them adorn'd the Bows<sup>1</sup>  
 To wound him there when lost: her musky Locks  
 Into so many snaky ringlets curl'd  
 In which Temptation nestled: one perchance  
 With its own shadow playing on the cheek  
 Whose blooming Rose she kindled with fresh dew,  
 And then one tiny grain of Musk lay there,<sup>2</sup>  
 The Bird of that Belovéd Heart to snare.  
 Sometimes in passing with a Laugh would break  
 The Pearl-enclosing Ruby; or again

<sup>1</sup> *With dark Indigo-Paint, as the Archery Bow with a thin Papyrus-like Bark.*

<sup>2</sup> *A Patch, sc.—“Noir comme le Musc.” De Sacy.*

When busied in the room, as by mischance  
 Would let the lifted sleeve disclose awhile  
 The vein of Silver running up within:  
 Or, rising as in haste, her golden anklets  
 Clash, at whose sudden summons to bring down  
 Under her silver feet the golden Crown.  
 Thus, by innumerable Witcheries,  
 She went about soliciting his Eyes,  
 By which she knew the Robber unawares  
 Steals in, and takes the Bosom by surprise.

---

*Burning with Desire ZULAIKHA  
 Built a Chamber, Wall and Ceiling  
 Blank as an untarnisht Mirror,  
 Spotless as the heart of YÚSUF.  
 Then she made a cunning Painter  
 Multiply her Image round it;  
 Not an Inch of Wall but echoed  
 Back the image of her Beauty.  
 Then amid them all in all her  
 Glory sat she down, and sent for  
 YÚSUF—she began a Tale  
 Of Love—and lifted up her Veil.  
 Bashfully beneath her burning  
 Eyes he turn'd away; but turning*

- (19)      *Wheresoever, still about him*  
             *Saw ZULAIKHA, still ZULAIKHA,*  
             *Still, without a Veil, ZULAIKHA.*  
             *But a Voice as if from Canaan*  
             *Call'd him; and a Hand from Darkness*  
             *Touch'd; and ere the living Lip*  
             *Through the fantom of bewilder'd*  
             *Eyes seduced him, he recoil'd,*  
             *And let the skirt of Ruin slip.*

## XII.

ALAS for those who having tasted once  
Of that forbidden Vintage of the Lips  
That, press'd and pressing, from each other draw  
The Draught that so intoxicates them both,  
That, while Reproach knocks at the door in vain,  
And Time unheeded flies above the head,  
As from the very Well of Life they drink,  
And, drinking, fancy they shall never drain.  
But rolling Heaven from his Ambush whispers,  
"So in my License is it not set down:  
"Ah for the sweet Societies I make  
"At Morning, and before the Nightfall break;  
"Ah for the Bliss that with the Setting Sun  
"I mix, and, with his Rising, all is done!"

---

*Once in Bagdad a poor Arab,  
After weary days of fasting,  
Into the Khalífah's Palace,  
Into the Khalífah's very  
Banquet-chamber, where in State  
HARÚN ALRASCHID supping sate,*

*Push'd and pushing with the throng,  
Got before a perfume-breathing  
Pasty, like the lip of SHÍRÍN  
Luscious, or the Poet's Song.*  
(29) *Soon as seen, the famisht clown  
Seizes up and swallows down.  
Then his mouth undaunted wiping—  
"Oh Khálífh hear me Swear,  
"While I breathe the dust of Bagdad,  
"Ne'er at any other Table  
"Than at Thine to sup or dine."  
The Khálífh laugh'd and answer'd;  
"Fool! who think'st to arbitrate  
"What is in the hands of Fate—  
"Take and thrust him from the Gate!"*

## XIV.

WHILE a Full Year was counted by the Moon,  
SALÁMÁN and ABSÁL rejoiced together,  
And for so long he never saw the face  
Of SEER or SHAH, nor they the face of Him.  
They question'd those about him, and from them  
Heard something; then Himself to Presence summon'd,  
And, subtly sifting on all sides, so plied  
Interrogation till it hit the mark,  
And all the Truth was told. Then SEER and SHAH  
Struck out with Hand and Foot in his redress.  
And First with REASON, which is also Best;  
REASON that rights the Wanderer; that completes  
The Imperfect—REASON that resolves the Knot  
Of either World, and sees beyond the Veil.  
For REASON is the Fountain from of old  
From which the Prophets drew, and none beside:  
Who boasts of other Inspiration, lies—  
There are no other Prophets than THE WISE.

XV.

FIRST spoke THE SHAH:—"SALÁMÁN, Oh my Soul,  
 "Oh Lustre of the Banquet of my House,  
 (21) "Light of the Eyes of my Prosperity,  
 "And making bloom the Court of Hope with Rose;  
 "Year after Year, SALÁMÁN, like a Bud  
 "That cannot blow, my own Blood, I devour'd,  
 "Till, by the seasonable breath of God,  
 "At last I blossom'd into thee, my Son;  
 "Year after year the Crown has chafed my Brow,  
 "For thee; my Foot been growing to the Throne  
 "Only for Thee—Oh spurn them not with Thine.  
 "Nor let the full-blown Rose of Royalty  
 "Be left to wither in a hand unclean.  
 "For what thy proper Pastime? Bat in hand  
 "To mount and manage RAKHSH<sup>1</sup> along the Field;  
 "Not, with no weapon but a wanton Curl  
 "Idly reposing on a Silver Breast.  
 "Go, fly thine Arrow at the Antelope  
 "And Lion—let me not my Lion see  
 "Slain by the Arrow eyes of a Ghazál.  
 "Go, flash thy steel among the ranks of Men,

<sup>1</sup> "LIGHTNING." *The name of RUSTAM's famous Horse in the SHAH-NAMEH.*

"And smite the Warriors' necks; not, flying them,  
 "Beneath a Woman's foot submit thine own.  
 "Leave off such doing in the name of God,  
 "Nor bring thy Father weeping to the ground;  
 "Years have I held myself aloft, and all  
 "For Thee—Oh Shame if thou prepare my Fall!"

---

*When before SHIRÚEH's dagger*

*KAI KHUSRAU,<sup>1</sup> his Father, fell,*

*He declared this Parable—*

*"Wretch!—There was a Branch that waxing*

*"Wanton o'er the Root he drank from, (22)*

*"At a Draught the Living Water*

*"Drain'd wherewith Himself to crown;*

*"Died the Root—and with him died*

*"The Branch—and barren was brought down!"*

<sup>1</sup> KHUSRAU PARVÍZ (*Chosroe The Victorious*), Son of NOSHÍRAVAN *The Great*; slain, after Thirty Years of Prosperous Reign, by his Son SHIRÚEH, who, according to some, was in Love with his Father's Mistress SHÍRÍN. See further, Section xxi., for one of the most dramatic Tragedies in Persian History.



XVI.

SALÁMÁN heard—the Sea of his Soul was mov'd,  
And bubbled up with Jewels, and he said:  
“Oh SHAH, I am the Slave of thy Desire,  
“Dust of thy Throne-ascending Foot am I;  
“Whatever thou desirest I would do,  
“But sicken of my own Incompetence;  
“Not in the hand of my infirmer Will  
“To carry into Deed mine own Desire.  
“Time after time I torture mine own Soul,  
“Devising liberation from the Snare  
“I languish in. But when upon that Moon  
“*I think*, my Soul relapses—and when *look*—  
“I leave both Worlds behind to follow her!”

## XVII.

THE SHAH ceased Counsel, and THE SEER began.

"Oh crowning Blossom on the Tree of Life

"Planted in Paradise; Oh Master-stroke,

"And all-concluding flourish of the Pen

"KUN FA YAKÚN; <sup>1</sup> Thysel prime Archetype,

"And ultimate Accomplishment of MAN!

"The Almighty Hand, that out of common Earth

"That mortal Outward to the perfect Form

"Of Beauty moulded, in the fleeting Dust

"Inscrib'd HIMSELF, and in that Bosom set

(23)

"A Mirror to reflect HIMSELF in Thee.

"Let not that Dust by rebel Passion blown

"Obliterate that Character: nor let

"That Mirror, sullied by the breath impure,

"Or Form of carnal Beauty fore-possess,

"Be made incapable of the Divine.

"Oh veil thine Eyes from Mortal Paramour,

"And follow not her Step!—For what is She?—

"What is She but a Vice and a Reproach,

"Her very Garment-hem Pollution!

<sup>1</sup> "BE! AND IT IS."—*The famous Passage of Creation stolen from Genesis by the Kurán.*

"For such Pollution madden not thine Eyes,  
"Waste not thy Body's Strength, nor taint thy Soul  
"Nor set the Body and the Soul in strife!  
"Supreme is thine Original Degree,  
"Thy Star upon the Top of Heaven; but Lust  
"Will bring it down, down even to the Dust!"

---

*Quoth a Muexxin to the crowing  
Cock—"Oh Prophet of the Morning,  
"Ne'er a Prophet like to you  
"Prophesied of Dawn, nor Muexxin  
"With so shrill a voice of warning  
"Woke the Sleeper to Confession  
"Crying, "LÁ ALLAH ILLÁ 'LLAH,  
"MUHAMMAD RASÚLHUHU." <sup>1</sup>  
"One, methinks, so richly gifted  
"Should have prophesied and sung  
"In Heav'n, the Bird of Heav'n among.  
"Not with these poor Hens about him,  
"Raking in a Heap of Dung."  
"And," replied the Cock, "in Heaven  
"Once I was; but by my foolish*

<sup>1</sup>"Confess that there is no God but God; that Muhammad is his Prophet."

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

SECOND  
EDITION

*"Lust am fallen down to raking*

*"With my wretched Hens about me*

(24)

*"On the Dunghill. Otherwise*

*"I were even now in Eden*

*"With the Bird of Paradise."*

XVIII.

OF all the Lover's sorrows, next to that  
Of Love by Love forbidden, is the voice  
Of Friendship turning sour in Love's reproof  
And overmuch of Counsel—whereby Love  
Grows stubborn, and recoiling unsuppress'd  
Within, devours the heart within, the breast.

SALÁMÁN heard; his Soul came to his Lips;  
Reproaches struck not ABSÁL out of him,  
But drove Confusion in; bitter became  
The Drinking of the sweet Draught of Delight,  
And wan'd the Splendour of his Moon of Beauty.  
His Breath was Indignation, and his Heart  
Bled from the Arrow, and his Anguish grew.  
How bear it?—Able to endure one wound,  
From Wound on Wound no remedy but Flight;  
Day after Day, Design upon Design,  
He turn'd the Matter over in his Heart,  
And, after all, no remedy but Flight.  
Resolv'd on that, he victuall'd and equipp'd  
A Camel, and one night he led it forth,  
And mounted—he with ABSÁL at his side,  
Together on one Camel side by side,

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

SECOND  
EDITION

Like sweet twin Almonds in a single shell.  
And Love least murmurs at the narrow space  
That draws him close and closer in embrace.

---

*When the Moon of Canaan YÚSUF  
Darken'd in the Prison of Ægypt,  
Nightly like a Fantom, nightly  
Would ZULAIKHA steal away  
From her Palace to the Dungeon (25)  
Where her buried Treasure lay.  
Then to those about her wond'ring—  
"Were my Palace," she replied,  
"Wider than Horizon-wide,  
"It were narrower than an Ant's eye,  
"Were my Treasure not inside:  
"And an Ant's eye wider were  
"Than Heaven, if but my Love were there."*

XIX.

SIX days SALÁMÁN on the Camel rode,  
 And then the hissing arrows of Reproof  
 Were fallen far behind; and on the Seventh  
 He halted on the Seashore; on the shore  
 Of one of those Sev'n Seas that, like a floor  
 Of rolling Firmament below the Sky's,  
 And reaching in Circumference from Káf  
 To Káf, down to the Back of GAU and MAHI <sup>1</sup>  
 Descended, and its Stars were Creatures' Eyes.  
 The Face of it was as it were a range  
 Of moving Mountains; or a countless Host  
 Of Camels trooping tumultuously up,  
 Host <sup>over</sup> ~~upon~~ host, and foaming from the lip.  
 Within, innumerable glittering things  
 Sharp as cut Jewels, to the sharpest eye  
 Scarce visible, hither and thither slipping,  
 As Silver Scissors slice a blue Brocade;  
 (26) But in its Depths a Dragon, that if roused,  
 THE DRAGON of the Stars <sup>2</sup> would start aghast.

<sup>1</sup> Bull and Fish—the lowest Substantial Base of Earth. "He first made the Mountains; then cleared the Face of the Earth from Sea; then fixed it fast on Gau; Gau on Mahi; Mahi on Air; and Air on what? on NOTHING; Nothing on Nothing, all is Nothing—Enough." Attar; quoted in De Sacy's *Pendnamah*, xxxv.

<sup>2</sup> The Sidereal Dragon, whose Head, according to the Paurānic (or Poetic) Astronomers of The East, devoured the Sun and Moon in

SALÁMÁN eyed the moving Wilderness  
On which he thought, once launcht, no Foot, nor Eye  
Should ever follow; forthwith he devis'd  
Of sundry scented woods along the shore  
A little Shallop like a Quarter-moon,  
Wherein ABSÁL and He like Sun and Moon  
Enter'd as into some Celestial Sign;  
That, figured like a Bow, but Arrow-like  
In Flight, was feather'd with a little Sail,  
And, pitcht upon the Water like a Duck,  
So with her Bosom sped to her Desire.

When they had sailed their Vessel for a Moon,  
And marr'd their Beauty with the wind o' th' Sea,  
Suddenly in mid Sea reveal'd itself  
An Isle, beyond Imagination fair;  
An Isle that all was Garden; not a Flower,  
Nor Bird of Plumage like the flower, but there;  
Some like the Flower, and others like the Leaf;  
And some as if for Bridal pair adorn'd  
With crown and collar, among whom alone  
The jewell'd Peacock like a Sultan shone;  
While, Lord of all Musicians, to the Rose  
Which never ceas'd to blow, the Nightingale

*Eclipse. "But we know," said Ramachandra to Sir W. Jones, "that the supposed Head and Tail of the Dragon mean only the Nodes, or Points formed by Intersections of the Ecliptic and the Moon's Orbit."*  
—Sir W. Jones' Works, vol. iv., p. 74.



Sang like a Lover hidden in the trees  
Which arm in arm from fingers paralyz'd  
With any breath of air Fruit moist and dry  
Down scatter'd in profusion to their feet,  
Where fountains of sweet water ran between,  
(27) And Sun and shadow chequer-chased the green.  
Here Iram-garden seem'd in secresy  
Blowing the Rosebud of its Revelation;  
Or Paradise, forgetful of the dawn  
Of Audit, lifted from her face the veil.

SALÁMÁN saw the Isle, and thought no more  
Of Further—there with ABSÁL he sat down,  
ABSÁL and He together side by side  
Together like the Lily and the Rose,  
Together like the Soul and Body, one.  
Under its Trees in one another's Arms  
They slept—they drank its Fountains hand in hand—  
Paraded with the Peacock—raced the Partridge—  
Follow'd the clamorous Parrot in his chase  
Of sugar Fruit, or filch'd it from his bill:  
Or sang divisions with the Nightingale.  
There was the Rose without a Thorn, and there  
The Treasure and no Serpent to beware—  
Oh think of such a Mistress at your side  
In such a Solitude, and none to chide!

*Said to WÁMIK one who never  
Knew the Lover's passion—"Why  
"Solitary thus and silent  
"Solitary places haunting,  
"Like a Dreamer, like a Spectre,  
"Like a thing about to die?"  
WÁMIK answer'd—"Meditating  
"Flight with Her to yet remoter  
"Wildernesses, where, whichever  
"Way one travell'd, human face  
"One should never meet, and never  
"Even human footstep trace;  
"There to pitch my Tent—for ever  
"There to gaze on my Belovéd;  
"Gaze, till Gazing out of Gazing  
"Grew to BEING Her I gaze on,  
"SHE and I no more, but in One  
"Undivided Being blended.  
"All that is by Nature twain  
"Fears, or suffers by, the Pain  
"Of Separation: Love is only  
"Perfect when itself transcends  
"Itself, and, one with that it loves,  
"In undivided Being blends."*

(28)

## XX.

WHEN by and by the SHAH was made aware  
Of that Heart-breaking Flight, his Royal robe  
He chang'd for Ashes, and his Throne for Dust,  
And wept awhile in Darkness and alone,  
Then rose; and, taking counsel from the SEER,  
Pursuit set everywhere afoot: but none  
Could trace the footstep of the flying Deer.  
Then from his secret Art the Seer-Vizýr  
A Magic Mirror made; a Mirror such  
As that Sikander on the Watch-tower set  
Of Egypt,<sup>1</sup> glance for glance exchanging with  
That brazen Giant far athwart the seas;  
A Mirror like the Bosom of the Sage  
Reflecting in its mystic compass all  
Within the Sev'n-fold volume of the World  
Involv'd; and, looking in that Mirror's face,  
The SHAH beheld the face of his Desire.  
Beheld those Lovers, like that earliest pair  
Of Lovers, in this other Paradise  
So far from human Eyes in the mid sea,  
And yet within the magic Mirror near

<sup>1</sup> *The concave Mirror on the Pharos of Alexandria, communicating, it was believed, with some such optics on the Colossus of Rhodes.*

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

SECOND  
EDITION

As one might touch them with a finger, isled.  
THE SHAH beheld them; and Compassion touch'd  
His Eyes with tears: Reproach died on his Lips;  
And arm'd with Righteous Judgment as he was, (29)  
Yet, seeing those two Lovers with one lip  
Drinking that Cup of Happiness and Tears <sup>1</sup>  
In which Farewell had never yet been flung,<sup>2</sup>  
He paused for their Repentance to recall  
The lifted Arm that was to shatter all.

---

The shafts to which the Lords of Wrath at last  
Submit, themselves at others once had cast.  
Draw not in haste the Sword, which Fate, may be,  
Will sheathe, hereafter to be drawn on Thee.

---

FIRHÁD, *who the shapeless mountain  
Into human likeness moulded,  
Under SHÍRÍN's eyes as slavish  
Potters' earth himself became.  
Then the secret fire of jealous  
Frenzy, catching and devouring  
KAI KHUSRAU, broke into flame.*

<sup>1</sup> Κρατήρα μακρὸν ἦσαν καὶ θαυρῶν  
Κυρῶντες ἔβανον ὅπως ἐς μέθην.

<sup>2</sup> A pebble flung into the Cup being a signal for a company to break up.

*With that ancient Hag of Darkness  
Plotting, at the Banquet FIRHÁD'S  
Cup he poison'd; and thereafter  
Reign'd in SHÍRÍN'S eyes alone.  
So—But Fate that Fate revenges,  
Arms SHIRÚEH with the dagger  
That together from his Mistress  
Tore, and hurl'd him from his Throne.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> One Story is that Khusrau had promised that if Firhád cut through a Mountain, and brought a Stream through, Shírín should be his. Firhád was on the point of achieving his Work, when Khusrau sent an old Woman (here, perhaps, purposely confounded with Fate) to tell him Shírín was dead; whereon Firhád threw himself headlong from the Rock. The Sculpture at Baysitún (or Besitún), where Rawlinson has decyphered Darius and Xerxes, was traditionally called Firhád's.

## XXI.

BUT as the days went on, and still THE SHAH (30)  
 Beheld SALÁMÁN how sunk in ABSÁL,  
 And still the Crown that should adorn his Head,  
 And still the Throne that waited for his Foot,  
 Trampled from Memory by a Base desire,  
 Of which the Soul was still unsatisfied—  
 Then from the Sorrow of THE SHAH fell Fire;  
 To Gracelessness Ungracious he became,  
 And, quite to shatter that rebellious Lust,  
 Upon SALÁMÁN all his WILL, with all <sup>1</sup>  
 His SEER-VIZYR's Might-magic arm'd, discharged.  
 And Lo! SALÁMÁN to his Mistress turn'd,  
 But could not reach her—look'd and look'd again,  
 And palpitated tow'rd her—but in Vain!  
 Oh Misery! As to the Bankrupt's Eyes  
 The Gold he may not finger! or the Well  
 To him who faints with thirst ere he can reach;  
 Or Heav'n above reveal'd to those in Hell!  
 Yet when SALÁMÁN's anguish was extreme,  
 The Door of Mercy open'd, and he saw  
 That Arm he knew to be his Father's reacht

<sup>1</sup> *He mesmerizes him!—See also further on this Power of the WILL  
 in Sections xxiii. and xxvi.*

To lift him from Perdition—timidly,  
Timidly, tow'rd his Father's Eyes his own  
He lifted, Pardon-pleading, Crime-confest,  
And drew once more to that forsaken Throne,  
As the stray Bird one day will find her Nest.

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*One was asking of a Teacher,  
"Whether, and by what authentic  
"Sign, a Father his reputed  
"Son for his should recognize?"  
Said the Master, "By the Stripling,  
"As he grows to Manhood, growing  
"Like to his reputed Father,  
"Good or Evil, Fool or Wise."  
(31) "Lo the disregarded Darnel  
"With itself adorns the Wheat-field,  
"And for all the vernal season  
"Satisfies the Farmer's eye;  
"But the Hour of Harvest coming,  
"And the Thrasher by and by,  
"Then a barren Ear shall answer,  
" 'Darnel, and no Wheat am I.' "*

## XXII.

WHEN THE SHAH saw SALÁMÁN turn again,  
 And breath'd the Breath of Reconciliation,  
 He laid the Hand of Love upon his Shoulder,  
 The Kiss of Welcome on his Cheek, and said,  
 "Oh Thou, who lost, the Banquet lost his Salt,  
 "And Mankind's Eye the Pupil!—Thy Return  
 "Is as another Sun to Heaven; a new  
 "Rose blooming in the Garden of the Soul.  
 "Arise, Oh Moon of Majesty unwaned!  
 "The Court of the Horizon is thy Court.  
 "Thy Kingdom is the World whose Throne and Crown  
 "Are as base Metal, unimpress'd by Thee,  
 "Not to be stamp'd by one not worthy Them.  
 "Oh spurn them not behind Thee! Oh my Son,  
 "Wipe Thou the Woman's Henna from thy Hand:  
 "Withdraw Thee from the Minion who from Thee  
 "Dominion draws;<sup>1</sup> the Time is come to choose,  
 "Thy Mistress or the World to hold or lose."

Four are the Signs of Kingly Aptitude;  
 Wise Head—pure Heart—strong Arm—and open Hand.

<sup>1</sup> "Shah" and "Sháhid" (*Mistress*)—a sort of *Punning the Persian Poets are fond of.*



Wise is he not, and pure he cannot be—  
Who binds himself to an uncleanly Lust;  
(ss) Nor Valiant, who submits to a weak Woman;  
Nor Liberal, whose Liberality  
To one unworthy channel is confin'd.  
And of these Four who misses All or One  
Is not the Bridegroom of Dominion.

## XXIII.

ALAS for that poor Lover! "Next the curse  
"Of Love by Love forbidden, nothing worse  
"Than Friendship turn'd in Love's reproof unkind,  
"And Love from Love divorcing"—Thus I said.  
Alas, a worse, and worst, is yet behind—  
Love's back-blow of Revenge for having fled!

SALÁMÁN heard: his Forehead to the dust  
He bow'd with shame: fast to his Father's hand—  
But faster yet, and faster, to his own  
Clung one, who by no tempest of Reproof  
Or Wrath might be dissever'd from the stem  
She grew to: till, between Remorse and Love,  
He came to loath his Life and long for Death.  
And, for from him She would not be divorc'd,  
With Her he fled again: he fled—but now  
To no such Island in the middle seas  
As lapped them into Paradise before,  
But to the Solitude of Desolation,  
The Wilderness of Death. And as before  
Of sundry scented woods along the shore  
A Shallop he devised to carry them  
Over the waters whither Foot nor Eye

Should ever follow them, he thought—so now  
Of sere wood strewn about the plain of Death,  
A raft to bear them through the Wave of Fire  
Into Annihilation, he devis'd,  
Gather'd, and built; and, firing with a Torch,  
ABSÁL and he together, hand in hand,  
Sprang to the Flames exulting. But THE SEER  
(33) In secret all had order'd; and the Flame,  
Directed by his Self-fulfilling WILL,  
Devouring ABSÁL into ashes, passed  
SALÁMÁN—all the baser Metal burn'd,  
And to itself the authentic Gold return'd.

## XXIV.

FROM the Beginning such the Destiny  
Of Man, whose very Clay was soak'd in tears.  
For when at first of common Earth they took,  
And moulded to the stature of the Soul,  
For Forty days, for Forty days, the cloud  
Of Heav'n wept over him from head to foot:  
And when the Forty days had passed to Night,  
The Sunshine of one solitary Day  
Look'd out of Heav'n to dry the weeping clay.<sup>1</sup>  
And though that brighter morning in the rear  
Of sadness on the breathless Image rose,  
Yet, with the Living, every wise man knows  
Such consummation scarcely shall be here!

SALÁMÁN fired the Pile; and in the Flame  
That, passing him, consumed ABSÁL like straw,  
Died his Divided Self, his Individual  
Surviv'd, and, like a living Soul from which  
The Body falls, strange, naked, and alone.  
Then rose his cry to Heaven—his Eyelashes

<sup>1</sup> *Some such Legend is quoted by De Sacy and D'Herbelot from some Commentaries on the Kurán.*

- Dropt blood—his sighs stood like a smoke in Heaven.  
And morning rent her garment at his anguish.  
And when Night came, that drew the pen across  
(34) The written woes of Day for all but him,  
Crouch'd in some lonely corner of the house,  
He seem'd to feel about him in the dark  
For one who was not, and whom no fond word  
Could summon from the Void in which she lay.  
"Oh Thou, who, living, lighted up this Heart,  
"Now dark with thy remembrance! Lighted up  
"These eyes now blind with unavailing tears!  
"Oh, long, long Home of Love now lost for ever!  
"We were together—we were all alone—  
"Each to the other all in all—the World  
"Nothing to us, nor we to all the World—  
"No Road to reach us, nor an Eye to watch—  
"All Day we whisper'd in each other's Ears,  
"In one another's Arms all Night we slept—  
"All seem'd to our Desire, as if the Hand  
"Of unjust Fortune were for once too short.  
"Oh that the Flame I lighted with this hand  
"Had taken Me not Thee—or Me with Thee  
"Had taken—Me with Thee at any cost,  
"Stript of this terrible Self-solitude!  
"Me but with Thee Annihilation-lost,  
"Or in Eternal Intercourse renew'd!"

SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.

SECOND  
EDITION

*Slumber-drunk an Arab in the  
Desert off his Camel tumbled,  
Who the lighter of her burden  
Ambled unconcern'd away.*

*When, along with breaking Day  
The Arab woke, and, on the ground  
Safely saddled, looked around—  
“Oh my Camel! Oh my Darling!  
“Camel of my Soul!” quoth he,  
“That I were with my Camel lost,  
“Or else my Camel found with me!”*

"Zuhrah,"<sup>1</sup> he said, "Zuhrah, compared with whom  
 "That brightest star that bears her name in Heav'n  
 "Was but a winking Taper; and Absál  
 "Queen-star of Beauties in this world below,  
 "But a distorted Image in the stream  
 "Of fleeting Matter; and all sweet Discourse,  
 "And Music ravishing the ears of Man,  
 "A far-off Echo of that Harp in Heav'n  
 "Which Dervish-dances to her Harmony."

SALÁMÁN listen'd, and inclin'd—again  
 Repeated, Inclination ever grew;  
 Until THE SEER beholding in his Soul  
 The SPIRIT<sup>2</sup> quicken, so effectually  
 With ZUHRAH wrought, that she reveal'd herself  
 In her pure lustre to SALÁMÁN's Soul,  
 And washing ABSÁL's Image from his Breast,  
 There reign'd instead. Celestial Beauty seen,  
 He left the Earthly; and, once come to know  
 Eternal Love, he let the Mortal go.

<sup>1</sup> "ZUHRAH." *The Planetary and Celestial Venus.*

<sup>2</sup> "Maany." *The Mystical pass-word of the Sáfis, to express the Transcendental New Birth of The Soul.*

## XXVII.

THE Crown of Empire how supreme a Lot! (87)  
The Throne of the Sultán how high!—But not  
For all—None but the Heaven-ward Foot may dare  
To mount—The Head that touches Heaven to wear!—

When the Belov'd of Royal Augury  
Was rescued from the Bondage of ABSÁL,  
Then he arose, and shaking off the Dust  
Of that lost Travel, girded up his Heart,  
And look'd with undefiléd Robe to Heaven.  
Then was His Head worthy to wear the Crown,  
His Foot to mount the Throne. And then THE SHAH  
To such a Banquet as the like in all  
The folded records of the World is not  
From all the quarters of his World-wide Realm  
Summon'd all those who under Him the ring  
Of Empire wore, King, Captain, and Vizýr;  
Of whom not one but to SALÁMÁN did  
Obeisance, and lifted up his Neck  
To yoke it under his Supremacy.  
Then THE SHAH crown'd him with the Golden Crown,  
And set the Golden Throne beneath his Feet,  
And over all the heads of the Assembly,  
And in the Ears of all, his Jewel-word  
With the Diamond of Wisdom cut, and said:—



**SECOND  
EDITION**

**SALÁMÁN AND ABSÁL.**

**“Report of Good or Evil through the Realm:**

**“Which to confirm with thy peculiar Eye,**

**“And least of all, remember—least of all,**

**“Suffering Accuser also to be Judge,**

**“By surest steps build up Prosperity.”**

## XXIX.

UNDER the Leaf of many a little Fable  
Lies Truth for those who look; of this now told,  
If thou wouldst look behind and find the Fruit,  
(To which the Wiser hand has found his way)  
Have thy Desire—No Tale of ME and THEE,  
Though I and THOU be its Interpreters <sup>1</sup>  
What signifies THE SHAH? and what THE SEER?  
And what SALÁMÁN not of Woman born?  
Who was ABSÁL who drew him to Desire?  
And what the KINGDOM that awaited him  
When he had drawn his Garment from her Hand?  
What means that FIERY PILE? and what THE SEA?  
And what that Heavenly ZUHRAH who at last  
Clear'd ABSÁL from the Mirror of his Soul?  
Listen to me, and you shall understand  
The letter MAJNÚN wrote along the sand.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Story is of Generals, though enacted by Particulars.*

<sup>2</sup> *In Section ii.*

XXX.

(40) THE Incomparable Creator, when this World  
He did create, created First of all  
The FIRST INTELLIGENCE <sup>1</sup>—First of a Chain  
Of Ten Intelligences, of which the Last  
Sole Agent is in this our Universe,  
ACTIVE INTELLIGENCE so call'd; The One  
Distributor of Evil and of Good,  
Of Joy and Sorrow. Himself apart from MATTER,  
In Essence and in Energy—He yet  
Hath fashion'd all that is—Material Form,  
And Spiritual, all from HIM—by HIM

<sup>1</sup> "These Intelligences are only another Form of the Neo-Platonic *Dæmones*. The Neo-Platonists held that Matter and Spirit could have no Intercourse—they were, as it were, incommensurate. How then, granting this premise, was Creation possible? Their answer was a kind of gradual Elimination. God, the 'Actus Purus' created an *Æon*; this *Æon* created a Second; and so on, until the Tenth *Æon* was sufficiently Material (as the Ten were in a continually descending Series) to affect Matter, and so cause the Creation by giving to Matter the Spiritual Form.

Similarly we have in Sufiism these Ten Intelligences in a corresponding Series, and for the same End.

There are Ten Intelligences, and Nine Heavenly Spheres, of which the Ninth is the Uppermost Heaven, appropriated to the First Intelligence; the Eighth, that of the Zodiac, to the Second; the Seventh, Saturn, to the Third; the Sixth, Jupiter, to the Fourth; the Fifth, Mars, to the Fifth; the Fourth, the Sun, to the Sixth; the Third, Venus, to the Seventh; the Second, Mercury, to the Eighth; the First, The Moon, to the Ninth; and THE EARTH is the peculiar Sphere of the TENTH, or lowest Intelligence, called THE ACTIVE."

Directed all, and in his Bounty drown'd.  
Therefore is He that Firmán-issuing SHAH  
To whom the World was subject. But because  
What He distributes to the Universe

Another and a Higher Power supplies,  
Therefore all those who comprehend aright  
That Higher in THE SEER will recognise.

HIS the PRIME SPIRIT that, spontaneously (41)  
Projected by the TENTH INTELLIGENCE,  
Was from no Womb of MATTER reproduced  
A Special Essence called THE SOUL OF MAN;  
A Child of Heaven, in Raiment unbeslashed  
Of Sensual Taint, and so SALÁMÁN named.

And who ABSÁL?—The Lust-adoring Body,  
Slave to the Blood and Sense—through whom THE SOUL,  
Although the Body's very Life it be,  
Does yet imbibe the Knowledge and Desire  
Of Things of SENSE; and these united thus  
By such a Tie God only can unreach,  
BODY and SOUL are Lovers Each of Each.

And what the Flood on which they sail'd, with those  
Fantastic creatures peopled; and that Isle  
In which awhile their Paradise they found,  
And thought, for ever?—That false Paradise  
Amid the fluctuating Wilderness

Of Sensual passion, in whose Bosom lies  
A World of Being from the Light of God  
Deep in that unsubiding Deluge drown'd.

And why was it that ABSÁL in that Isle  
So soon deceived in her Delight, and He  
Fell short of his Desire?—That was to show  
How soon the Senses of their PASSION tire,  
And in a surfeit of themselves expire.

And what the turning of SALÁMÁN's Heart  
Back to THE SHAH, and to the Throne of Might  
And Glory yearning?—What but the Return  
Of the LOST SOUL to his true Parentage,  
And back from Carnal Error looking up  
Repentant to his Intellectual Right.

And when the Man between his living Shame  
Distracted, and the Love that would not die,  
(42) Fled once again—what meant that second Flight  
Into the Desert, and that Pile of Fire  
On which he fain his Passion with Himself  
Would immolate?—That was the Discipline  
To which the living Man himself devotes,  
Till all the Dross of Sense be scorcht away,  
And, to its pure integrity sublimed,  
His Soul alone survives. But forasmuch

As from a darling Passion so divorc'd  
 The wound of old Affection bleeds anew,  
 Therefore the SEER would ever and anon  
 Raise up and set before Salámán's eyes  
 That Fantom of the past; but evermore  
 Revealing one Diviner, till his Soul  
 She fill'd, and blotted out the Mortal Love.  
 For what is ZUHRAH?—What but that Divine  
 Original, of which the Soul of Man  
 Darkly possesst, by that fierce Discipline  
 At last he disengages from the Dust,  
 And flinging off the baser rags of Sense,  
 And all in Intellectual Light arrayed,  
 As Conqueror and King he mounts the Throne,  
 And wears the Crown of Human Glory—Yea,  
Throne after Throne surmounting till he reigns  
~~That Empire of Humanity transcends,~~  
One with the Last and First Intelligence.  
~~And with the Spirit Universal blends.~~

---

This is the Meaning of This Mystery,  
 Which to know wholly ponder in thy Heart,  
 Till all its ancient Secret be enlarged.  
 Enough—The written Summary I close,  
 And set my Seal—

“THE TRUTH GOD ONLY KNOWS.”

[NOTE. The alterations in the text are in FitzGerald's autograph in a  
 copy of this edition given by him in 1875 to Mr. T. S. Perry of  
 Boston, U. S. A.]



## APPENDIX.

(43)

### SECTION I. P. 1.

*"To thy Harím Dividuality  
"No Entrance finds, &c.*

This Sufi Identification with Deity (further illustrated in the Story of Sect. xix.) is shadowed in a Parable of Jelaladdin, of which here is an outline. "One knocked at the Beloved's Door; and a Voice asked from within, 'Who is there?' and he answered, 'It is I.' Then the Voice said, 'This House will not hold Me and Thee.' And the Door was not opened. Then went the Lover into the Desert, and fasted and prayed in Solitude. And after a Year he returned, and knocked again at the Door. And again the Voice asked, 'Who is there?' and he said, 'It is Thyself!'—and the Door was opened to him."

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### SECTION VI. P. 9.

*"Like Noah's, puff'd with Ignorance and Pride, &c.*

In the Kurán God engages to save Noah and his Family,—meaning all who believed in the Warning. One of Noah's Sons (Canaan or Yam, some think) would not believe. "And the Ark swam with them between waves like Mountains, and Noah called up to his Son, who was separated from him, saying, 'Embark with us, my Son, and stay not with the Unbelievers.' He answered, 'I will get on a Mountain which will secure me from the Water.' Noah replied, 'There is no security this Day from the Decree of God, except for him on whom he shall have Mercy.' And a Wave passed between them, and he became one of those who were drowned. And it was said, 'Oh Earth, swallow up thy waters, and Thou, oh Heaven, withhold thy Rain!' And immediately the Water abated and the Decree was fulfilled, and the Ark rested on the Mountain Al Judi, and it was said, 'Away with the (44) ungodly People!'—Noah called upon his Lord and said, 'Oh Lord, verily my Son is of my Family, and thy Promise is True; for Thou art of those who exercise Judgment.' God answered, 'Oh Noah, verily he is not of thy Family; this intercession of thine for him is not a righteous work.'"—*Sale's Kurán*, vol. ii. p. 21.



APPENDIX.

SECTION VIII. P. 13.

*"Finer than any Bridal-puppet, which  
"To prove another's love a Woman sends, &c.*

In Atkinson's version of the "Kitābi Kuhsum Námeh" we find, among other Ceremonials and Proprieties of which the Book treats, that when a Woman wished to ascertain another's Love, she sent a Doll on a Tray with flowers and sweetmeats, and judged how far her Affection was reciprocated by the Doll's being returned to her drest in a Robe of Honour or in Black. The same Book also tells of *two* Dolls—Bride and Bridegroom, I suppose—being used on such occasions; the test of Affection being whether the one sent were returned with or without its Fellow.

SECTION IX. P. 14.

*"The Royal Game of Chógán."*

The Frontispiece of this Version of the Poem is "accurately copied" from an Engraving in Sir William's Book, which he says (and those who care to look into the Bodleian for it may see), is "accurately copied from a very beautiful Persian MS., containing the Works of Háfiz, transcribed in the year 956 of the Hejirah, 1549 of Christ; the MS. is in my own Collection. This Delineation exhibits the Horsemen contending for the Ball; their short Jackets seem peculiarly adapted to the Sport; we see the MÍL, or Goals; Servants attend on Foot, holding CHÚGÁNS in readiness for other Persons who may join in the Amusement, or to supply the place of any that may be broken. A young Prince—as his PARR, or Feather, would indicate—receives on his Entrance into the MEIDAN, or Place of Exercise, a CHÚGÁN from the hands of a bearded Man very plainly dressed; yet (as an intelligent Painter at Ispahan assured me, and as appears from other Miniatures in the same Book) this Bearded Figure is meant to represent Háfiz himself," &c.

- (45) The Persian legend at the Top Corner is the Verse from Hafiz which the Drawing illustrates:

Shahsuvára khush bemeidán ámedy giuy besann.

SECTION XVII. P. 23.

I am informed by a distinguished Arabic Scholar that the proper Cry of the Muessin is, with some slight local variations, such as he heard it at Cairo and Damascus.

# APPENDIX.

SECOND  
EDITION

Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar;  
Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar;  
Ishhad lá allah illá 'llah;  
Ishhad lá allah illá 'llah;  
Ishhad lá allah illá 'llah;  
Ishhad Muhammad rasúluhu;  
Ishhad Muhammad rasúluhu;  
Ishhad Muhammad rasúluhu;  
Hayya 'alá 's-salát, Hayya 'alá 's-salát,  
Inna 's-salát khair min an-naum.

"God is great," (*four times*); "Confess that there is no God but God," (*three times*); "Confess that Muhammad is the prophet of God," (*three times*); "Come to Prayer, come to Prayer, for Prayer is better than Sleep."

## SECTION XIX. P. 27.

*"Here Iram-garden seem'd in secrecy  
"Blowing the Rosebud of its Revelation;"*

"Mahomet," says Sir W. Jones, "in the Chapter on The Morning, towards the end of his Alcoran, mentions a Garden called 'Irem,' which is no less celebrated by the Asiatic Poets than that of the Hesperides by the Greeks. It was planted, as the Commentators say, by a king named Shedád,"—deep in the Sands of Arabia Felix—"and was once seen by an Arabian who wandered far into the Desert in search of a lost Camel."



**EXTRACTS FROM FITZGERALD'S LET-  
TERS RELATING TO "EUPHRANOR,"  
SECOND EDITION.**

*To W. F. Pollock.*

*Woodbridge, Jan. 1873.*

*What, you tell me, Palgrave said about me, I should have thought none but a very partial Friend, like Donne, would ever have thought of saying. But I'll say no more on that head. Only that, as regards the little Dialogue, I think it is a very pretty thing in Form, and with some very pretty parts in it. But when I read it two or three years ago, there was, I am sure, some over-smart writing, and some clumsy wording; insomuch that, really liking the rest, I cut out about a sheet, and substituted another, and made a few corrections with a Pen in what remained, though plenty more might be made, little as the Book is. Well; as you like this little Fellow, and I think he is worth liking, up to a Point, I shall send you a Copy of these amended Sheets.*

*To W. F. Pollock.*

*[1873]*

*. . . When I look over the little Prose Dialogue, I see lots that might be weeded. I wonder at one word which is already crossed—'Emergency.' 'An Emergency!' I think Blake could have made a Picture of it as he did of the Flea. Something of the same disgusting Shape too. . . .*



**EUPHRANOR**  
**A DIALOGUE ON YOUTH**

1

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1

# EUPHRANOR,

## A DIALOGUE ON YOUTH.

"Malim Virum sine Literis quam Literas sine Viro."  
"Better A MAN who doesn't know his Letters than ' A BOOK  
IN BREECHEE.'"

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON :  
JOHN W. PARKER AND SON, WEST STRAND.  
1855.





## EUPHRANOR,

### A DIALOGUE ON YOUTH.

DURING the time of my pretending to practise Medicine at Cambridge, I was aroused, one fine forenoon of May, by the sound of some one running up my staircase, three or four steps at a time; then, directly, a smart rapping at the door; and, before I could say, "Come in," Euphranor had opened it, and striding up to me, seized my arm with his usual eagerness, and told me I must go out with him—"It was such a day—Sun shining—Breeze blowing—hedges and trees in full leaf. He had been to Chesterton, (he said,) and rowed back with a man who now left him in the lurch; I must take his place." I told him what a poor hand at the Oar I was, and, such walnut-shells as these Cambridge boats were, I was sure a strong fellow like him must rejoice in getting a whole Eight-oar to himself once in a while. He laughed, and said, "The pace, the pace was the thing—However, that was all nothing, but—in short, I must go out with him, whether for a Row, or a Walk in the fields, or a Game of Billiards at Chesterton (2) —whatever I liked—only go I must." After a little more banter, about my possible Patients, I got up; closed a very heavy Treatise on Magnesia I was reading; on with coat and hat; and in three minutes we had run downstairs, out into the open air; where both of us calling out

together what a glorious day it was, we struck out briskly for the old Wooden Bridge, where Euphranor said his boat was lying.

"By the bye," said I, as we went along, "it would be a charity to knock up poor Lexilogus, and carry him along with us."

Not much of a charity, Euphranor thought—Lexilogus would so much rather be left with his books. Which I declared was the very reason he should be drawn abroad; and Euphranor, who was quite good-humoured, and wished Lexilogus all well, (for we were all three Yorkshiremen, whose families lived no great distance asunder,) easily consented. So, without more ado, we turned into Trinity great Gate, and round by the right up a staircase to the Attic where Lexilogus kept.

The door was *sported*, but I knew he must be at home; so, using the privilege of an old friend, I shouted to him through the letter-slit. Presently we heard the sound of books falling, and soon after Lexilogus' thin, pale, and spectacled face appeared at the half-opened door. He was always glad to see me, I believe, howsoever I disturbed him; and he smiled as he laid his hand in mine, rather than returned its pressure.

The tea-things were still on the table, and I asked him (though I knew well enough) if he were so fashionable as only just to have breakfasted?

(3) "Oh—long ago—directly after Morning Chapel."

I then told him he must put his books away, and come out on the River with Euphranor and myself.

"He could not possibly," he said;—"not so early, at least—the yearly Examination—"

"Come, come, my good fellow," said Euphranor, "that is the very reason, the Doctor says; he will have it so. So make haste."

I then told him (what I then suddenly remembered) that, beside other reasons, his old Aunt, a Cambridge tradesman's widow whom I attended, and whom Lexilogus helped to support out of his own little funds, wanted to see him directly on business. He should go with us to Chesterton, where she lodged; visit her while Euphranor and I played a game or two of billiards at the Inn; and afterwards (for I knew how little of an Oarsman he was) we would all three take a good stretch into the Fields together.

He supposed he should be back by Hall, of course; about which I would make no conditions; and he then resigned himself to Destiny. While he was busy changing and brushing his clothes, Euphranor, who had walked somewhat impatiently about the room, looking now at the books, and now out of the window at some white pigeons wheeling about in the clear blue sky, went up to the mantel-piece and called out, "What a fine new pair of screens Lexilogus had got! the present, doubtless, of some fair Lady."

Lexilogus said they were a present from his sister on his Birth-day; and coming up to me, brush in hand, asked if I recognized the views?

"Quite well, quite well," I said, and told him to get on (4)

with his toilet—"the old Church—the Yew-tree,—your Father's house—one cannot mistake them."

"And were they not beautifully done?" he wanted to know; and I answered without hesitation, they were; for I knew the Girl who had painted them, and that (whatever they might be in point of Art) a still finer spirit than Art had guided her hand.

At last, after a little hesitation as to whether he should wear Cap and Gown, (which I decided he should *not*, for this time only,) Lexilogus was ready: and calling out on the staircase to his Bed-maker not to meddle with his books, we ran down-stairs, crossed the great Court—through the Screens thronged with Gyps and Bed-makers, and redolent of perpetual Dinner; thence, after stopping a moment to read some notices, through the cloisters of Neville's Court, and so out upon the open space before the Library. The sun shone broad on the new-shaven expanse of grass, while Holiday-seeming folks sauntered along the River-side, and under the trees, now flourishing in freshest green—the Chestnuts especially in full fan, and bending down their white cones over the sluggish current, which seemed indeed more fitted for the slow merchandise of Coal, than to wash the walls and flow through the groves of Academe.

We now considered we had missed our proper point of Embarkation; but this was righted at a slight expense of college propriety. Euphranor calling out to some one who had his boat in charge with others by the Wooden Bridge, we descended the grassy slope, stepped in, and

settled the order of our voyage. Euphranor and I were to pull, and Lexilogus (as I at first proposed) was to (s) steer. But seeing he was averse from meddling in the matter, I agreed to take all the blame of my own awkward rowing on myself.

"And just take care of this, will you, Lexilogus?" said Euphranor, handing him a Book which fell out of his pocket as he took his coat off.

"Oh, Books, Books!" I exclaimed, "I thought we were to steer clear of them, at all events. Now we shall have Lexilogus reading all the way. What is it—Greek, Algebra, German, or what?"

It was none of these, however, Euphranor said, but only Digby's Godefridus; and then asking me whether I was ready, and I calling out, "Ay, ay, Sir," our oars splashed in the water. Threading the main arch of Trinity bridge, we shot past the Library, I exerting myself so strenuously, (as bad rowers sometimes do,) that I almost drove the nose of the boat against one of the least ornamental offices of the College. This danger past, however, we got on better; Euphranor often looking behind him to anticipate our way, and counteracting with his experienced Oar the many misdirections of mine. Amid all this, he had leisure to ask me if I knew those same Digby books?

"Some of them," I told him—"the Broad Stone of Honour for one; indeed I had got the first Protestant edition of it, now very rare."

"But not so good as the enlarged Catholic," said Eu-

phranor, "of which this Godefridus is part; at least so Hare says."

"Perhaps not," I replied; "but then on the other hand, *not* so Catholic; which you and Lexilogus will agree with me is a great advantage."

(e) Which I said slyly, Euphranor being rather taken with the Oxford doctrine just then coming into vogue.

"You cannot forgive him that," said he.

"Nay nay," said I, "one can forgive a true man anything. Digby is a noble Fellow—one of the Few whose Fulness of Soul justifies the venting it in Print."

"If only as a Garden of Quotations," said Euphranor, "as plentiful as old Burton, only the Flowers so much richer and rarer."

"Ay," said I, "that one may pilfer at pleasure, and still leave enough to make Midsummer of scores of barren Discourses." And then Euphranor asked me, "Did I not remember Digby himself at College? perhaps know him?"

"Not that," I answered, but remembered him very well. And in answer to Euphranor's questions proceeded to give him some personal recollections of his Author.

"And, Hare says, really himself the Knight he drew?"

"At least," I answered, "he rowed very vigorously on this river, where I am now labouring so awkwardly."

In which and other such talk, constantly interrupted by the little accidents of our voyage, we had threaded our way through the barges congregated at Magdalen; through the Locks; and so for a pull of three or four miles down the river and back again to Cross's; where

we surrendered our boat, and footed it over the fields to Chesterton, at whose Church we came just as its quiet chimes were preluding Twelve o'clock. Close by was the humble house whither Lexilogus was bound. I looked in for a moment at the old lady, and left him with her, privately desiring him to join us as soon as he could at the Three Tuns; the Three Tuns, which I preferred to any younger rival, because of the many pleasant hours I had spent there in my own College days. (7)

When Euphranor and I got there, we found all the tables occupied; but one, as usual, would be at our service before long. Meanwhile, ordering some light Ale after us, we went into the Bowling-green, with its Lilac bushes now in full bloom and full odour; and there we found, sitting alone upon a bench, Lycion, with a cigar in his mouth, and rolling the bowls about lazily with his foot.

"What! Lycion! and all alone!" I called out.

He nodded to us both—said he was waiting till some men had finished a pool of billiards up-stairs—"A great bore—for it was only just begun; and one of the fellows a man I particularly detest, so I am obliged to wait here till he is off."

"Come and console yourself with some Ale, then," said I. "Are you ever foolish enough to go pulling on the river, as we have been doing?"

"Not often; he did not see the use," he said, "of perspiring to no purpose."

"Just so," replied I. "But here comes our liquor; sweet is Pleasure after Pain, at all events."



We then sat down in one of those little arbours cut into the Lilac bushes round the Bowling-green; and while Euphranor and I were quaffing each a glass of Home-brewed, Lycion took up the volume of Digby, which Euphranor had laid on the table.

- (s) "Ah, Lycion," said Euphranor, putting down his glass, "there is one would put you up to a longer and stronger pull than we have had."

"Chivalry—" said Lycion, glancing carelessly over the pages; "I thought people had done talking about that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?" Euphranor asked him.

"Why, Dragons, Tournaments, old Armour, and so on."

"Rather a hasty acquaintance to judge of a book in, is it not?" said Euphranor, smiling.

Lycion had heard of it before, and laughed at.

"Possibly," replied Euphranor. "Nevertheless, I can assure you it is *not* about Tournaments, Dragons, and 'that sort of thing' at all—that is, not about them only."

"Don't you remember," Lycion said, addressing me, "what an absurd thing the Eglinton Tournament was? What a complete failure! There was the Queen of Beauty on her throne, and the Heralds, and the Knights in full Armour on their horses—they had been practising for months, I believe—but unluckily, at the very moment of Onset, the rain began, and the Knights threw down their lances and put up umbrellas."

I laughed, and said I remembered something like it

had occurred, though not to umbrella-point, which I thought was an Adelphi or Louis Philippe burlesque on the affair. And I asked Euphranor what he had to say in defence of the Tournament.

"Nothing at all," he replied. "It was a silly thing, and fit to be laughed at for the very reason that it *was* only an affair of old armour—As Digby himself emphatically tells us," he went on, taking the Book and rapidly turning over the leaves.—"Here it is"—and he read—"The (9) error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition'—that is, you know, that Chivalry is not a thing past, but, like all things of Beauty, eternal—'the error that leads men to doubt of this first proposition consists of their supposing that Tournaments, steel Panoply, and Coat arms, and Aristocratic institutions, are essential to Chivalry; whereas, these are, in fact, only accidental attendants upon it, subject to the influence of Time, which changes all such things.'"

"I am told the old Knights were really great Blackguards," said Lycion, turning his cigar in his mouth, and glancing at his antagonist, "with all their pretences of fighting for religion, distressed damsels, and so on."

"Come, Lycion," said I, "you must not abuse them; you, whose Pedigree links you through Agincourt and Crecy, almost up to King Arthur."

"O yes, King Arthur, and his Round Table and Seven Champions; and pray do not forget Don Quixote. He is one of your Heroes, I hope, Euphranor?"

Euphranor declared that Don Quixote was a man of true Chivalric soul—only—

“Only mad,” interrupted Lycion, “and mistook Windmills for Giants. And I doubt if King Arthur’s Giants were half so substantial.”

“Perhaps Digby would tell us,” said I, who saw Euphranor’s colour rising, “there can be no want of Giants and Dragons while Oppression and Misery abound in the world.”

“To be sure,” said Euphranor; “these old Romances are Symbols of the Truth; nay, the Truth itself, inasmuch  
(10) as they record the Warfare which all Heroic men must wage for ever with Evil, under whatsoever shape it may appear.”

“Does not Carlyle somewhere tell us,” said I, “that Chivalry must now seek and find its mission in the campaigns, not of War, but of Peace; which need no less Energy, Endurance, and Self-devotion? He talks of a ‘Chivalry of Labour,’ I think; the proper conquests for modern Heroes to be those of the Loom and the Steam engine; and that henceforward not ‘*Arms* and the Man,’ but ‘*Tools* and the Man,’ must be the Epic of the world.”

“O well,” said Lycion, “if your Arthurs and Lancelots are to turn into peaceable Spinners, Stokers, and Tailors, I shall never quarrel with them. Let them go on conquering and to conquer; in the latter vocation especially: and more especially if, like true Knights, they charge nothing for their services.”

“Yes, my dear fellow,” said I, laughing, “but then you

must not sit idle, smoking your cigar, in the midst of it; but, as your Ancestors led on mailed troops at Agincourt, so must you put yourself at the head of these Tailors, and become what Carlyle calls 'a Captain of Industry,' a Master-tailor, leading on a host of Journeymen to fresh fields and conquests new."

"Besides," said Euphranor, who did not relish this sudden descent of his hobby, "surely Chivalry will ever find endless, if bloodless, engagement in the Laws, Education, and other such Advancement of a People; or, if you like it, of the World at large. As Tennyson so nobly says, King Arthur, who was carried away wounded to the island valley of Avilion, to be nursed by Queens, will, and does, return to us in the shape of a modern Gentle- (11)  
man 'of stateliest port.' And whatever Carlyle or any one else may say, War is not yet out of the world: there are still those ready to strike in a bad cause, and it would be hard if there were none to resist in a good."

"Well," said Lycion, who, often seeming inattentive to what was making against him, quickly caught at any turn in his favour—"we have a paid Army to do all that for us."

"A paid Army!" repeated Euphranor with great indignation. "And do you pretend to say, Lycion, that you, for one, would sit there smoking your eternal cigar, if England herself were to be invaded, for instance?"

Lycion, however, only turned that eternal cigar in his mouth, and glanced rather superciliously at his antagonist. And I, who had been all this while reading Gode-

fridus at the page Euphranor had left open, said, "Here we are, as usual, disputing without being as yet agreed upon the meaning of the terms we are using. Here, Euphranor, suppose you read us this passage, which defines what Digby himself understands by the word *Chivalry*, and then we shall see the way clearer perhaps."

I gave him the book, and he read:

"Chivalry is only a name for that general Spirit or state of mind, which disposes men to Generous and Heroic actions; and keeps them conversant with all that is Beautiful and Sublime in the Intellectual and Moral world. It will be found that, in the absence of conservative principles, this Spirit more generally prevails in  
(12) Youth than in the later periods of men's life: and, as the Heroic is always the earliest age in the history of nations, so Youth, the first period of life, may be considered as the Heroic or Chivalrous age of each separate Man; and there are few so unhappy as to have grown up without having experienced its influence, and having derived the advantage of being able to enrich their imagination, and to soothe their hours of sorrow, with its romantic recollections. The Anglo-Saxons distinguished the period between Childhood and Manhood by the term "Cnithade," Knighthood: a term which still continued to indicate the connexion between Youth and Chivalry, when Knights were styled "Children," as in the historic song beginning

Childe Rowlande to the dark tower came,—

an excellent expression, no doubt;—for every Boy and Youth is, in his mind and sentiment, a Knight, and essen-

tially a Son of Chivalry. Nature is fine in him. Nothing but the circumstances of a singular and most degrading system of Education can ever totally destroy the action of this general law. Therefore, so long as there has been, or shall be, a succession of sweet Springs in Man's Intellectual World; as long as there have been, or shall be, Young men to grow up to maturity; and until all Youthful life shall be dead, and its source withered up for ever; so long must there have been, and must there continue to be, the spirit of noble Chivalry. To understand therefore this first and, as it were, natural Chivalry, we have only to observe the features of the Youthful age, of which examples surround us. For, as Demopho says of young men;

*Ecce autem similia omnia : omnes congruunt :*

*Unum cognoris, omnes noris.*

Mark the Courage of him who is green and fresh in the (18) Old world. Amyntas beheld and dreaded the insolence of the Persians; but not so Alexander, the son of Amyntas, ἄτε νέος, τε ἐὼν, καὶ κακῶν ἀπαθῆς (says Herodotus) οὐδαμῶς ἔτι κατέχειν οἶος τε ἦν. When Jason had related to his companions the conditions imposed by the King, the first impression was that of horror and despondency; till Peleus rose up boldly, and said,

*Ωρη μητιάσθαι δ κ' ἔρξομεν· οὐ μὲν ἔολπα*

*Βουλῆς εἶναι ὄνειρα, ὅσον τ' ἐπὶ κάρτει χειρῶν.*

'If Jason be unwilling to attempt it, I and the rest will undertake the enterprise; for what more can we suffer

than death?" And then instantly rose up Telamon and Idas, and the sons of Tyndarus, and Œnides, although

—οὐδὲ περ ὅσον ἐπανθιόνοντας ἰούλους  
Ἄντέλλων.

But Argus, the Nestor of the party, restrained their impetuous valour."

"Scarce the Down upon their lips you see," (said I,) "Freshmen;—so that you, Euphranor, who are now Bachelor of Arts, and whose upper lip at least begins to show the stubble of repeated harvests, are, alas, fast declining from that golden prime of Knighthood, while Lycion here, whose shavings might almost be counted—"

"Pshaw," interrupted Lycion, "I have no ambition to be one of his Heroes."

"But you can't help it, it appears," said I, "and must not, like a bad bird, foul your own nest. And see here (14) again," I continued, having taken the book from Euphranor's hands—"after telling us that Chivalry is only Youth, he goes on to define what Youth is."

'It is a remark of Lord Bacon, that 'for the Moral part, Youth will have the pre-eminence, as Age hath for the Politic;' and this has always been the opinion which is allied to that other belief, that the Heroic (the Homeric age) was the most Virtuous age of Greece. When Demosthenes was desirous of expressing any great and generous sentiment, he uses the term νεανικὸν φρόνημα'—"and by the way," added I looking up parenthetically from

the Book, "the Persians, I am told, employ the same word for Youth and Courage"—'and it is the saying of Plautus when surprise is evinced at the Benevolence of an old man, 'Benignitas hujus ut Adolescentuli est.' There is no difference, says the Philosopher, between Youthful Age and Youthful Character; and what this is cannot be better evinced than in the very words of Aristotle. 'The Young are ardent in Desire, and what they do is from Affection; they are tractable and delicate; they earnestly desire and are easily appeased; their wishes are intense, without comprehending much, as the thirst and hunger of the weary; they are passionate and hasty, and liable to be surprised by anger; for, being ambitious of Honour, they cannot endure to be despised, but are indignant when they suffer injustice; they love Honour, but still more Victory; for Youth desires superiority, and victory is superiority, and both of these they love more than Riches; for as to these, of all things, they care for them the least. They are not of corrupt manners, but are Innocent, from not having beheld much wickedness; and they are credulous, from having been seldom de-|ceived; and (15) Sanguine in hope, for, like persons who are drunk with wine, they are inflamed by nature, and from their having had but little experience of Fortune. And they live by Hope, for Hope is of the future, but Memory is of the past, and to Youth the Future is everything, the Past but little; they hope all things, and remember nothing; and it is easy to deceive them, for the reasons which have been given; for they are willing to hope, and are full of



Courage, being passionate and hasty, of which tempers it is the nature of one not to fear, and of the other to inspire confidence; and thus are easily put to Shame, for they have no resources to set aside the precepts which they have learned: and they have lofty souls, for they have never been disgraced or brought low; and they are unacquainted with Necessity; they prefer Honour to Advantage, Virtue to Expediency; for they live by Affection rather than by Reason, and Reason is concerned with Expediency, but Affection with Honour: and they are warm friends and hearty companions, more than other men, because they delight in Fellowship, and judge of nothing by Utility, and therefore not their friends; and they chiefly err in doing all things over much, for they keep no medium. They love much, and they dislike much, and so in everything, and this arises from their idea that they know everything. And their faults consist more in Insolence than in actual wrong; and they are full of Mercy, because they regard all men as good, and more virtuous than they are; for they measure others by their own Innocence; so that they suppose every man suffers wrongfully.' "So that Lycion, you see," said I, looking (16) up from the book, "is, in virtue of his eighteen Summers only, a Knight of Nature's own dubbing—yes, and here we have a list of the very qualities which constitute him one of the Order. And all the time he is pretending to be careless, indolent, and worldly, he is really bursting with suppressed Energy, Generosity, and Devotion."

"If one can't help it then," said Lycion rather sulkily, "what is the use of writing books about it?"

"O yes, my dear fellow," said I, "it is like giving you an Inventory of your goods, which else you lose, or even cast away, in your march to Manhood—which you are so eager to reach. Only to repent when got there; for I see Digby goes on—'What is termed *Entering the World*'—which Manhood of course must do—'assuming its Principles and Maxims'—which usually follows—is nothing else but departing into those regions to which the souls of the Homeric Heroes went sorrowing—

ὃν πότεμον γούωσα, λιποῦσ' ἀδροτῆτα καὶ ἡβην.' "

"Ah, you remember," said Euphranor, "how Lamb's friend, looking upon the Eton Boys in their Cricket-field, sighed 'to think those fine Lads should so soon turn into frivolous Members of Parliament!'"

"Why *frivolous*?" said Lycion.

"Ay, why *frivolous*?" repeated I.

But Euphranor went laughing on, "Well, never mind, they needn't unless they like for some twenty years to come. Pythagoras, you know, Doctor, gives up the first forty years of his Man's allotted Eighty to Childhood and Youth; a dispensation which you and I at least shall not quarrel with."

"No, nor any one else, I should suppose," said I. "Think, my dear Lycion, what a privilege for you to have yet more than twenty good years' expatiation in the (17)

Elysian Cricket-field of Youth before pent up in that Close Borough of your Father's! And Euphranor, whom we thought fast slipping out of his Prime as his Youth attained a Beard, is in fact only just entering upon it. And, most wonderful of all, I, who not only have myself entered the World, but made my bread by bringing others into it these Fifteen years, am myself only just ceast to be a Boy!"

Lycion now called up to his friends in the Billiard room, one of whom appeared at the window, cue in hand, and shook his head, saying however, in a confidential way, that "All would be right in a few minutes;" and so retired. On which Lycion had nothing for it but to light another cigar, and lying down on his back with his hat over his eyes, compose himself to Inattention.

Euphranor, who had been musing during this little episode, now said,

"You, however, Doctor, who have passed the Rubicon, will hardly confess the tract you have left behind you better than that you are entering upon?"

"Of course not," I answered.

"And yet," said he, "in the passage you have read, you see he compares the Youth of Man to the Heroic age of a Nation."

"Which, however, may not be its *Best* age," answered I. "Lycion and I may not agree that Argonautic expeditions, Trojan or Holy wars, mark the best epochs of a People, whatever you Heroic gentlemen think."

"Well, but if what Digby says be true, that 'tis this

Spirit keeps Men and Nations most convers-|ant with (18)  
what is Beautiful and Sublime in the Moral and Intellec-  
tual world—And here is Bacon declaring that Youth ex-  
cels in *THE MORAL*, and Age in the poor *Politic* only”—

“*Old Age*, he might mean,” I suggested smiling—“or  
such a *Politic of Moral* as Jeremy Bentham’s.”

Euphranor however repudiated all such base Moral as  
this, and would have nothing whatever to do with Jeremy  
Bentham. “And what mighty Virtues Aristotle attrib-  
utes to Youth!” said he.

“And mighty Faults too, for that matter,” I returned.  
“Does he not call it rash, ambitious, overbearing,—inso-  
lent even?—faults that we who have entered the World  
have learned to amend?”

“Well then,” said Euphranor, “the sooner these Eton  
boys get there the better, after all.”

“But then, on the other hand,” said I, “how much they  
owe to being *out* of it; for you see Aristotle says they  
are Innocent from not having beheld much Wickedness,  
Hopeful from not having been disappointed, Trustful  
from not having been deceived, Lofty of soul and despis-  
ing Riches from never having been brought low; and so  
forth. Your friend Plato, if I remember, will not allow  
even those who are destined to be Judges in his Republic  
to make acquaintance with Crime till near Middle life,  
for fear they should harden into a distrust of human na-  
ture, and dry up those Generous Affections and Hope-  
ful Energies of which Aristotle’s Catalogue is almost  
made up.”

“Ah!” said Euphranor, “and Bacon somewhere else observes, I think, that ‘Youth doth profit in the Affections, and Age in the Reason.’ ”

(19) “Age then has the best of it, according to Bacon, in the Reason as well as the Politic, whatever they may be; and Youth in the Affections and the Moral, whatever *they*.”

“No very high qualities, I doubt,” said he, smiling, “if unconnected—I don’t care for your Politic—but, with Reason,—The Moral of Dogs and Horses, Plato would call them.”

“Let me see,” said I, taking up the book again, and running my eye over the passage—“yes,—‘*Ardent of desire*,’—‘*Tractable*,’—some of them at least—‘*Without comprehending much*’—‘*Ambitious*’—‘*Despisers of Riches*’—except the famous Dog and Shadow,—but that is a Fable—‘*Warm friends and hearty Companions*’—really very characteristic of the better breed of Dogs and Horses. And why not? The Horse, you know, has given his very name to Chivalry, because of his association in the Heroic Enterprises of Men,—‘*The most Hidalgo Brute of all*,’ Calderon calls him. And as for Dogs—Lord Byron says he never had but one Friend—‘and—’ ”

“There *he lies!*” cried Euphranor, snorting. “Lord Byron!—But there are other Affections—”

“Wife and children?” said I, as he paused. “Birds, you know, have both; and your Knights are supposed as yet to know nothing of either.”

“I hope you like it, Euphranor,” said Lycion from under his hat.

"Pshaw! Doctor," Euphranor called out rather impatiently—"Religious Affections, for instance, which all Children feel, and Dogs and Horses never."

"My dear Euphranor," said I, more seriously, "is|not (20) *all* Affection, *quoad* Affection, unreasonable? If you speak of the *Object* of Affection, that is another thing. Men only (as we suppose) comprehend the Idea of God;—And, by the way, does not Bacon say that Man looks up to God, as a Dog to his Master?"

"But meaning that Man looks up with a Reasonable Affection, as Dog to Man with *unreasonable*."

"Well," said I, "when turn'd of Forty perhaps"—(humph!)\*—

"No, no," urged Euphranor. "To be able to look up to a God at all, *is* Reason; and so of Truth, and Justice, and other abstract Ideas, which are Intuitive in Children; remembered, Plato says, from some previous existence, and included by Bacon, I have no doubt, in what he calls the *Moral* of Youth."

"And Wordsworth too," added I, "does not he affirm this Intuition is the more active the Younger we are, as being nearer to God, who is our home?"

Euphranor assented, and I said, "But, Euphranor, if this Intuition be *Reason*, we overrule Bacon and Aristotle, and decide that not *Age* excels in it, but Childhood."

"Unless," said he, "considering the *Intuitive* to be drawn out by the *Dialectic*, as music from an instrument, \* *Dele* "(humph!)."

into the full harmony of *complete REASON*, as we see done in Plato's Dialogues with the Young."

"Hear these Metaphysicians, Lycion!" said I, "*Reason* drawn out by Reason into REASON!"

Lycion only answered with one long-drawn sigh of smoke, that went the way of most Metaphysics.

"Or," said Euphranor, laughing, "suppose I change the Terms, and put all into some—Coleridgean formula,  
(21) |such as—'*The Intuition + the Understanding = the whole Reason.*'"

We both laughed at this grand Proposition, which Euphranor gave out in a mock-heroic way. And then I said, "This poor *Reason* has run the gauntlet of definition harder than any word in the language, I believe. Some make it an Instinct; some a process of that Instinct, confounding Reason with Reasoning, perhaps. Milton says it is nothing but *Choice*. And, by the way, (what has escaped us before, Euphranor,) Aristotle, or his Translator, seems to identify it with Bacon's *Politic*.—'Concerned with *Expediency*,' he defines it. Jeremy Bentham, after all!"

"Aristotle had rather a leaning that way," Euphranor said—"so unlike his glorious Master."

"Well," I said, "I, for one, do not pretend to decide among such great authorities, all calling names. I stick to the common phraseology of the country, and when I want to name the Supreme faculty of human Judgment, whensoever and howsoever begun and completed, give the Idol its old name of REASON, and so leave it. As

for that Intuitive Moral-material which you say is innate with us, I should think your friend Plato would agree it should have full room to develop in; that the Instrument, as you call it, should be well seasoned and strung before played on by that same sceptical agent you told us of, the dialectic Understanding."

"Only to be touched by so delicate a finger as his own Socrates," answered Euphranor, smiling.

"And even he was accused of doing it unskilfully, was he not? of turning the harmonious Instincts of Youth (32) into discord, and making Sophists of the Etonians of Athens?"

"A great calumny," Euphranor declared.

"Well, at any rate he would not let this precious Intuition be tampered, or tamper, with the Finger of Worldly or Parliamentary Policy; though, by the bye, I doubt he was accused of some corruption of that kind also."

"Aristophanes and Anytus were both of a piece," persisted Euphranor.

"And as to those blinder Affections of Aristotle's Youth, Plato may say what he likes, but he would have been especially sorry could his Horses, Dogs, Servants, or Sons, have been argued out of them, even by his own Dialogues."

"And why?"

"Because he probably wanted them to follow and *do* what he thought good for them, whether they understood it dialectically or not, as you will agree with me we want



our Dogs and Children to do, and as those Children of old, your Knights, did."

"And which they would not the less do for Understanding, surely."

"*Perhaps* not, if with a very great Cerebellum at the back of all that Forehead; else you know my old 'Native hue of Resolution,' &c.," said I, smiling. "And by some of the more irreverent writers on Humanity, Reason itself is said to be the weakest governing part about us—a sign-post, somebody says, which points the way, but by no means urges us along it. But if it be not even Reason, but only such a Will o' the Wisp—as most Men, and more Boys, mistake for her, pointing several, and wrong, ways? Whereas, once shown the Right road, these Blind Affections actually push on along it, being nearest allied in Growth and Energy to our *Animal* Affections, which are said to be the strongest governing part about us."

"To which, however, you are not going to reduce Chivalry, I hope," said Euphranor.

"Well," said I, "You and Plato must consider together, whether great part of the Dog's, Horse's, and Knight's *adialectic* affections we spoke of does not indeed result from good *Bodily* condition in Dogs, Horses, and Knights."

He looked incredulous.

"As, for instance, what we are always talking of as *Animal Spirits*, *Animal Courage*, *Sanguine Temper*, and so forth—all which, by the way, Aristotle says inflame Youth not at all like Reasonable people, but '*like per-*

*sons drunk with wine*'—a kind of *moral* in which Youth proverbially surpasses Age, partly in virtue of its better Animal condition."

He looked reproachfully.

"Why, you know," said I, laughing, "your starved Horse won't run, and your starved Soldier—*will*."

"Chivalry an essence of Beef-steaks!" ejaculated he.

"I hope you like it," said Lycion, from under his hat.

But I went on laughing—"No, no, not beef-steaks only, else your Alderman would be a Bayard—He must be well exercised as well as fed; at Cricket with those Eton lads, or Boating with you, in order to convert the Beef-steak and Turtle into pure Blood, Muscle, Sinew, and *Pluck*."

Brute strength, however, Euphranor would have it, (on (24) Plato's authority again, I believe, for Plato was his Oracle,) brutalized the Soul. He must admit, however, that Telamon, and Idas, and Œnides, and those other youthful Knights we had read of, wanted a good stock of it to work that very heavy Craft, the Argo; as did also King Arthur's Knights in grappling with Giants and Dragons; and even those of our own time, "the Modern Gentlemen," if they were to lead to Conquest any more forcible Host than a Tailor's. And I asked him whether, apart from any influence such Exercises, or the Animal condition they helped to bring about, might have upon the Soul, Digby did not consider Bodily Strength *per se*, and the Riding, Swimming, Rowing, and so forth, which advanced it, and from whose equal Development of the

Body a Gentleman might be known, as very necessary Accomplishments of his English Knighthood?

"No doubt," Euphranor said; and then, recurring to what I had before hinted at, remembered some observation of Sir Walter Scott, (another Hero of his,) that Strong men are usually good-humoured, Scott himself, as Euphranor remarked, being so good an instance. There was also Bacon's testimony as to Fretfulness being chiefly observable in Weakness, Old age, Childhood, and Sickness, and several other Authorities quoted in the same direction. "So that, on the whole," said I, tapping on the top of Lycion's hat, "what with the keeping out of Knavery till one knows how to join in it properly; and avoiding Bad air in more senses than one; and cultivating Good Affections, and Good Health, and perhaps (25) (Euphranor says) Good Humour, and|perhaps also some other Good things we cannot now think of—Lamb's friend might have been right after all in lamenting the departure of the Eton lads from the Fields of their Youth for a premature Manhood in St. Stephen's."

"Especially," said Euphranor, "as I assure you, whatever Aristophanes or Anytus may say, Plato will not have a man meddle with the Laws till he is past Thirty."

"Well," said Lycion, "let your Ancients—or Moderns—say as they like, the law of England settles it otherwise."

"You mean," said I, "in fixing on Twenty-one as the age of—Discretion?"

He nodded; and I said—"Discretion enough to pocket Rents, marry, make your Will, and so on."

"Yes, and sit in Parliament," said he.

I was obliged to admit this—"There is no denying it—only perhaps not to advise, but courageously to second, and carry out into vote, what some Nestor Russell or Ulysses Peel proposes—as the Knights of Greece and England obeyed the highest wisdom of Law or Church in their days."

"Nay, nay," interposed Euphranor, "and to advise too, in order that the Generous counsel, the νεανικὸν φρόνημα, of Youth, may vivify and ennoble the cold Politic of Age. As in the passage we read from Digby, Amyntas, the Man of Policy, was wrong, and his son Alexander right."

But oddly enough, as I remember'd the story in Herodotus, by a device which smack'd more of Policy than Generosity. "But in the other case, Argus, I suppose, (see) was not so wrong in restraining the impetuosity of his Youthful Crew, who,—is it not credibly thought?—would have fail'd, but for Medea's unexpected Magical assistance?"

Euphranor was not clear about this.

"He was—Argus I mean—'the Nestor of the Party,' says Digby. Brave old Nestor, who though more than two Generations old, Agamemnon, I think, declares that Troy walls would soon be down had he Ten such Generals! So Good-humoured and Conciliatory too, with a cheerful Garrulity about the gallant exploits of his

Youth—a really fine old Gentleman, whom one would I think have hailed as ‘Old Cock!’ meeting him in the Grecian lines!—Ah, Euphranor! If, by so full an Apprenticeship of Youth, one could like him be so thoroughly seasoned with its Spirit, that all the Reason of Manhood, and Politic of Age, and Experience of the World, should serve not to freeze, but to direct, the Genial Current of the Soul,—Youth itself, a Perennial Spirit, independent of Time, so that

Ev’n while the vital Heart retreats below,  
Ev’n while the hoary head is lost in Snow,  
The *Life* is in the leaf, and still between  
The fits of falling Snow appears the streaky Green—

that Boy’s Heart within the Man’s never ceasing to throb and tremble, even to the remotest Age; nay, at the last breath of this Life giving it Elasticity to bound into another;—Then indeed your Senate would need no other Youth than its Elders to vivify their Counsels, or could admit the Young without danger of corrupting them by ignoble Policy.”

Whether Lycion would have deigned any Comment,  
(27) |I know not; for just now his friend looked out again from the Billiard-room window, and called out to him, “the Coast was clear.” On which Lycion getting up, and muttering something about its being a pity we did not go back to School for Trap-ball, and I retorting we could carry it forward into Life with us, he carelessly nodded

to us both, and with an "*Au Revoir*" went with his Cigar into the House.

During this, Euphranor and I both applied to our Glasses; and, after a little pause, he began to rally me upon my ignominious subjection of the Soul to the Carcass—a Theory, he said, I was far too often harping upon. I laughed and said, we Doctors were of old infamous for such doctrine—we spoke up for our Craft, not choosing Plato and the Soul-doctors to carry off all the fees; we only wanting to divide the spoil, however, just as Nature was supposed to have divided it, and quite as ready to grant that Soul acted on Carcass as Carcass on Soul. He remember'd Sterne's Jerkin and Jerkin's lining?

"O base metaphor!" cried Euphranor, "just like Sterne, whom I wonder you don't hate as I do,—Soul and Body all of one texture!"

"No, no," said I, laughing; "Jerkin, you know, may be lined with other and finer material than himself."

"With coarser too," replied Euphranor, "as I believe Sterne's own Jerkin was, for his Body was a very delicate one, and his Soul one of the grossest the World has been contaminated with."

I then asked him what he had to say to the old favourite of the Body being a House, and the Soul its Tenant—'the Body's Guest'—Would that do for him?

"Well"—he nodded: and I said, that if inclined to (22)  
argue, one might say the Tenant, whether Prince or Peasant, must be affected according as his Lodging is wholesome or not; thrive in it if compact, roomy, and sweet;

but catch all kind of Fever, and Ague, if close, foul, and dilapidated. More especially, if he were not only a Tenant, but a Prisoner, as was the Soul in this Body; unless indeed, as some thought, she got abroad through the key-hole at night, when it was fast locked in sleep; making rather an odd use of her liberty in Dreams.—

But here Euphranor called out again that the Lodger I spoke of, whether Peasant or Prince, *was*, in some sort, of the very same matter composed as his lodging;—a Clay-built Body in a Clay-built shed,—as bad a Metaphor, after all, as Jerkin and lining. “Besides,” he went on eagerly, “is it not well known that persons at the last extremity of Illness, of Old age,—on the very verge of Death,—shine out brighter than ever in Piety, Wisdom, and Love.” And he went on to repeat those old lines;

“The Soul’s dark Cottage, batter’d and decay’d,  
Lets in new Light through chinks that Time has made;  
Stronger by Weakness wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their Eternal home.”

“Halloo!” I called out, “got back to the Clay Cottage again!”

“Only to escape from it, or prove,” said he, “how its Inmate thrives upon its very Ruin and decay. What instances we have of the greatest Minds dwelling in the craziest and puniest Bodies! Look at Pascal now”—

“Well?”

(29) “Whose Intellect—and Piety”—

“—Made him, I have read, dismiss his Family from

his death Bed, lest their Love should divert his own from God. A strange twist of the Lining, surely, whether from within or without. But the profoundest Problems, wittiest Epigrams, or most Pious Sermons, are no further samples of THE MAN—Locke's 'Whole, Sound, Roundabout MAN'—Heart as well as Head—Affections, Energies, Courage, Will, and Temper—than that famous Brick was of the whole House."

"Oh, to be sure," said Euphranor, laughing, "I forgot,—one must, according to you, be Half Horse to be Whole Man." And, after a little silence on both sides, I smiling in my turn, said;

"Like some objects that will force themselves on one's eyes in a landscape for ever so long, this confounded Clay Cottage will not be got out of sight. The Poets are fond of it. It now occurs to me in that inverse relation with its Lodger, as might have been Pascal's case, for what I know. You remember that restless Soul,

"That o'er-informed its tenement of clay,  
Fretting the puny Body to decay?" "

"Well," said Euphranor, "and so flies back to her proper home."

"A great escape, doubtless," I said. "But if it has pleased God to lease her this same Clay Cottage for some Three-score Years (which she may well spare from Eternity) to work out her own and other's probation? Else she could doubtless break a window, and so fly out any day—with the chance of faring worse, however."



(80) "Well, perhaps," said he.

"And then if your crazy Cottage won't fall of itself to pieces at once, but, after the manner of creaking Gates and Cottages, go creaking on, calling on the Tenant too (which is doubly hard) for all Repairs; and this when he wants to be about other more important Business? To think how much time a Divine Soul has to waste over some little bit of Cheese, perhaps, that, owing to Bad Drainage, will stick in the Stomach of the most Universal Philanthropist!"

Euphranor laughed. "What could be done for her?" And I answered, "Perhaps nothing better than, according to that old Prescription, the Physician's Curse, that 'Prevention is better than Cure,' build up for her, from the very Ground, a spacious, airy, and wholesome Tenement, (becoming so Divine a Tenant,) of so strong foundation and masonry as to resist the wear and Tear of Elements without, and herself within. "Yes; and a *handsome* house withal—unless indeed you think the handsome Soul will fashion that about herself from within—like a shell."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "the most beautiful of all human Souls, as I think, could scarce accomplish that."

"Socrates?" said I. "No; but did not he profess that his Soul was naturally an ugly Soul to begin with? So, by the time he had beautified her within it was too late to re-front her Outside, which had case-hardened, I suppose. Or perhaps he was not Dandy enough to care about the outward cut of his Jerkin, so long as the Stuff

was good within. Well; *he* proved what his Soul was made of, not only by his Talk in the City, but his Deeds in the Field; by|his Death as well as by his Life. But, (31) to be sure, a Man comes down at once victoriously upon us, and without Deed or Dialectic, finds a royal road to all hearts—(except, as was said, of the Blind)—cloth'd with the beauty of the Divine Image in which Man was originally made."

"Aye," said Euphranor, "but where refer to the Original for that?"

"Why, where, but in the Greek Statues, of *their* Gods, if you please, but made in the Image of Men furthest removed from the Beast, and instinctively accepted by all Nations similarly organized as the Type in which the Deity reflected himself. And Montaigne, who is *my* Plato you know, partly because he tells me nearly all I now read of *your's*—he somewhere quotes Aristotle saying, that we all of us owe a sort of *Worship* to the Beautiful, as to the Gods themselves, whose Images they resemble. And did not your Socrates thus worship Alcibiades, as well for his outward as for his inward Divinity? Who, by the way, might almost have set for the Original from which Aristotle drew this Portrait of Youth that we have been discussing, with all its splendid Virtues and Defects."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "you should have heard what Skythrops said on that score in my Rooms, accidentally opening the Book on the very passage we have been reading."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Oh, you can fancy—that Youth, so far from 'drawing clouds of Glory from God who is its Home,' draws clouds of Sulphur from—*his* home. He ran over Aristotle's Inventory as you call it; the old talk, he said, of Honour, Glory, and so on—Pagan virtues—very well for a Pagan to record and a Papist to quote; but he wondered I could keep such a book in my rooms. And he specially commented on the ὕβρις, which as you observed, waits on the very Virtues Aristotle admires."

"Well," said I, "dead wood doubtless makes best posts, and that is what Skythrops wants. *He*, you see, would nip the Flower of Youth as if it were Flower of Brimstone: then Lycion would stifle it in St. Stephen's; and how many now-a-days ruin by forcing it to blow before its time! Really, the Youth which Lycion says we all inherit, and *you* say has only to be sublimed by Cricket into a Chivalry which no Class of Men can afford to do without, seems to me in a bad way just now."

"Our friend Charles Lamb says the children of the Poor never can be Young," said Euphranor.

"What," said I, "the Poor of the Plough, Yorkshire, or other? Whose Service, Sir Edward Coke says, is aptly placed against Knight's Service, 'for that the Ploughman maketh the best Soldier?'"

"Aristotle's βέλτιστος δῆμος too," added Euphranor.

*'Sola relinquentes Pueris hæredia Rastros,  
Jugera pauca, Domum luteam, cultumque Supremi  
Numinis, et sanctos mores, studiumque Laboris.'*

"A Clay Cottage for the Clay Cottage of the Soul to dwell, and, it appears, *best* dwell, in," said I, laughing. "But Lamb was judging of the only Poor he saw—in London and great Cities—where, by the way, they now found Schools and Universities for the Rich."

"No reflection on my own old Westminster, I hope," (38) said Euphranor, "nor I think against our other great old schools."

"Which yet," I said, "were accused of somewhat sacrificing the Living Man to the Dead languages, and of somewhat negligent Moral Discipline. However, the Rich are, we know, at least as hard to be saved as the Poor. Look at Lads lolling all day in Easy Chairs, stewing at Operas and in Feather-beds at Night, consuming and consumed by those Eternal Cigars which help to paralyze you all before Fifty! So as I never can get a case of strenuous old Gout now to deal with, for which I really have a Talent. Why, is not washy Claret almost superseding this Good Stuff," tapping my Glass, "which, with good old Port, used to be the Liquor of *my* College Days?"

"Not with me and mine, I assure you," said Euphranor laughing, "though perhaps not so much from Love of Heroism as want of Pence. Well, '*Medio tutissimus*.' What if we Middle Classes have the best start after all?"

"*You!*" cried I, "*We!* Why, think how Jack and Tom are crammed, from their very Cradles, to work themselves into some Silk Gown or other, and become fine Gentlemen Themselves, and support innumerable poor Rela-

tions! A stout old Lady of the Old School, whose Grandson was put into my hands, having lost his Senses in gaining a Medal, told me the other day, 'She thought, Doctor, the World grew Wiser and Weaker every day.' No; I think the Ploughboy has the best of it in these days after all—*Oh Fortunati Nimium!*—His Knightly Childhood produced into extreme Old Age by Ignorance—of the World at least, into which he is never called to enter (34) at all; still less into Parliament; learning Patience at Crow-keeping—Strength at the Plough—Temperance of Necessity—Hardihood by constant communion with rough Mother Nature, on whose Bosom he is almost cradled, and, from his very Birth, rolls, and roars, and grows as strong and happy, and, I think, as good—"

"As hearing Skythrope tell of his predestined Depravity in a stived-up room," guessed Euphranor.

"Skythrope is not aware," rejoined I, "that it is such unfettered Animal Activity most completely lays the very Devil of Mischief he then complains of—as a few years afterward of a Worse."

"Ah, I remember," said Euphranor, "how you used to rouse us children to Rebellion when a Maiden Aunt ran out to warn us in, or reduce us to order."

"Or for fear your dresses should be dirtied; for we of your middle Class must always look *Respectable* you know. Then Noise and Shouting, without which Children can't play or work their Lungs, if out-doors, is *Vulgar*, and in-doors, disturbs the serious and nervous Elders within. Then what shrieking from the window if a little

Dew lay on the Grass, or Summer Cloud overcame the Sky, to prevent you enjoying what Richter calls the most wholesome and luxurious of all Baths—a Thunder-shower.”

“I suppose you would have a Child’s Shoes made with holes in them on purpose to let in water, as Locke recommends,” said Euphranor, laughing.

“I wouldn’t keep him within for having no whole Shoes, or whole Clothes—or *any*—only the Police would interfere.”

“But the Child catches cold.”

“Put him to bed and dose him.”

“But he dies.”

(35)

“Then, as a sensible woman said, ‘is provided for.’ Your own Plato, I think, says it is best the delicate should die at once; and the Spartans killed them.”

“Come, come, Doctor,” said Euphranor. “However, we will suppose he survives,—what else?”

“My Plough-boy? Oh yes—where did I leave him? In the Mud—or, as Poets might say, on Nature’s fragrant Bosom, shaded by her Leafy Tresses, under her Heaven-blue Eyes; learning at least *her* Grammar in many Modes and Tenses—in free Communion with Flowers, Woods, Streams, and Stars—with whom, by the by, beginning Acquaintance in Love, he has sometimes out-stripped the Book-Student in Learning.”

“Pray don’t forget Dog and Hog,” said Euphranor, “whose Heroic virtues we are all to share you know. And, above all, Boxer, the Cart-horse.”

"Who—if well fed—sometimes reveals a very inconvenient innate Chivalry," said I, "when he would carry *his* Argo after the Hounds, when they and their Music break through the sere November Covert."

"And it is wonderful," Euphranor observed, "what forbearance the nobler animals show with Children; how great Dogs suffer themselves to be pulled about by them; and how Horses will carry Boys with a kind of proud docility, who would kick and plunge under a grown-up Rider. Perhaps they like Children's soft voices and light weights; for which very reason, I have heard, they are more manageable by Women than by Men."

"Yes," said I, "beside a sense of Humour, perhaps, at being bestrid by Urchins; ay, and real Generosity too, that will not take advantage of weakness."

(20) "But come, Doctor," said Euphranor, "your Plough-boy even must not be for ever in the Mud—nor his Affections go wholly to the Dogs."

"Well, he has a mother like the rest of us," said I, "from whose Bosom—*unlike* many of us—he draws the Milk of Life and Love; whose very Eyes, it was well said, beam the Idea of the Unseen Parent, if that be what you are driving at, into his Soul—better again than Mr., Mrs., or Miss Cornelia Skythrope."

"Or any shrill Teacher from one of their Model Schools," said Euphranor.

"Then," said I, "think what an Element of Religion the Clown has in his Ghosts, Witches, Hobgoblins, Jack-o'-lanterns—"

"Doctor! Doctor!"

"And Fairies! who still drop testers in the shoes of the diligent. It has never been merry in England, says some old Writer, since They left dancing on the Green-sward."

"Well, better perhaps a Child believe, than be able to disprove, them."

"Oh! I'd make a Ghost of him who tried! Set himself up above Doctor Johnson indeed!—Sweep a Child's Mind clear of all this, and see if its dry Places don't get occupied with Devils seven times more tiresome at least. The Lord deliver me from a Child who can explain the Theory of the Pump! Why, does not punning Plato call WONDER, THAUMAS, the Father of PHILOSOPHY herself, in the person of IRIS, Ambassador from the Gods to Men? So *we* quote about the Beginning of Wisdom—"

"Come, Doctor, '*Fear*'—of something very different from Ghost and Goblin."

"Well, well," said I, laughing, "but at any rate you (37) must allow your Children *their* Fairies, Giants, Giant-killers, and Dragons, if not their Ghosts, if you expect Lycion to allow *you* King Arthur with *his*; Symbols, you say, of the Truth, if not the Truth itself; and sung even to my Plough-baby from old Border Ballad and Chap-book."

"Part of what Plato may call the *Music of Education*, I suppose," said Euphranor, smiling.

"All, too, (here *We* have perhaps the advantage over my poor Clown,) illustrated with Pictures, (which are indeed part of the Music,) as also of the Good Horse,



and the Great Dog—('Quorum Exempla nisi moveant, nihil unquam movebit!') to be followed in due course by the Lion-hearted Heroes of what we call History; your Richards, Harrys, Elizabeths, Marlboroughs, Nelsons,—nay, your very Caesars, Alexanders—nay, even your Homeric Heroes, who have found their way into the legendary Broad-sheet along with Jack and his Beanstalk."

"All of whom we shall one day read, as well as hear, of," said Euphranor laughing; "for even your Plough-boy wouldn't care to be left behind his friend the Learned Pig at the Country Show in the knowledge of his Letters."

"Well, I don't know what to say to that. Does not your Plato somewhere declare against any but Oral Instruction? I think he does. And if frightened at MS., what would he say to PRINT? However, if *your* Boy must learn his Alphabet, he may do so in the most Musical manner of all. Don't you know?"

"To Master John, the Chamber-maid  
A Horn-book gives of Ginger-bread;  
And, that the Child may learn the better,  
As he can name he eats the Letter."

(ss) I only wish my poor Clown had such facilities—for anything but Learning. However, take you care to give *your* Boy very little of his Alphabet daily, Ginger-bread or other; and that again not in Skythrope's stived-up room, which will go far to turn the stomach. It seems a

Truism till you come to apply it—Never tax a Child's—stomach—beyond its strength. As in *our* way of life (not in the Cottage, where the Child finds his own Legs) Mother and Nurse are as apt to make their Child walk before he can stand, as Skythrope to forbid the free play of his limbs when he should be doing little else than use them."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "and beside being put to learn what one could not understand, how often wrongly taxed with Obstinacy for blundering what one was thought to have understood an hour or two before!"

"Perhaps a Fall in the Barometer being to blame," said I. "Yes, so we misinterpret the far finer Barometer of the Child's mind, whose variations might yet be read by the wiser Eye in the Child's face. If good with Men, how much better with Children, Rich or Poor, to lean to Indulgence rather than Severity. And still truer with regard to Morals than Intellect. You at least get at *Truth*, if ugly Truth, by letting a child display his character without fear; and evil humours that determine outwardly, are far more likely to disperse than when repressed to rankle within. And, any how, the ugliest Truth is better than the handsomest Falsehood."

"But if," said Euphranor, "our Hero really, and with *malice prepense* rebel against such harmonious Music as we have provided for him?"

"*'The Birch Tree still grows in the depth of thy|val-* (so) *leys,'*" said I, "and doubtless followed Orpheus with the rest. Then there is the Cane—an Exotic Luxury. My

Ploughman's Fist and home-bred Oak-stick supply all the Medicine needed for *his* Ginger-bread."

"Somewhat too much for the Disease, I doubt," said Euphranor, "judging from what I have seen of their Discipline. Come, Doctor, Rod and Stick are almost gone out of date."

"Going," said I, "and, as of so many other branches of Education, the less of them the better. I may not go the whole old-fashioned length of '*Spare the Rod, Spoil the Child,*' but I must say I am for an occasional dose; rare and rememberable; a last resort of *just* Authority over Child, as over Dog and Horse, like whom he is not to reason, but to obey, when Obedience is manifestly in his power."

"My Mother," said Euphranor musing, "who I suppose never struck one of us in her life, though we were no better than the rest—I remember her observing to a neighbour one day, that so far as she saw, Children generally grew up with just contrary likings and ways of thinking from their Parents."

"Yes," said I; "you know how one Generation is known to swerve away to the opposite extreme from its Predecessor,—Pious to Infidel—Poetical to Practical, and so on.—And our Children are our next Generation. Your Great Men, I believe, generally leave no Posterity at all, or turn out something quite other than themselves; which touches at some other law of Nature. As for us common folks, we generally bring the reaction on ourselves, by dragging, or over-coaxing, the Horse to the water we our-

selves like to drink of. Your mother, I dare say—as good and wise a Woman as ever|I knew—knew better (40) than this; she might insist, for instance, on your attending Family Prayer—a short one—twice a day, and Sunday Church once a week, but not tease your Conscience as to whether you really felt yourself a miserable sinner, loved the Missions—though by your High-Church—”

“Not she! oh, never, never!” cried Euphranor, “and we now catch ourselves constantly saying how right she was in the few things we ever thought her mistaken about. God bless her!”

He took a long pull at his glass, and was silent some little while—she had died a few years ago.—And then he said—“Well, come Doctor, How far have we brought your Hero? Out of the Women’s Apartments where the old Persian would have him kept for the first Seven years of Life? and where he was, one might hope, pretty safe from the Stick?”

“Yes, *that*,” I said, “might advantageously be carried over to the account of the next Seven years. But, in the meanwhile, what had become of Lexilogus?”

“Ah, what indeed?” But Euphranor thought nothing was to be done but wait quietly for him, at least till our Tipple was out. And as I had insensibly carried Sir Lancelot through his First Septenniad, I should e’en carry him on through his Second. Which, I answered, was not my Business at all in any Walk of Life; that, as Plough-boy, he never had any need of me, almost from his very Birth; and that even in the *Higher Circles* I had only to

consult with Mother and Nurse for those first Seven Years when, as you tell us—from Xenophon, I believe—he was in the Women's Apartments; and then only about his Jerkin,—nothing to do with its Lining then or after."

(41) "Then," replied Euphranor laughing, "I must give him up to Skythrops, who is now coming up the Garden."

"In a white neck-cloth, and with a face of determined Reprobation! Yes, he has often condoled with me heretofore on the poor Child's backwardness and depravity: and now his hour is come."

"Well, and you give him up?"

"Not I, but rather in the doorway fast oppose to him my portly personage—thin as he is he slips no further in—he cannot melt me with his Vinegar, direct the Torrent on me as he may."

"Come, come," said Euphranor laughing at my modern prose, "you shall let him pass, and hear what he has got to say for himself."

"Very well," said I, "into the parlour with him then, where the luncheon is happily spread, from which Skythrops very largely partakes, proposing, between full mouthfuls and glaring spectacles, the scheme he has already tried on several Victims;—some Twelve hours' a-day Indoor instruction, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Modern Languages, Geography, and general Christianity, to perhaps Two hours' Recreation,—videlicet, an improving Walk with Skythrops himself and his decaying pupils. To all which I listen deferentially as you advise, not fretting the current with a single Objection; on

the contrary, mixing it with a third glass of Sherry, which he duly imbibes with a protest against Wine being his habit; and then, proposing to show him a late improvement in the place, I fairly escort him *down* the Garden again, and so out of the Premises."

"Hilloa, Doctor," cried Euphranor, "here we have|got (42) your Plough-boy out of his Mud into a House with Sherry and *Premises!*"

"The more the Pity," said I. "'Twas you did it. However, there having got him, there keep him, if you please, so long as you keep Skythrops out."

"He and his Scheme do not suit you?"

"No," said I. "There is Magnetism in these things. Boys cannot learn of one who has nothing of the Boy in him. As for his scheme it only wanted reversing;" and I told him of a Table I had lately seen made by a German Physiologist, who, proposing to begin serious application at Seven years old (and not a whit earlier) with but *One* hour's in-door study, keeps adding on an Hour every Year, so as, by Fourteen years old, the Boy studies Eight hours of the Twenty-four.

"Distinctions," Euphranor remarked, "which, ever so good, could never be made in Schools."

"That *were* made, however, in one School," I replied, "and that a German. Not only the hours of Exertion, whether bodily or mental, proportioned to the ages of the pupils, but even the hours of Sleep—no Lesson lasting longer than an Hour—and wholesome changes of Subject, Master, and School-rooms, to refresh the Boy's

mind. Only to glance at Nature's own out-o'-door Academy, where, at any rate, so much of herself is to be learned."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "I remember envying those who had time and money to follow Sedgwick in his Geological Hunt across country—mounted on Hacks and Screws of all sorts and sizes."

"Why, even your Greeks," I said, "taught abstract Philosophy in the Porch, and walking abroad; though, (48) to be sure, in a better climate than our's; and, as you say, how much better the Philosophy of Nature, which, since Bacon's time, has continued to grow and bear fruit, while Metaphysic and Moral remain pretty much where they were 2000 years ago. Come! what say you now to Sir Lancelot beginning a Course of Anatomy with me?"—

"My dear Doctor!—At Eight!"

"Oh, out of doors, of course—say, in the straw-yard—on a Dead Horse to begin with. As to witnessing any Pig in the Parish killed and cut up, of course all Boys with a Spark of healthy Destructiveness in them will flock to that of Themselves."

"One need not wonder," said he, "at the Brutes so many of them grow into."

"You mean," said I, "the many Men of Feeling who turn away from the sight of Blood just when wanted to stop it?"

"Come, come, Doctor, I would rather have him into the School-room at once—and now we have made a Parlour-boarder and got him well into English, he shall learn

that very Greek and Latin, which, say what you will, I know you venerate in your heart."

"Yes," said I, "for the grand Languages themselves, and for some dozen Master-works untranslatable into any other. Otherwise I am tempted to agree with the Boy in one of Crabbe's Stories—I forget which—

'Heav'ns! if a language once be fairly dead,  
'Let it be buried, not preserv'd and read.  
'If any good these crabbéd books contain,  
'Translate them well, and let them so remain;  
'To one huge vault convey the useless store,  
'Then lose the key, and never find it more.' "

"Well," said Euphranor laughing, "But to get the Boy (44) into Latin and Greek, or into any other Language but his own, he must learn Grammar;—itself about as hard an Abstraction as may be. I am sure I now wonder at the jargon I had to learn and repeat when I was a Boy, and only now in happy hour light upon the *Reason* of the rules I then mechanically repeated."

"True," said I, "but you were then only expected, I hope, mechanically to *use* them; by some formal terminations in *us, a, um, do, das, dat*, and such like, learning to distinguish the different parts of Speech, and by other empirical Rules their connexion, or Syntax; till able to put the scattered words together, and so ford through a Sentence. And the Repetition by heart of those rules fixed them in your mind, and was a fair exercise of Memory and Attention. I hate your modern Philosophical



Grammars, which deaden the Boy's faculties to the *how*, while hammering at the *why*. '*Floreat Etona!*' with her old Lily, and *Propria quæ maribus*. Why, you might as well keep a Boy starving till he had learned the Theory of Digestion."

"Which you were for teaching him however, with your dead Horse," said Euphranor laughing. "Well, come, however he may fare with the dead Horse, I suppose he is coming on all this while with the Living."

"No doubt," said I, "the Horse he was taken to look at, feed, and be held on, he now bestrides alone—a Pony at any rate—trots, gallops, gets a peep at the Hounds throwing off; in due time a Run with them—fleshes his maiden courage at a Leap—"

"Ah," said Euphranor, "we poorer fellows, as I said, are cut out of this."

"Well, there are the Ditches and Rivers for you to fall (48) into, and be drowned in, whether Leaping, Skat-|ing, Swimming, or Boating; nay, in this dear Old England of ours, the Sea herself ready to embrace and strangle the whole Youth of Britain in her arms."

"Ah, there again," said Euphranor—"if Mamma was frightened at her boy dabbling in the Dew, what will she say now he is brought home half drowned, or his Arm broken by a fall from his Pony?"

"I must console her as before," said I—

"If he fall in, Good night!  
Send Danger from the East unto the West,  
So Honour cross it from the North to South."

“‘Better a Broken arm than the Fear of one,’ says Richter; Better die well ever so Young, than grow up a Valetudinary and Poltroon. One can only grow Strong in Body and Soul by such exercises as carry Danger along with them; and Strong in Body and Soul our Knight must be; must he not?”

“Nay, but,” said Euphranor, “I have not yet agreed that the Soul’s strength depends on the Body’s; nor Mamma perhaps that the Body can only be made strong by dangerous Exercises.”

“Well—by Strong Exercises, however.”

“Perhaps.”

“And is not all Strong Exercise more or less Dangerous? In Digging, Rolling, or even Running over, Mamma’s Garden, we may sprain, strain, and rupture, if we do not break, limbs. There is no end of finding dangers if you look for them. Men have died of grape-stones sticking in the throat—are we never to eat unpicked grapes again? And as for strength of Soul—Courage, for instance,—that includes so much beside—|How is this, (46) if not born in the Man, to be attained, and if innate, how *maintained*, but in the Demand for it; so repeated upon the yet plastic Mind of Youth as, if not an Instinct, to become a *Habit* of the Soul, and act with the Force and promptitude of Instinct?”

“Mamma may say, in good Example, great Object, Religious Principle, and so on,” said Euphranor.

“And there may be found the long-concocted Determination, that, after all the struggles of natural Fear, may nerve a man to be a Cranmer at last. But while it

succeeds in one, it fails in a thousand. For here, as with WILL and DECISION also, comes the ancient difference between *Resolving* and *Doing*; which latter is what we want. Nay, you know, the habit of Resolving without Acting (as we necessarily do in Books and in the Closet) is worse for us than never resolving at all, inasmuch as it gradually snaps the natural connexion between Thought and Deed, and the Man's last state is worse than his first."

"Ah," said Euphranor, "you stole that from the Newman I lent you, Doctor; how true and good it is!"

"Very true and very good," answered I, "and I dare say stolen from him; though I had long before been familiar with a Proverb, as old as the Fathers for anything I know, as to the result of Thought's lying a-bed."

Euphranor laughed, and said my old "Native Hue of Resolution" was a cleaner Comparison.

"And then," said I, "if this Closet-Courage could certainly brace us up for any long foreseen Emergency,\* would it help us at the sudden pinches of Accident for (47) which our Knight must assuredly be prepared;—I mean, when there is no time to *make up our Minds*. But the Mind must act at once, ready made."

"What is called *Presence of Mind*," said Euphranor.

"A very wonderful thing," said I; "as, for instance, such a sudden Resolution as the mind is put upon, whereby, should his Horse chance to fall and roll over, Full Cry, the Rider as instantly between Saddle and

\* For "Emergency" read "accident."

ground, braces himself up to pitch, not a flaccid \* heap of Flesh only fit to squash, but Nerve-compact, and out of his horse's reach—a Presence of Mind which Fielding tells us that brave old Parson Adams had, when even most Absent-minded—

"I have often thought," said Euphranor, "what a wonderful act of the Soul it is in Cricket, where the Batter has to make up his mind whether to hit, tip, or block, all in the twinkling of an eye, between the Ball's being delivered from the Bowler's hand, and its arrival at his own Wicket. How much to be 'Willed, Done, and Performed,' in that moment of time!"

"Yes," said I, "and the Boxer, whose mind is to decide, and his fists to follow his mind so instantly, as to put in a blow at the very moment of guarding one off."

"*'Gladiatorem in Arenâ capere Consilium,'*" said Euphranor. "But granting your Heroic Games *do* provoke those Powers of the Soul—by the bye, why wouldn't Battledore and Shuttlecock do, for DECISION at least?" †

"Not where Danger is concerned, however," said I.

"Well, even the Gladiator's Arena skill will hardly help on horseback; and would any, or all, of these noble Arts avail us in the Emergencies ‡ of actual mo-|dern (48) Life when the Gladiator may be looked on as gone, the Boxer going, and even the Fox almost stole away for ever?"

\* For "flaccid" read "helpless."

† *Dele* "for DECISION at least."

‡ For "Emergencies" read "demands."

“So far help,” said I, “that the Soul having learned to abide unshaken in one (especially if a Greater) Trial will be better able so to face another, and at least bring to bear all the resources she has. Like Logic and Mathematics, you know, whose particular Problems do not specially resolve any other, but dispose us to a solution of all—especially all minor Dilemmas—though perhaps not so convincingly as the Fist. And what is any modern Life you like, but all a Battle against the Blows and Buffets of Fortune, whose lightest Taps will count as Blows if we be not armed against her hardest, and which if Man, unprovided with Woman’s natural passive Submission, did not *actively* Resist, he was sure to make himself and all about him wretched. Or, if you like that better, what but a Chase after something more fugitive, and when found, no sweeter than a Fox? where the Heart, if not the Neck, was in danger of Breaking? Why, DECISION was necessary in taking a Lodging as a Leap, and, if tampered with, more difficult and distressing: *Indecision* of all kinds being, as Bacon says, really a Decision, of such a kind as, after all distractions, generally ends in deciding on a course which unites the Inconveniencies of all Alternatives. So the weak WILL spills itself in contradictory Wishes;—all these irritating the Owners with Themselves and all around them. Depend upon it,” said I, “your Carpet-Knight will have his Battles *on* the Carpet—with Wife, Children, Friends, and Servants, Destiny and Himself. | Besides,” I went on laughing, “the Noble Arts you laugh at are not so obsolete in even the

pipingest days of Peace. Accidents will still happen in the best-regulated families. The House will take fire, the Coach will break down, the Boat will upset;—is there no gentleman who can swim, to save himself and others; no one do more to save the Maid snoring in the garret, than merely repeating, ‘How *very* awful!’ Some one is taken ill at midnight; John is drunk in bed; Is there no Gentleman can saddle Dobbin—much less get a Collar over his Head, or the Crupper over his tail, without such awkwardness as brings on his Abdomen the kick he fears, and spoils him for the journey?”

Euphranor laughed, and I went on, “‘I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this Nettle *Danger*, we pluck this Flower *Safety*.’ Why, the most timid Valetudinary is ordered a gentle Ride; the quietest Cob is bought; but only he trots safely who has galloped hard; no one so sure to come down in the road as your heavy Sack of a Sitter, with no seat in his saddle, nor hand on his bridle; and no one so sure to break his nose when down he does come. Besides,” I continued, “what after all is the amount of danger in all the Hunting, Wrestling, Boating, &c., that Boys go through? Half a dozen are drowned, half a dozen shot for rabbits by their friends, half a dozen get broken arms or collar-bones in the course of the year; and for this little toll paid to Death and disaster, how large a proportion of the Gentry of this Country are brought up manfully fitted for War;—such ‘Manly Sports being,’ Fuller says, ‘the Grammar of Military Performance’—and I say for Peace also. If I have to (50)

do with Sir Lancelot, he shall take his chance, to grow up a MAN fit to live, or honourably to die in striving toward it. And so I leave him at the end of his Second Septenniad."

"Close upon the age of those young Argonauts," said Euphranor, "upon whose lips the Down as yet was not."

"Yes," said I; "push him on three or four years, and you may dub him Knight according to ancient usage, I believe."

"Fitted in Body and Mind to his calling?"

"Well, Euphranor, I cannot tell: my mind misgives me when about to send my Pupil into the Lists, whether Nature originally endowed him well enough, and whether I have helped to make the best of Nature's bounty. My Idea of Knighthood may fall very far short of yours and Digby's."

"Well, what sort of a fellow do you turn out, at any rate?"

"At Sixteen or Seventeen, say? Why, Euphranor, with how much of his first Septenniad about him! And why not? Being yet, according to your computation, a Child for some twenty years to come!—his Locks as thick, if not so long—Locks never to fall, but some Fifty years hence to begin May-whitening over a Green old Age; his Eye as full, clear, and direct, but settling toward a more constant Object; his Nose at least with something of a turn to Romanism: still, of course, not a furrow on face or brow, over which the blood mantles as before, only higher and deeper at the mention of what is Noble or

Shameful—Ah, Euphranor, would he but bring me back this face of his|Second Septenniad at the expiration of (51) his Third!—His Body striking out into manly proportion not yet filled up,—Flesh giving way to Fibre and Muscle,—his Voice changed from Childish Treble to the Ringdove Register of Youth, ‘sweet and tuneable,’ as were those of the Family of Margaret Newcastle; she does not mean, she says, (nor do I,) *Singing* Voices; but ‘no husking or wharling in the Throat’—that is her word;—ringing out upon occasion clear and cheery as Chanticleer, and telling always of a roomy Chest, and in some measure, I think, of a candid Soul. However that may be,” continued I, seeing Euphranor shake his head at me with a smile—“Candid of Soul I trust he is; for I have ever sought his Confidence and never used it against himself; never arraigned him for the honest out-break of Youthful Spirit; nor exacted Sympathy when it was out of the nature of Youth to Sympathize. Inflamed to the full with Aristotle’s Wine of Life, he is eager as before—after the Fox perhaps instead of the Hoop; Fearless, Generous, Giving and Forgiving,—if still passionate, yet less easily moved, and by deeper causes; if as stubborn against Force, yet helpless against Helplessness and an appeal to those Affections and Remembrances now lodged in a longer Past, and that deeper Heart whose shadowiest recesses also the Mystery of Woman is beginning to haunt. Ambitious perhaps, but of Honour in Action rather than Talk, in Riding than in Reading; yet perhaps thinking more of what he reads than he cares to



tell—somewhat awkwardly disposed perhaps to Dancing and other Drawing-room Accomplishments, which even (52) now he shirks to go Earth-stopping with Tom and Jack who used to set him upon Topsail's back in days gone by. Apt, I am afraid, to yawn under Lulham's discourse; yet not ceasing to repeat Morning and Evening the short Prayer he learned at his Mother's knee—'Make me a good Boy!' and still less to go to Rest without her Blessing. In short, I should be content to find him with the Faults as well as with the Virtues of a vigorous Constitution of Mind and Body, which Time and good Object may direct into a Channel that will find room and outlet for all."

"Rather a Tom Jones tendency,\* I doubt," observed Euphranor, as I ceased speaking.

"Better than a Blifil, any how," retorted I. "The dry Rogue who sets up for Judgment being incorrigible,' says virtuous Berkeley, whereas 'the Errors of the lively Rake, lying in his Passions, may be cured.' But I will not admit even Fielding's—and still less my—Tom to be a Rake; though I admit I must have him launch into Life with a Vigour that might run into an Extreme of Evil as well as Good. Only VIGOUR he must have, as the one needful thing: subject like all best things to worst Corruptions; vigour of Body and Soul, whether implicate or individual; Strength itself, even of Evil, being a kind of Virtue, which Time, if not good Counsel, is sure to moderate; whereas Weakness is the one radical and Incurable

\* For "tendency" read "sort of Fellow."

Evil, increasing with Every Year of Life.—Which fine sentence, or to that effect, you will find somewhere in the Newman you lent me, and whose Authority I know you cannot doubt.”

“And all this without regard to a Lad’s Profession or natural Genius?”

I asked him “if it would not do very well at least for (53) the Profession of Shooting Partridges or Hunting the Fox; nay, even serving as High Sheriff?”

“He could not deny that,” laughing.

“Or if obliged, poor fellow,—a Younger son perhaps,—to *do* something to earn him Bread—or Claret—for his Old Age, whether not fairly qualified to be knocked on the Head as Soldier or Sailor?”

“Nor that.”

“As for the Church, (which is your other Gentlemanly Profession,) you know your Bishop can consecrate Tom or Blifil equally by that Imposition—”

“Doctor, Doctor,” broke in Euphranor, “you have been talking very well, don’t spoil it by one of your Grimaces.”

“Well, well,” said I,—“Oh, but there is still **THE LAW.**”

“For which I am sure he needs all the Chivalry you can ingraft upon him,” said Euphranor.

“And in which I would rather trust myself with Tom than Blifil,” added I, “Lawyer as the latter is in grain. Well, what else? Surgery? But that is an Ungentlemanly Profession, into which you would not let me ini-

tiate him; though it is said to need 'the Lion's Heart' as much as another."

"But also the Lady's Hand," replied he, smiling.

"Not in drawing one of the Molares, I assure you. However, thus far I do not seem to have indisposed him for the Professions his Rank usually opens to him; perhaps even, if he have what you call a Genius that way, not to some of those *Ologies* we thought he might pick  
(54) up a liking for in the Mud, and even light|upon some discovery which the more systematic Explorer missed; as Pan a-hunting found out Ceres, whom the more seriously-searching Gods could not."

"Perhaps."

"Or even a turn for searching into Digby and Plato for qualities he already unconsciously possesses."

Euphranor, on whose earnest face no Sign of Self-consciousness appeared, sat meditating a-while by himself as I drew the last draught from my Tumbler: and then observed that, if my Notions were right, the Body needed to be made as much a matter of Discipline as the Brain, whether at Home or Abroad; a matter which the Great Schools at least (which Arnold thought the only good ones) ignored, taking for granted Boys would only give up too much time that way without any Encouragement. A mistake, I thought, in these days, when, beside School-work, there were so many sedentary Muses soliciting the Hours allotted to Active Recreation. A Mistake also, looking to Holiday Activity as a due Compensation for School Study; Mind and Body needing ever to be kept

in proportionate Action—certainly not to Mind's over-exertion, who had so many years of Growth before her, unless, by premature Energy, she shook the Foundations of that House of hers, then so rapidly completing for better or worse. The Greeks we knew made Gymnastic a part of their Discipline; so do the modern Germans; so, I thought, might and should our Schools; the larger the better, as affording all the more efficient means not only for Individual but Collective Gymnastic,—Military Drills, Exercises, Watches, expressly enjoined by Milton, I remembered, beside the Good they did the Body, [and as Preparation for possible War, carrying a Sense (55) of Order, Duty, Submission, mutual Dependence, and wholesome Companionship into the Soul. Even as to rarer Appliances, which we think the Rich only can have or want, and those mainly *at Home*; Fellenberg had them in his so much poorer Establishments than our Harrows and Etons. Not only the Swimming-Bath, which he found one best remedy for Indolence or Inertness of Mind as well as Body—(our Seas and Rivers supply us with that of the best Water)—but also his Riding-School for Poor as well as Rich; beside Gardens and Ploughing-fields for Rich as well as Poor,—“Where, as I was saying before,” said Euphranor, “our young Tailor might have a turn at the Bat, and our young Lord at the Plough, now and then.”

“And all the better, if the young Lord were put to earn his Bread there for a week or so every now and then,” said I, “affording him light as to the condition of the

Poor, 'unquenchable by logic and statistics,' Carlyle says, 'when he comes, as Duke of Logwood, to legislate in Parliament.' "

"To hear you talk, Doctor, one might suppose you would send your son to Germany for his Schooling; but I know your inveterate prejudice for an Englishman being brought up in England, imbibing English air and English associations into his very nature from the very first."

"Yes," said I, "I am for growing up by the Thames under Windsor Castle, not by the Rhine under Heidelberg."

"Not forgetting glorious Westminster Abbey!" cried he with exultation.

(56) "No," said I, "we will not transplant our Youth to Fellenberg,\* but have a slip of him† over here if needful. For even that I suggest with hesitation, and under Awe of the old Genius of those Nobler Schools of ours, which, in blunder and out of blunder, perhaps from having better Stuff to work upon, had somehow managed to send abroad a better article of Manhood than Germany, who indeed somewhat overlaid the Free Spirit of her Youth by Discipline of many Kinds.‡ But for our little Schools—(I don't speak of such hideous Spectres as *Dotheboys*, now laid, I trust, for ever, by a more potent Wand than mine,)—you scarcely know, my

\* For "Fellenberg" read "Germany."

† For "him" read "it."

‡ For "a better article" etc., read "as good an Article as Europe had to show."

dear Euphranor, what sordid, pusillanimous, Soul-and-Body-stunting things the most of these are, which, if English Good Sense should not explode just before it is too late, (as English Good Sense has somehow a knack of doing,) would almost extirpate half the Middle (and that how large a Class!) of English Chivalry. Nor are the poor Masters only to blame. The Fathers who send are quite as base and ignorant as the Masters who receive, as anxious to get their full pennyworth as the others to give it. Oh your Suburban Minerva Academies, and Classical and Commercial Seminaries, where young Gentlemen are boarded, taught, and indeed Dope for, for some twenty or thirty Pounds a year: their 'Moral and Intellectual Culture carefully attended to'; the 'strictest Attention' paid to what is called 'their Health'—some Mrs. Apollo perhaps superintending the Pupils' Stomachs as her Husband their Souls. Some Ten hours a day of Indoor Desk-work, of a kind too most indigestible by the Young; the little Play-time cut up into inter-|calary (87) shreds, precluding any Generous invigorating Game, even if the few square yards of heartless gravel and the strict Edict against whatever ever so remotely threatens the Boy's limbs or the Master's windows, should permit; perhaps, a so-called Gymnastic Gallows in the centre, up which you see creatures with the Bodies of Babies and the faces of Old Men climbing and turning over with a feeble squeak of Emulation. No Rowing, no Sailing, no Sliding even, no stolen Ride on Horse, Donkey, or Coach-Box, no wild Chase over the Meadows, Hedge,

and Ditch, animated by the pursuit of some infuriate and over-blown Gamekeeper; but a walk, Two and Two, along the road, dogged by the sallow, spectacled, and still-reading Usher. Sunday, that comes a day of Rest to all beside, revisiting these poor things only with a worse increase of hypocritical restriction of the Spirits and unnatural tension of the Mind; having to endure, and afterwards record, two long Sermons—perhaps to indite a short one—

“Of course no Fighting,” said Euphranor, “and, I suppose, no Flogging neither.”

“And yet,” said I, “the clenched Fist so soon resolved into the Open hand, when once the question of Might and Right was settled—how much better than the perpetual canker of a grudge never suffered to explode!—and Flogging had its humour too—soon passed away, shame and smart, from fore and aft—how much better than the Heart-pining, Body-contracting Confinements and Repetitions which double the already overloaded task-work, and revenge a temporary fault with lasting injury.”

(58) “You get excited about it, Doctor,” said Euphranor as I paused almost for Breath.

“Oh, it succeeds, it succeeds,” I went on. “The little Fellow who came with but little Colour in his Cheek and troublesome Activity in his Blood, soon loses what he had; contracts instead of expanding,—dwindles instead of Growing,—and becomes a Credit to the School, and a blessing to his parents. Only one of Nature’s ‘best earthly mould,’ with the spirit of her Chivalry strong in

his blood, it is who kicks over the traces, throws the whole 'very eligible Establishment' into disorder, and finally rouses the dastard Skythrops into a meagre attitude of Expulsion, however unwilling to part with any Victim who pays. But 'Go he must—nothing can be done with him—' He goes: is sent to Sea—rolls and tosses over the World—returns a good-humoured, active, lively, sun-burnt fellow, with tobacco and cheroots for his old Dad; silks for Mother and Sisters; a parrot for old aunt Deborah; a bamboo which he says he would give old Skythrops but for fear of his licking the boys with it. So he travels, and returns, and travels again; has at last scraped a little money together; marries a good-humoured girl who has even less world's wealth than himself; nay, I believe had married her long before he was half as rich as he is;—has a large family of children healthy as himself—the more the merrier, he says; and so whistles through and over the ups and downs of life; his healthy, courageous Good-humour, and Activity of soul, radiating a more happy Atmosphere throughout a little circle, and through that, imperceptibly, to the whole World, than shop-loads of Poems, Sermons, and Essays,|by dys- (59) peptic Divines, sickly Poets, and universal Philanthropists, whose fine feelings and bad stomachs generally make them Tyrants in their own families, and whose Books go to draw others into a like unhappy condition with themselves."

"And the *Good* boy," said Euphranor,—“what becomes of him?”



"I have no heart to follow him," said I. "Poor fellow! the last I heard of him was, that after a most unimpeachable progress through School and College, he was either dying at some German Bath covered with Blotches and Boils; or, still worse, surviving—a highly Respectable, and indeed Religious, Attorney in large practice."

"Do you remember," said Euphranor, "that fine passage in the Clouds—little as I love Aristophanes, by the bye—between the Δίκαιος and Ἄδικος Δόγος?"

I had forgotten, I said, my little Latin and less Greek: and he declared I must however read this Scene over again with him. "It is, you see, Old Athens pleading against Young; whom after denouncing, for relinquishing the hardy Discipline and simple severe exercises that reared the Μαραθωνομάχους Ἴνδρας, for the Warm Bath, the intricate, lascivious Dance, and the Law Court; he suddenly turns to the Young Man who stands hesitating between them, and in those Verses, musical as the whisper of the Trees they tell of—

Ἄλλ' οὖν λιπάρος γε καὶ εὐανθής—"

"Come, my good fellow," said I, "you must interpret." And Euphranor, with a little sly smile, and looking down, recited—

(60) "O listen to me, and so shall you be stout-hearted and fresh as a Daisy:

Not ready to chatter on every matter, nor bent over Books till you're hazy:

No Splitter of straws, no dab at the Laws, making Black seem  
White so cunning;  
But wandering down out o' the town, and over the green Meadow  
running:  
Ride, wrestle, and play with your fellows so gay, all so many  
Birds of a feather,  
All breathing of Youth, Good-humour, and Truth, in the time of  
the jolly Spring weather,  
In the jolly Spring time, when the Poplar and Lime dishevel their  
tresses together."

"Well, but go on," said I, when he stopped, "I am sure there is something more of it, now you recall the passage to me—about broad Shoulders and little—"

"But this was all he had cared to remember," he said.

I then asked him who was the Translator; to which he replied, it was more a Paraphrase than a Translation, and I might criticise as I liked. To which I had not much to object, I said—perhaps the Trees "disheveling their tresses" was a little Cockney, which he agreed it was, beside missing that very Whisper, which in Sound and Sense is most delightful of all, and might so easily have been retained. And he then observed how the degradation Aristophanes satirized in the Athenian youth went on and on, so that, when Rome came to help Greece against Philip of Macedon, the Athenians, Livy says, could contribute little to the common cause but Declamation and Despatches—'quibus solum valent,' he says."

"Ay," said I, "and to think that when Livy was|so (61)

writing of Athens, his own Rome was just beginning to go down-hill in the same way and for the same causes:

Nescit equo rudis  
Hære ingenuus puer,  
Venarique timet, ludere doctior  
Græco seu jubeas trocho,  
Seu malis vetitâ legibus aleâ:

how unlike those early times, when Heroic Father begot and bred Heroic Son; Generation following Generation through ages of national glory, crowned with Laurel and with Oak; under a system of Education, the same Livy says, handed down, as it were an Art, from the very foundation of Rome, and filling her Senate with Generals, each equal, he declares, to Alexander.—But come, my dear fellow,” said I, jumping up, “here have I been discoursing away like a little Socrates, while the day is passing over our heads. We have forgotten poor Lexilogus, who (I should not wonder) may have stolen away to Cambridge.”

Euphranor, who yet seemed to linger with the subject, nevertheless rose up. On looking at my watch I saw we could not take anything like the Walk we had proposed and be at home by their College dinner; so as it was I who had wasted the day, I would stand the expense, I said, of Chops and Ale at the Inn: after which we could all return at our ease to Cambridge in the Evening. As we were leaving the Bowling-green, I called up to Lycion, who thereupon appeared at the Billiard-room win-

dow with his coat off, revealing a rather gorgeous waistcoat, and asked him if he had nearly finished his Game? In reply, he asked us if we had finished our Ogres and (as) Giants? Whom, on the contrary, I said, we were now running away from that we might live to fight another day—would he come with us into the Fields for a walk? or, if he meant to go on playing Billiards, would he dine with us on our return? “He could not walk with us, certainly,” he said; and when I spoke of dinner again, seemed rather to hesitate; but at last said, “Very well;” and, nodding to us, retired with his cue and waistcoat back into the room.

Then Euphranor and I, leaving the necessary orders within, sallied out towards the Church, observing, as we went along, how much pains Lycion took to spoil the good that nature had given him. For, at Harrow, he was (as Euphranor understood) a good-humoured, lively, and rather gallant boy. But dining with Ambassadors, and the Clubs, and Almack’s was spoiling him. And Euphranor spoke of the levity and indifference, now so fashionable,—so unnatural to Youth,—especially ungraceful, he thought, (and so did I,) in Women. And he observed, I remember, that even if there were no other ill effects of London dissipation on them, yet the simply being present in so many Crowds was a sort of prostitution, especially of the Eye; and noticed the hackneyed look which even young and delicate Women soon acquired. In all of which we judged, both of us, rather from what we heard, and read, and saw of fine people

in their carriages, than from any personal knowledge; for neither of us were much in Great company. We were talking thus, when, on coming close to Chesterton Church, we saw Lexilogus passing through a turnstile on his way (68) towards us. In half a minute we had met; and he explained to us why he was so late: delayed by one of Aunt Martha's fits of Asthma; and he did not like to leave the house till it was over. She had now fallen into a quiet Sleep.

After shortly expressing our sympathy, we again turned back with him; and I told him how, after all, Euphranor and I had played no Billiards, but had been arguing all the time about Digby and his Books.

Lexilogus smiled, but made no remark, being naturally slow of Speech, and perhaps of Thought also. But the day was delightful, and we walked briskly along the road, conversing on many topics, till a little further on we got into the Fields. These were now in their Prime, (and that of the Year, Crabbe used to say, fell with the Mowing,) crop-thick of Grass full charged \* with Daisy, Clover, and Buttercup; and, as we went along, Euphranor quoted,

"Embroidered was he as it were a Mede,  
All full of fresh Flowris, both white and rede,"

and instantly added, "What a lovely † picture was that, by the way, of a young Knight!"

I agreed, and asked Lexilogus did he not think so

\* *Dele* "of Grass full charged."

† *Dele* "lovely."

too? but he had never read Chaucer: so I begged Euphranor to repeat it to us; which he did, with an occasional pause in his Memory, and jog from mine,

“With him there was his Sonn, a yongé Squire,  
A Lover, and a lusty Bachelire,  
With Lockis curle, as they were leid in press;  
Of Twenty yere of age he was, I ghesse;  
Of his Stature he was of evin length,  
Wonderly deliver, and of grete Strength;  
And he had ben sometime in Chevauchie  
In Flandris, in Artois, and Picardie,  
And born him wel, as of so litil space, (64)  
In hope to standin in his Lady’s grace.  
Embroidered was he as it were a Mede,  
All full of fresh Flowris, both white and rede;  
Singing he was or floyting all the day;  
He was as fresh as is the month of May:  
Short was his Goun with slevis long and wide,  
Well couth he set an Hors, and fair yride;  
And Songis he couth make, and weel endyte,  
Just, and eke daunce, and well portraye and write.  
So hote he lovid that by nighter tale  
He slept no more than doth the Nightingale.  
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,  
And karft before his Fadir at the table.”

“Chaucer, however,” said Euphranor when he had finished the passage, “allows his young Squire more Accomplishments than you would trust him with, Doctor. See, he dances, draws, and even writes songs—quite a *Petit-maitre*.”

"But also," I added, "is of 'grete Strength,' 'fair y-rides,' having already 'born him well in Chevauchie.' Besides," continued I, (who had not yet subsided, I suppose, from the long roll of my former Sententiousness,) "in those days, you know, there was scarce any Reading, which usurps so much of Knighthood now. Men left that to Clerk and Schoolman; contented, as we before agreed, to follow their bidding to Pilgrimage and Holy war. Some gentler Accomplishments were then needed to soften manners, just as rougher ones now to fortify ours."

"As we may see among ourselves," said Euphranor "Music, *you* will say, only helps to *mollyfy* the rich,—pardon the vile pun,—but the Education people agree it is of excellent use among the Poor."

(65) "And who was it," said I, "that, when some one grumbled at a Barrel-organ in the street, said prettily, one should tolerate, and even respect, the instrument that carried Orpheus down into dark alleys and cellars. It has struck me strangely to hear in one of our Yorkshire Scars all of a sudden some delicate Air of Modern Art breathing into the old Hills and almost as primitive Inhabitants."

Euphranor then observed, that in the days of Elizabeth and the Stuarts the Lute and Viol were common Accomplishments of young Gentlemen: so, to be sure, were all Martial exercises.

"And more than Exercises," added I; "young fellows going to serve as Soldiers abroad as part of their Education, if there were no Wars in hand at home. Sir Philip

Sidney might well be permitted a little Sonneteering; and one would not quarrel with a Midshipman practising his Flute in the Cock-pit now."

"Even Pepys, Tailor as he was," Euphranor said, "takes Horse and rides to Huntingdon from London and back without comment."

"And without a sore bottom, I dare say," rejoined I. "People could only so travel in those days; and could hardly help being hardily brought up in all respects. There is a delightful little Horseback tour in Derbyshire, made and recorded by a Son of Sir Thomas Browne—Edward, and one friend,—I think; with all their wet jackets, stumbles, benightings, and weariness, so well compensated by the welcome Inn with its jovial Host at last. Travelling has lost its proper relish for the Young now,—there is no Fun, no Adventure, no Endurance. And look at old Chaucer himself," said I, "how the fresh (æ) air of the Kent hills, over which he rode Four hundred years ago, breathes in his Verses still. They have a perfume like fine old hay, that will not lose its sweetness, having been cut and carried so fresh."

"Lydgate too, I remember," said Euphranor, "tells lovingly of Chaucer's Good-humour and Generosity—I cannot now recollect the lines," he added, after pausing a little.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The verses Euphranor could not remember are these:

"For Chaucer that my Master was, and knew  
What did belong to writing Verse and Prose,  
Ne'er stumbled at small faults, nor yet did view  
With scornful eyes the works and books of those  
That in his time did write, nor yet would taunt  
At any man, to fear him or to daunt."



"A famous Man of Business too," said I, "employed by Princes at home and abroad. And ready to fight as to write; having, he says, when some City people had accused him of Untruth, 'prepared his body for Mars his doing, if any contraried his Saws.'"

"A Poet after your own heart, Doctor, sound in Wind and Limb. In general, however, they are said to be a sickly, irritable, inactive, and solitary tribe."

"The Great ones?" I asked, "who, I think, are the only ones worth naming—Homer, Æschylus, Shakspeare, for instance?"

"We don't know much of them—of the two first, at any rate," said he.

I asked if Homer did not go about Camp and Court singing his verses? To which Euphranor answered, the  
(67) stories of his Beggarhood were quite exploded by those omniscient critics the Germans, whom he knew how much I revered; and I said, "About as much a Beggar, I suppose, as his own divine Demodocus at Alcinous' palace, or as the Bards at a Celtic Banquet. Then as to Æschylus, pray is his presence at Salamis only a *Myth*, as you call it?"

Euphranor laughed, and believed we must admit this to be authentic, so clearly as the Trumpet that woke the Greeks to Battle on that morning still rung in his Verse. I then asked laughingly about Shakspeare's Poaching, which Euphranor said of course I should vindicate, however discredited by German and English critics too.

"Well," said I, "whether Shakspeare were a Poacher

or not, (and I firmly believe he *was*, in the days of his Knighthood,) he, at least, was no dyspeptic Solitary, but, like Chaucer, a good Man of Business, managing a Theatre so unlike modern Managers, who are not great Poets, that he made a sufficient fortune; which when he got, desiring no more, he retired from London and all his Glory, to dear old Stratford, the town of his Birth—the fields of his Knighthood—and Poaching—and there spent the rest of his life, an active Burgess of the town, esteemed by all the neighbouring Gentry, Aubrey tells us, for his pleasant Conversation.”

Shakspeare did not however, Euphranor thought, quite bear out my old Theory: his very sound Mind appearing to have dwelt in a rather heavy Body, to judge by the figure on his Tomb. And he died young.

Which Monument, a very clumsy one, however, only indicates that he grew plump at last, I said. But the only probable Pictures of him exhibit great Beauty of Face, and every appearance of its growing on a well- (as) proportioned and well-developed Body.

“Ward’s Journal,” said Euphranor, “says he died of a kind of Fever, I think, resulting from a Carousal with Ben Jonson, who came to visit him from London.”

“Not unlikely,” said I; “he would, no doubt, pledge Ben handsomely, having no notion his own Life was at all necessary to the World. And, after all, Fifty-two (the age he died at) was not so Young in those days, when people drank Sack and Ale for breakfast, and were much less careful of their Health.”

"Without such good Doctors as now we have," added Euphranor, silyly. "Well, who does not wish *his* clay cottage had been built so strong, or patched so well, as to have stood out the Dictation of many more Imperial Manifestos to Posterity! However, Doctor, if you save your Theory one way with him, (I am not quite sure you have, though,) what will you say to Dante—and, if you will allow him of the front rank, Milton—both Morose, Solitary kind of fellows, I doubt."

I replied, that supposing this were so, both lived in Times to try the temper of the Strongest and Best—Civil War—Neighbour opposed to Neighbour—Friend to Friend—even Kinsman to Kinsman—and, even after Might had carried the quarrel, Victor and Vanquishd having to settle down cheek by jowl again. Dante was forced by Banishment into Solitude, or to that worst pang, he says, of climbing another's stair for Eleemosynary Bread—no wonder he put—into a Poetic Hell at least—those who had so reduced him. As to Milton, when (88) he had worn out his eyes 'in Liberty's De-fence,' and when the Restoration made that Defence Treason, he was obliged to live in Seclusion, besides being compelled by Poverty. Certainly, if his own word were to be believed, he never bated a jot of Heart or Hope to the last: and, in my turn, I asked Euphranor from what *myths* he drew his conclusion about the Temper of these Two Men?

Euphranor did not like the bitterness of Milton's Prose tracts, and fancied he was an awkward Husband. Something in his Portraits too—

"Ah, Lexilogus," said I, "Euphranor cannot forgive the Republicans, and their treatment of his Martyrs, Charles and Laud. Were, however, Shakspeare ever so fat, and Milton and Dante ever so surly, I should not give in. For who doubts that men, however nobly constituted, may ruin all by misuse; as Burns by Intemperance of all kinds, and Walter Scott by the forced redemption of his own and his friend's credit? The Poetic spirit in itself is a fiery one, most apt to fret its Body to decay, made up of some dangerous elements, which, as you say, and as Wordsworth has hinted, may lead to Melancholy and Madness, unless aired by perpetual contact with Reality, Action, and wholesome Communion with men."

"I suppose," said Euphranor, "you would knock about a young Apollo like the rest of us coarser Vessels."

"To be sure I would."

"And so break half the Tribe in Moulding."

"And live the better with the other half," I replied. "Yes, decidedly, I would pass them all through such a Fire as only the true Poetic Metal should abide, and |that come forth all the purer and stronger. A great (70) gain both ways; and it has been said to be the mark of Genius that it never can be crushed; only *Talent*, which in Poetry assuredly we do not want to survive. I would forthwith set young Edwin on a rough Colt, and pit a Cockney and a Laker at a Wrestling match, and see if some external Bruises would not draw off that inner Sensibility which is the main stock of many so-called Poets."

“And not of the True also?” said Euphranor. “It has also been said the Poet has more of the Woman than Man in him.”

“Which were it true,” answered I, “what a final argument for smothering the whole Tribe as early as possible, Great and Small, if they are not only to be Women themselves, but effeminate us also with their Incantations! But, mark you, I don’t believe a word of this; I believe the true Poetic Sensibility to be wholly different from the Feminine; no Tenderness of Nerves, but Susceptibility of Imagination, or some essential difference which I, who am neither Poet nor Metaphysician, may not comprehend.”

“Yet that Vision of Marcellus that moved Octavia to tears; and patient Grizel; and Juliet; and Cordelia; and the Baby Star in Andromache’s Bosom, frightened at the Helmet of the Father he is so soon to lose—”

“Yes,” said I as he paused, “not to be found in any Laura Matilda, Male or Female.”

“But where the Woman must have been very strong”—

“But not *strongest*; not running away in Elegiac Tears, but moulded into Form by yet stronger Imagination and Understanding. They who tell of Andromache and Cordelia told of Achilles and Lady Macbeth; and left it for *us* to weep, while they conjured up those Forms of common Passion which only they ennobled in reflecting back on us.”

And Euphranor recalled to me that passage in the Last Years of Scott’s Life where the Strong Man, broken

not by Time but Over-work, could no longer repeat his so oft-repeated Chevy Chase without Tears, which even the Sighing of the Summer-wind, he says, would bring into his Eyes "not unpleasantly," as he Drove—no longer *Rode*—among his Woods by Tweedside: Bodily weakness, Lockhart finely says, having laid bare the delicacy of Organization whose finer Vibrations,—"*Nerves* you may call them, Doctor,"—once kept under by a Strong WILL, now "trembled to the Surface."

"No longer able to Create a Jeanie Deans," said I, "but only *feel* for her like the rest of us—The Man of Genius degraded to the Man of Taste!—Let us contemplate that no longer. And *his* Jerkin too one of those which Sterne goes on to say, (only you would not let him,) seemed Stout enough to resist any Rumpel from within."

"Oh that Jerkin," said Euphranor laughing, "returning on us as obstinately as ever my Clay Cottage did, and, I declare, far less ornamentally."

"Why think, my dear Fellow," I went on laughing, "how, wrapt up in one of the stoutest, your Poet is enabled, like my Ploughman, to face, conquer, and consort with Nature in all her humours, Storm as well as Calm, and penetrate into all her Mysteries, Sea and |Land, Mountain and Valley, Day and Night: and bring (72) them back—in its Pockets—for us. Really the only Great Poet I had seen was of great Mould and Muscle; having used as a Boy, I was told, to be out upon the Hills Night after Night with Shepherd and Sheep, whose individual Faces and Voices he not only grew to

distinguish, but, both in Heaven above and Earth beneath, many of those uncertain phenomena of Night—the sound of falling Weirs and creeping Brooks, and Copses muttering to themselves afar off, perhaps the yet more impossible Sea—all inaudible to the Ear of Day; and not only the ‘Consistory of the Nightly Stars,’ and their gradual Dispersion by the Dawn, but also certain unsurmised Apparitions of the Northern Aurora, by some shy Glimpses of which silverying some low-lying Horizon Cloud in their customary quarter of the Heavens, scarce any Winter—no, nor even Summer—Night, he said, was utterly unvisited. Then there is Wordsworth, whom *You* at least think a great Poet, and the Idleness of whose Youth, we read, was lamentably—promising—He, I am told, is still to be seen, at near Eighty, moving with the Shadow of the Cloud up Helvellyn. Whereas your young Cockney can only strain laboriously up Hampstead Hill, with an Umbrella, Cork soles, and a cold Muffin in his pocket, having promised Miss Briggs by the sacred Moon to be at home in Bidborough Street before the dews fall. And even if the Daisies and Buttercups there were at this time of day sufficient Object for the Muses, yet cannot he make even *his* best of them: for has he not gone out *prepared* to be Poetical? Whereas Poetry is said to be an Instinct—an

(78) Inspiration—a Madness, (the Platonic Ion argues,) that will not come at call like a Laureate’s Odes, but leap out of its own accord from unpremeditated Contact with Nature, (or, the recollection of such at least,) which alone

dashes Reality into his words. Just as those Physical Emergencies \* we were talking of called out the Moral Instinct of Decision and Courage. In such a way one fancies Language itself began; so Adam named all Things as each presented itself before him, appealing to the divine organ of Speech within. Let any of your *Esemplastic* Scholars sit down in his Study and try to invent *Words* now; whereas one *does* see something of the faculty among the more Illiterate,—Sportsmen for instance, and the Brethren of the Ring,—where some new sudden Occasion somehow calls out a suitable Word from the unconscious Poet of the Field—the very name ‘Slang,’ we give to all such Vocabulary, being itself perhaps an instance of such felicitous Invention, and spontaneously sprung from some such Occasion.”

Euphranor then read to us as we walked a delightful passage from his Godefridus, to this effect, that, if the Poet could not invent, neither could his Reader understand him, when he told of Ulysses and Diomed listening to the Crane clanging in the Marsh by night, without having *experienced* something of the kind. And so we went on, partly in Jest, partly in Earnest, drawing Philosophers of all kinds into the same net in which we had entangled the Poet and his Critic—How the Moralist who worked alone and dyspeptic in his closet was most apt to mismeasure Humanity, and be very angry when his System would not fit—how the best Histories were (74) written by those who had been themselves Actors in them

\* For “Emergencies” read “accidents.”



—Gibbon, one of the next best, recording how the Discipline of the Hampshire Militia he served as Captain in—how odd he must have looked in the uniform!—cleared up his ideas as to the evolutions of a Roman Legion—And so on a great deal more, till I, suddenly observing how the Sun had declined from his Meridian, looked at my watch, and asked my companions did not they begin to feel Hungry, as I did? They agreed with me; and we turned homeward: and as Lexilogus had hitherto borne so little part in the Conversation, I began to question him about Herodotus and Strabo, (whose books I had seen lying open upon his table,) and drew from him some information about the courses of the Nile and the Danube, and the Geography of the Old World: till, all of a sudden, our conversation stepped \* from Hymettus to the Hills of Yorkshire—our own old Hills—and the old Friends and Neighbours who dwelt among them. And as we were talking of old Places, and old People, and old Times, we suddenly heard the galloping of Horses behind us, (for we were now again in the main road,) and, looking back as they were just coming up, I recognised Phidippus for one of the riders, with two others whom I did not know. I held up my hand, and called out to him as he was passing; and Phidippus, drawing up his Horse all snorting and agitated with her arrested course, wheeled back to us and held out his hand.

I asked him what he was about, galloping along the  
(75) road; I thought Scientific Men were more tender of|their

\* For "stepped" read "skipt."

Horses' legs and feet. But the roads, he said, were quite soft with late rains; and they were only trying each other's speed for a mile.

By this time his two Companions had pulled up some way forward, and were calling to him to come on; but he said, laughing, "they had quite enough of it," and addressed himself with many a "Steady!" and "So! So!" to pacify Miss Middleton, as he called her, who still curvetted about,\* and pulled at her Bridle; his friends shouting louder and louder—"Why the Devil he didn't come on?"

He waved his hand, and shouted to them in return not to wait for him; and with a "Confound" and "Deuce take the Fellow," they set off away toward the town. On which Miss Middleton began to caper afresh, plunging, and blowing out a Peony nostril after her flying fellows, until, what with their dwindling in distance, and some expostulation addressed to her by her Master as to a fractious Child, she seemed to make up her mind to the Indignity, and composed herself to go pretty quietly beside us.

I then asked him did he not remember Lexilogus,—(Euphranor he had already recognized,)—and Phidippus who really had not hitherto seen who it was, (Lexilogus looking down all the while,) called out heartily to him, and, wheeling his Mare suddenly behind us, took hold of his hand, and began to inquire about his family in Yorkshire.

\* For "curvetted about" read "plunged."

"One would suppose," said I, "you two fellows had not met for years."

"It was true," Phidippus said, "they did not meet so often as he really wished; but Lexilogus would not come to his rooms, and he did not like to disturb Lexilogus at his Books."

I then inquired about his own Reading, which, though not large, was not neglected, it seemed; and he said he had meant to ask one of us to beat something into his stupid head this summer in Yorkshire.

Lexilogus, I knew, meant to stop at Cambridge all the long Vacation: but Euphranor said he should be at Home, for anything he then knew; and they could talk the matter over when the time came. We then again fell to talking of our County: and among other things I asked Phidippus if his Horse were Yorkshire,—of old famous for its Breed, as well as of Riders,—and how long he had her, and so on.

Yorkshire she was, a present from his Mother, "and a great Pet," he said, bending down his head, which Miss Middleton answered by a dip of hers, shaking the Bit in her teeth, and breaking into a little Canter, which however was easily suppressed.

"Miss Middleton?" said I—"what, by Bay Middleton out of Coquette, by Tomboy out of High-Life Below-Stairs, right up to Mahomet and his Mares?"

"Right," he answered laughing, "as far as Bay Middleton is concerned."

"But, Phidippus," said I, "she's as Black as a coal!"

"And so was her Dam, a Yorkshire Mare," he answered; which, I said, saved the credit of all parties. Might she perhaps be descended from our famous "Yorkshire Jenny," renowned in Newmarket Verse? But Phidippus had never heard of "Yorkshire Jenny" in Ballad or Calendar. And then I began to ask him some questions as to his mode of Making up his mind|in some (77) of those Equestrian emergencies \* Euphranor and I had talked of: all which Phidippus thought was only my usual Banter,—“he was no judge,—I must ask older hands,—he never made up his mind at all,”—and so on; till suddenly he declared he must be off directly to get marked in Hall. But I told him we were all going to dine at Chesterton, now close at hand; he must come too: all Yorkshiremen, except Lycion, whom he knew a little of. There was to be a Boat race, however, in the evening, which Phidippus said he must leave us to attend, if dine with us he did; for though not one of the Crew on this occasion, (not being one of the best,) he must yet see his boat (the Trinity) keep the head of the River. As to that, I said, we were all bound the same way, which indeed Euphranor had proposed before; and so the whole affair was settled.

On reaching the Inn, I begged Euphranor to order Dinner directly, while I and Lexilogus accompanied Phidippus to the stable. There, after giving his Mare in charge of the hostler with due directions as to her toilet and table, he took off her Saddle and Bridle him-

\* For “emergencies” read “demands on it which.”

self, and adjusted the head-stall. Then, followed out of the Stable by her flaming Eye and pointed Ears, he too pausing a moment on the Threshold to ask me, "was she not a Beauty?" (for he persisted in the delusion of my knowing more of Horses than I chose to confess,) we left the Stable and went into the House.

There, having first washed hands and faces, we went up into the Billiard-room, where we found Euphranor and Lycion playing,—Lycion very lazily, like a man who  
(78) had already too much of it, but yet nothing better|to do. After a short while, the Girl came to tell us Dinner was ready; and, after that slight hesitation as to Precedence which Englishmen rarely forego on the least ceremonious occasions,—Lexilogus, in particular, pausing timidly at the door, and Phidippus pushing him gently and kindly before him,—we got down to the little Parlour, very airy and pleasant, with its window opening on the Bowling-green, the table laid with a clean white cloth, and upon that a good dish of smoking Beef-steaks, at which I, as master of the Feast, sat down to officiate. For some time the clatter of Knife and Fork, and the pouring of Ale, went on, mixed with some conversation among the young men about College matters: till Lycion began to tell us of a gay Ball he had lately been at, and of the Families there; among whom he mentioned three young Ladies from a neighbouring County, by far the handsomest Women present, he said.

"And very accomplished too, I am told," said Euphranor.

"O, as for that," replied Lycion, "they *False* very well, which is enough for me,"—he hated "your accomplished women."

"Well, there," said Euphranor, "I suppose the Doctor will agree with you."

I said, certainly *Falsing* would be no great use to me personally—unless, as some Lady of equal size and greater Rank had said, I could meet with a concave Partner.

"One knows so exactly," said Lycion, "what Accomplishments the Doctor would choose,—a Woman

'Well versed in the Arts  
Of Pies, Puddings, and Tarts,  
And the lucrative skill of the Oven,'

(79)

as one used to read somewhere, I remember."

"Not forgetting," said I, "the being able to help in compounding a Pill or a Plaister; which I dare say your Great-grandmother knew something about, Lycion, for in those days, you know, Great ladies studied Simples. Well, so I am fitted,—as Lycion is to be with one who can *False* through life with him."

" 'And follow so the ever-rolling Year  
With profitable labour to their graves,' "

added Euphranor laughing.

"I don't want to marry her," said Lycion testily.

"Then Euphranor," said I, "advertises for a 'Strong-minded' Female, able to read Plato's Republic with him,

and Wordsworth, and Digby, and become a Mother of Heroes. As to Phidippus, there is no doubt—Diana Vernon—”

But Phidippus disclaimed any sympathy with Sporting ladies.

“Well, come,” said I, passing round a bottle of Sherry I had just called for, “every man to his Taste, only all of you taking care to secure the Accomplishments of Health and Good-humour.”

“Ah! there it is, out at last!” cried Euphranor, clapping his hands; “I knew the Doctor would choose as Frederic did for his Grenadiers.”

“Well,” said I, “you wouldn’t breed from an ill-made, ill-conditioned Mare, would you, Phidippus?”

(80) He smiled and asked me if I remembered Miss|Prince, a Governess his Mother had for his Sisters, and who really worked them so hard he was obliged to appeal in their behalf.

I did not remember Miss Prince; but I asked what effect his Appeal had on his Mother.

“O, I was a School-boy then,—she patted my head, and said Miss Prince knew best; she had perfect confidence in her. And then, you know, if one of them did not get on with her Music, there was no use suggesting she had perhaps no Talent, and had better not learn at all; the Master only concluded she must practise double at it.”

“Yes, that is the way,” I answered. “Well?”

Well, after a time, his Mother herself, he said, took notice the girls began to look pale and dispirited. “Why,

I assure you, Doctor, Miss Prince would scarce let them run alone, even in Play-hours, but followed them about with a Book, so that if they plucked a Daisy, they told me, out came a little Wordsworth from her reticule, for a Poem about it. Not a moment, she said, to be left unimproved."

"Better that Wordsworth had been tied about her neck, and she cast—Well," I went on, seeing Euphranor look grave, "I presume Miss Prince was not fitted for a Dam of Heroes, or Hunters."

Poor thing, Phidippus said, she was an excellent woman—he used to be vexed with himself for getting out of patience with her. She worked hard for her Bread, and Duty, as she thought.

"And besides, your remonstrances came to nothing," said I.

"I don't know," answered he, laughing; "Though I (31) was accused of making them romp, which I assure you I never meant, they used to tell me I had more power with her than any one else, even my Mother. I don't know how that was."

Poor Governesses! so much to be pitied, and revered, as Phidippus said, only not to be Governed by! Early divorced from their own Home and its Affections, and crammed themselves in order to cram others, they are most ignorant of the Nature of the very Childhood they are to rule. I was almost going to be Didactic about it all, but thinking I had preached quite enough for that day, I only filled up my Glass, passed the Bottle round,



told them to drink Miss Prince's health, and then, unless they would have more Wine, we might have a Game of Bowls, which Euphranor would tell us was the noble custom of our Forefathers after dinner.

"Not however till we have the Doctor's famous Ballad about Miss Middleton's possible Great-Great-Grandmother," cried Euphranor, "by way of Pindaric close to this Heroic Entertainment—sung from the Chair, who probably composed it—"

"—As little as could sing it," I assured him.

"Oh, I remember, it was the Jockey who rode her!"

"Perhaps only his Helper," answered I; "such bad Grammar, and Rhyme, and altogether want of what your man—how do you call him—G.O.E.T.H.E?—'*Gewty*,' will that do?—calls, I believe, *Art*."

"—Who however said that, if not the simplest People, it was only those who could reduce their minds to the (32) simplest Impressions who could indite a Ballad at all: the reason it becomes ever less possible as Thought complicates. Beside," added he smiling, "as we have agreed those best can Paint who Feel the most, Pindar's Jockey and Homer's Ajax, against Pindar and Homer, any day."

"Fair presumption, however," said I, "why my poor Lad should at least sing of his Mare better than Shenstone of Strephon and Delia."

"Who might yet be more at home with the China Shepherds on his Mantel-piece than more modern Gentlemen with Cocles in the River, or Regulus in the Tub," said Euphranor slily. "But come, Song, Song, from the

Chair!" he broke out, tapping his Glass on the Table and appealing to Phidippus, who, looking with a smile to me, gently echoed with his.\*

So with a prelude "Well then," I began—

"I'll sing you a Song, and a merry, merry Song"—

"—By the way, Phidippus, what an odd notion of merriment is a Jockey's, if this Song be a sample. I think I have observed they have grave, taciturn faces, especially when old, which they soon get to look. Is this from much Wasting, to carry little Flesh, and large—Responsibility?"

"Doctor, Doctor, leave your—faces, and begin!" interrupted Euphranor. "I must call the Chair to Order"—

Thus admonished, with very slight interpolations, (which may be jumped by the Æsthetic,) I repeated the poor Ballad which, dropt I know not how into my Childish ear, had, as so often happens, managed to crevice itself in some chink of a seemingly uncongenial|Mem- (ss)ory,† and wave its almost worthless Verse over much that was—Obstetric—there—

## I.

"I'll sing you a Song, and a merry, merry Song,  
Concerning our Yorkshire Jen;  
Who never yet ran with Horse or Mare  
That ever she cared for a pin.

\* For "gently echoed with his" read "did the same."

† Dele from "and" to "—there—"

EUPHRANOR,

II.

When first she came to Newmarket town,  
The Sportsmen all view'd her around;  
All the Cry was, 'Alas, poor Wench,  
Thou never can run this Ground!

III.

When they came to the Starting Post,  
The Mare look'd very smart;  
And let them all say what they will,  
She never lost her Start—

—which I don't quite understand, by the way: do you,  
Lycion?"—No answer.

IV.

"When they got to the Two-mile Post,  
Poor Jenny was cast behind:  
She was cast behind, she was cast behind,  
All for to take her Wind—

V.

When they got to the Three-mile Post,  
*The Mare look'd very pale—*

(Phidippus!"—His knee moved under the table—)

"SHE LAID DOWN HER EARS ON HER BONNY NECK,  
AND BY THEM ALL DID SHE SAIL!

VI. (*Accelerando.*)

Come follow me, come follow me,  
All you who run so neat;  
And ere that you catch me again  
I'll make you well to Sweat.

VII. (*Grandioso.*)

(84)

When she got to the Winning Post,  
The People all gave a Shout:  
And Jenny click'd up her Lily-white foot,  
And jump'd like any Buck.

## VIII.

The Jockey said to her, "This Race you have run,  
This Race for me you have got;  
You could Gallop it all over again,  
When the rest could hardly Trot!"

"They were Four-mile Heats in those days, you see, would pose your Modern Middletons, though Miss Jenny, laying back her Ears—away from catching the Wind, some think—and otherwise Homerically '*pale*,' with the distended Vein and starting Sinew of that Three-mile Crisis, nevertheless on coming Triumphantly in, clicked up that Lily-white foot of hers, (of which *one*, I have heard say, is as good a Sign, as all four White are a bad,) and could, as the Jockey thought, have gallop'd it all over again. Can't you see him, Phidippus, for once forgetful of his professional Stoicism, (but I don't think Jockeys were quite so Politic then,) bending forward to pat the bonny Neck that measured the Victory, as he rides her slowly back to the—*Weighing-house*, is it? followed by the Scarlet-coated Horsemen and shouting People of those Days?—all silent and pass'd away for ever now, unless from the Memory of one pursy Doctor, who, were she but alive, would hardly know Jenny's Head from her Tail!"

*Conticuere omnes.*

"And now *will* you have any more Wine?" said I, holding up the reverst Decanter.

(88) Phidippus, hastily finishing his glass, jumped up; and the others following him with more or less alacrity, we all sallied forth on the Bowling-green. As soon as there, Lycion of course pulled out his "Eternal Cigars" (which he had eyed, I observed, with really good-humoured Resignation during the Ballad) and offered them all round, telling Phidippus he could recommend them as some of Pontet's best; but Phidippus did not Smoke, he said; which, together with his declining to bet on the Boat race, caused Lycion, I thought, to look on him with some indulgence.

And now Jack was rolled upon the Green; and I bowled after him first, pretty well; then Euphranor, still better; then Lycion, with great Indifference, and indifferent Success; then Phidippus, who about rivalled me; and last of all, Lexilogus, whom Phidippus had been instructing in the mystery of the Bias with little side-rolls along the turf, and who, he said, only wanted a little practice to play as well as the best of us.

Meanwhile, the Shadows lengthened along the Grass, and, after several bouts of Play, Phidippus said he must be off to see his friends start. We should soon follow, I said; and Euphranor asked him to his rooms after the race. But Phidippus was engaged to sup with his Crew.

"Where you will all be drunk," said I.

"No—there," said he, "you are quite mistaken, Doctor."

“Well, well,” I said, “away, then, to your Race, and your Supper.”

“‘Μετα σωφρονος ἡλικιωτου,’” added Euphranor, smiling.

“‘Μετα,’ ‘with,’ or ‘after,’” said Phidippus, putting (30) on his gloves.

“Well, go on, Sir,” said I,—“‘Σωφρονος?’”

“A temperate—something or other—”

“‘Ἡλικιωτου?’”

“—Supper?”—he hesitated, smiling—“After a temperate supper?”

“Go down, Sir; go down this instant!” I roared out to him as he ran from the Bowling-green. And in a few minutes we heard his Horse’s feet shuffling over the threshold of the Stable, and directly afterwards breaking into a retreating canter outside the gate.

Shortly after this, the rest of us agreed it was time to be gone. We walked along the Fields by the Church, (purposely to ask about the sick Lady by the way,) crossed the Ferry, and mingled with the Crowd upon the opposite Shore. Townsmen and Gownsmen, with the tassell’d Fellow-commoner sprinkled here and there—Reading men and Sporting men—Fellows, and even Masters of Colleges, not indifferent to the prowess of their respective Crews—all these, conversing on all sorts of topics, from the Slang in Bell’s Life to the last new German Revelation, and moving in ever-changing groups down the Shore of the River, at whose farthest visible bend was a little knot of Ladies gathered up on a green Knoll faced and illuminated by the beams of the setting

Sun. Beyond which point was at length heard some indistinct shouting, which gradually increased, until "They are off—they are coming," suspended other Conversation among ourselves: and suddenly the head of the first Boat turned the corner; and then another close upon it; and (87) then a third;|the Crews pulling with all their Might compacted in perfect Rhythm; and the Crowd upon the shore turning round to follow along with them, waving hats and caps, and Cheering, "Bravo, St. John's," "Go it, Trinity,"—the high Crest and blowing Forelock of Phidippus's Mare, and he himself shouting Encouragement to his Crew, conspicuous over all—until, the Boats reaching us, we also were caught up in the returning tide of Spectators, and hurried back toward the Goal; where we arrived just in time to see the Ensign of Trinity lowered from its pride of place, and the Eagle of St. John's soaring there instead. Then, waiting a little while to hear how the Winner had won, and the Loser lost, and watching Phidippus engaged in eager conversation with his defeated brethren, I took Euphranor and Lexilogus one under each arm, (Lycion having got into better company elsewhere,) and walked home with them across the Meadow leading to the Town, whither the dusky troops of Gownsmen with all their confused Voices were evaporating, while Twilight gradually gathered over all, and the Nightingale began to be heard among the flowering Chestnuts of Jesus.

[NOTE.—The alterations noted in the text are, in FitzGerald's autograph, in a copy inscribed on the fly-leaf, "Edward FitzGerald to Frederick Spalding.—February / 70."—in possession of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.]

## APPENDIX,

### FROM ECKERMANN'S CONVERSATIONS WITH GOETHE.

*[I am indebted to John Ozenford, Esq., and Messrs. Smith and Elder, his Publishers, for permission to quote from his Translation the following Passages, not to be found in the earlier German Edition.]*

"THERE is something more or less wrong among us old Europeans; our relations are far too Artificial and Complicated; our Nutriment and Mode of life are without their proper Nature, and our Social Intercourse is without proper Love and Goodwill. Every one is Polished and Courteous; but no one has the Courage to be Hearty and True, so that an Honest man, with Natural views and feelings, stands in a very bad position. Often one cannot help wishing that one had been born upon one of the South Sea Islands, a so-called Savage, so as to have thoroughly enjoyed Human existence in all its purity, without any adulteration.

"If in a depressed mood one reflects deeply upon the wretchedness of our Age, it often occurs to one that the world is gradually approaching the Last day. And the Evil accumulates from Generation to Generation! For it is not enough that we have to suffer for the sins of our Fathers; but we hand down to Posterity these inherited vices increased by our own."

"Similar thoughts often occur to me," answered I, "but if, at such a time, I see a Regiment of German Dragoons ride by me, and observe the Beauty and Power of these Young People, I again derive some consolation, and say to myself, that the Durability of Mankind is after all not in such a desperate plight." (90)

"Our Country people," returned Goethe, "have certainly kept up their Strength, and will I hope long be able not only to furnish us with good Horsemen, but also to secure us from total Decay and Destruction. The Rural population may be regarded as a Magazine, from which the Forces of Declining Mankind are always recruited and refreshed. But just go into our great Towns, and you will feel quite differently."<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> While Christopher North understood the Breed of Cocknies to be on the Increase, "the Females marriageable long before, and prolific long after, the Season usually allowed to our Species—the period of Gestation shorter too, varying from Four to Five Months;" Sir A. Carlisle declares his Conviction that "the Destroying influence of Large Cities and Manufactories more than counter-



"The Scotch Highlanders under the Duke of Wellington," rejoined Goethe, "were doubtless Heroes of another description."

"I saw them in Brussels a Year before the Battle of Waterloo," returned I. "They were, indeed, fine Men; all strong, fresh, and active, as if just from the Hand of their Maker. They all carried their heads so Freely and Gallantly, and stepped so lightly along with their strong Bare legs, that it seemed as if there were no Original Sin, and no Ancestral Failing, as far as they were concerned."<sup>1</sup>

- (91) "There is something peculiar in this," said Goethe. "Whether it lies in the Race, in the Soil, in the Free Political Constitution, or in the healthy tone of Education,—certainly the English in general appear to have certain Advantages over many others. Here in Weimar we see only a few of them, and, probably, by no means the best; but what Fine, Handsome people they are! And however Young they come here, they feel themselves by no means strange or embarrassed in this Foreign Atmosphere; on the contrary, their Deportment in Society is as full of Confidence, and as easy, as if they were Lords everywhere, and the whole World belonged to them. This it is which pleases our Women, and by which they make such havoc in the hearts of our Young Ladies. As a German Father of a Family, who is concerned for the tranquillity of his Household; I often feel a slight shudder, when my Daughter-in-law announces to me the expected arrival of some fresh young Islander. I already see in my Mind's eye the Tears which will one day flow when he takes his Departure. They are dangerous young people; but this very quality of being Dangerous is their Virtue."

"Still I would not assert," answered I, "that the Young Englishmen in Weimar are more Clever, more Intelligent, better informed, or more excellent at Heart than other people."

"The secret does not lie in these things, my good friend," returned Goethe. "Neither does it lie in Birth or Riches; it lies in the Courage which they have to be that for which Nature has made them. There is nothing vitiated or spoilt about them; there is nothing half way or crooked; but such as they are, they are thoroughly Complete Men. That they are also sometimes complete Fools, I allow with all my heart; but that is still something, and has still always some weight in the scale of Nature."

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balances the alleged Increase of British Population, while they give rise to a Degenerate, Enfeebled, and Demoralised Race. I believe," he says, "that no Persons, Town-bred in both the Male and Female lines, ever extend their Children to the Fourth Generation."

<sup>1</sup> See a fine passage in Haydon's Life, where he describes seeing, among the half Savage Allies in Paris, the English Officer's "Boy's Face and Broad Shoulders," which latter, with those of his Men, occupied, as is well known, a larger ground in the Reviews there than any equal Number of any other Country's Shoulders.

"You know that scarcely a day passes in which I am not visited by some travelling Foreigner. But if I were to say that I took great pleasure in the Personal Appearance especially of young learned Germans from a certain North-eastern quarter, I should tell a falsehood. (92)

"Short-sighted, Pale, Narrow-chested, Young without Youth; that is a picture of most of them as they appear to me. And if I enter into a conversation with any of them, I immediately observe that the things in which one of us takes Pleasure seem to them Vain and Trivial, that they are entirely absorbed in THE IDEA, and that only the highest Problems of Speculation are fitted to interest them. Of sound Senses or Delight in the Sensual there is no trace; all Youthful feeling and all Youthful pleasure are driven out of them, and that irrecoverably; for if a man is not Young in his Twentieth year, how can he be so in his Fortieth?"—Goethe sighed and was silent.

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"In our own dear Weimar I need only look out at the window to discover how matters stand with us. Lately, when the Snow was lying upon the ground, and my Neighbour's Children were trying their little Sledges in the Street, the Police was immediately at hand, and I saw the poor little things fly as quickly as they could. Now, when the Spring Sun tempts them from the houses, and they would like to play with their Companions before the door, I see them always constrained, as if they were not safe, and feared the approach of some Despot of the Police. Not a Boy may crack a whip, or sing, or shout; the Police is immediately at hand to forbid it. This has the effect with us all of taming Youth prematurely, and of driving out all Originality and Wildness, so that in the end nothing remains but the Philistine."

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"If we could only alter the Germans after the model of the English, if we could only have less Philosophy and more Power of Action, less Theory and more Practice, we might obtain a good share of Redemption. (93)

"Thus, for instance, I cannot approve the requisition, in the studies of future Statesmen, of so much Theoretically-learned Knowledge, by which Young people are ruined before their time, both in Mind and Body. When they enter into Practical service, they possess, indeed, an immense stock of Philosophical and Learned matters; but in the narrow circle of their calling this cannot be Practically applied, and must therefore be forgotten as Useless. On the other hand, what they most needed they have lost; they are deficient in the necessary Mental and Bodily Energy which is quite indispensable, when one would enter properly into Practical life. And then, are not Love and Benevolence

also needed in the life of a Statesman, in the management of Men? And how can any one feel and exercise Benevolence towards another, when he is ill at ease with himself?

"But all these people are in a dreadful bad case. The Third part of the Learned men and Statesmen, shackled to the Desk, are ruined in Body, and consigned to the Demon of Hypochondria.

"In the mean time," continued Goethe, smiling, "let us remain in a state of hopeful Expectation as to the condition of us Germans a Century hence, and whether we shall then have advanced so far as to be no longer *Savants* and *Philosophers*, but *MEN*."

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"Does this Productiveness of Genius," said I, "lie merely in the Mind of an important Man, or does it also lie in the Body?"

"The Body has, at least," said Goethe, "the greatest Influence upon it. There was indeed a time when in Germany a Genius was always thought of as Short, Weak, or Hunch-backed; but commend me to a Genius who has a well-proportioned Body."

"When it was said of Napoleon that he was a Man of Granite, this applied particularly to his Body."

(94) "Whilst we read Shakspeare we receive the impression of a man thoroughly Strong and Healthy, both in Mind and Body."

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What should be expected of German Youth, when Richter himself, from whose *Levana* many Wise things shall be quoted, tells us of an Anthology he made of his Pupils' "Bon Mots," to encourage them in the Practice of Wit—with such samples as follow?

A Boy of Twelve, oldest and Cleverest of all, said, "Man is mimicked by Four things—An Echo, a Shadow, an Ape, and a Looking-Glass." "Windpipes, Spaniards, and Ants, expel all that is alien to them." "The Greeks in the Trojan Horse were a Living Transfiguration of Souls," &c.

The Younger Brother, Ten-and-a-Half-Old, said, "God is the only *Perpetuum mobile*." His Sister, of Seven, "Every Night we are seized with Apoplexy, but in the Morning are well again." "The Spartans wore Red in Battle to prevent Blood—as some Italians Black to prevent Fleas—being seen," &c.

A Five-year-old Boy says to his Four-year-old Sister, "God has made all Things; so if one offers him Anything, he has made it." Whereupon the Four-year-old, "He makes Nothing." To which the Sage of Five, "He makes Nothing because he *has* made it."

When Richter was writing his Book, Four-year-old had grown to Five, and to this increase of Philosophy; "Number has a One and Begins: what Begins must End," and showing a Stick asks, "Whether

## APPENDIX.

SECOND  
EDITION

that did not end on all Sides?" An Argument that might have been handled much to that Child's Edification.

Seven-year-old maintained that "If the Soul in the Brain had, with another set of Legs, Arms, &c., another Head, that Head must have another Soul; which Soul again another Head," &c.

"The little Fleas, you'll hardly guess,  
Have little Fleas that bite 'em;  
Those little Fleas have others less,  
And so *ad Infinitum*!"

(95)

Sometimes, says Richter, there were several Fathers and Mothers to the same Thought: all jumping at once: and then all "justly claimed" the Parentage in the Anthology.

Niebuhr tells us his Boy Marcus already contemplated a New Tense to the Verb! Lucky for his Schoolfellows—and, reckoning on their righteous Vengeance, for Himself—that he did not Accomplish it.

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### FROM RICHTER'S LEVANA.

SAVAGES, Hunters, Soldiers—all such develope their Powers to the Full in the Fresh Air. All who have lived to a Century and Half were Beggars; indeed should one only wish for old Age, and Health all the while, no better Exercise than Begging. Nevertheless a Mother believes that her Child set at an Open Window half an hour a Day will inhale from the Town (itself only a larger Room filled with Street instead of House Breath) as much pure Air as will ventilate Three and Twenty Hours and a half of Foul! Will no one remind her of the Three wretched Autumn days she travelled with that same Child in an open Carriage with no further Injury than—coming hither! Will no Chemist, by *showing* her the Bad Airs that *can* be seen, teach her the Value of the only Element that *cannot*?

A Grown-up Man pursued all Day by some moveable Pulpit and Confessional would lose all Moral Freedom and Activity. How much more a Child entangled every Step with "Stop!" "Go on!"—his whole Day crammed too with Lesson upon Lesson,—Seed upon Seed, of which no Living Harvest comes! The Watch stops while you wind it; and to be for ever winding up your Child!—

The Jesuit Laws limit Study to Two Hours. And We force Children to Attend so long as their Elders can Teach! (96)

Attention is surely not what Bonnet calls her, the Mother of Genius, but her Daughter—whence born but of the Wedlock made in Heaven between the Object and the Desire for it? Imagine Swift at a Musical—Mozart at a Philosophical—Lecture; Raffaele at a Political Club—Frederic the Great at a "Cour d'Amour!"—each a grown Man

—of Genius too in his own way, and not ignorant of others. And you expect Children in Years and Understanding to Attend on Subjects as foreign perhaps to their Genius! their Senses more open to every External Influence,—the Hum of the Market without, the Bough waving over the School-room window, the very Stripe of Sunshine on the Floor—still more to the delicious consciousness of some coming Holiday!—For, attach Reward and Punishment to the Exercise of a Child's Attention, do you not at once direct it to *another* Object?

REPETITION, one Main Spring of Attention, is also its Clog. Give a Child the same Writing-Copy through a whole Page, each Line will be worse written than the preceding. Change the Copy—even then the First Line will be the Best.

To write up the Ten Commandments on the Wall is precisely the best way to prevent their being seen.

Body is the Anchor-ground of Courage, the Mail-Armour of the Soul; therefore to be hardened into Steel by Heat and Cold. Not for Long life's sake, (Invalids, Nuns, and Court Ladies reach that,) but as a Strong-hold of Cheerfulness, Activity, and Courage.

The Weak must Lie: hate the Net of Sin as they may, a Frown drives them in.

Always let Singleness of Purpose rule a Boy. He wanted to Do, or Have, such a thing; *make* him Take or Do it. And never Command *Twice*.

Children's Gravity is rarely as Innocent as their Fun.

(97) Boys close upon Manhood often appear most Heartless, [Mischievous and Destructive; just as Night is coldest close to Dawn. But the Sun rises and warms the World; Vigour dawns into Love; the Teasing Lad into an Affectionate Young Man.

If even Travelled *Men* return with full Heads and Empty Hearts, having gone through the World as in a Country Dance, presenting the Hand indifferently to all—how much more, and more unnaturally, the Travelled Child! whose Affections are only cherished by long and close living with the same People in the same Places, Houses, and Play-grounds; nay, with the same Furniture about them.

There is one Remark very general and very pitiable in the History of the Learned—that so many Admirable Men have so many Years determined to get up earlier of a Morning without much Result—unless it be visible at the Last Day.

Ὅμοι φιλοσοφεῖς — τοὺς δὲ φιλοσόφους αἶν  
Ἐν τοῖς λόγοις φρονούντας εὐρίσκω μόνον  
Ἐν τοῖσι δ' ἔργοις ὄντας ἀνόητους ἄνθρωποι.

An Emigrant Gentleman visiting England for a while was Wonder-struck at the Indolence of the Middle Classes, especially at such

places as Sidmouth; People lounging about, throwing Stones into the Sea, and carrying about Three Volumes of Novels from the Circulating Library. "It seemed to me as if they were all Mad. In Canada every one is seen at work—hacking away at something or other, awkwardly perhaps, but still at Work." Then the fretful movements of the Children in an opposite house Genteelly confined to a Nursery that reflected all their imprisoned Energies back on Themselves, and looking to him like "caged Birds beating their Breasts against the Wires!" Whereas he had just left in Canada his own little Boy of Three Years old feeding the Poultry out of doors, and even then able to distinguish one kind of Grain from another in the Field; his little Sister (98) with her little Batch of Bread ready for the Oven, when Baking was going forward—"Both of them insensibly acquiring the most indispensable of the Arts of Life"—while Richter's Children of the same Age were cultivating Wit for the Anthology!

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Instructions how to throw Boys' Minds into a Fever, that shall work itself off in Bodily Sweat—quoted in the *Athenæum* (864), from the Seventh Annual Report of our Massachusetts Board of Education, by Horace Mann, Esq., Boston, 1844.

A SCOTCH SCHOOL. (*Proximus ardet.*)

"I entirely despair of exciting in any other person, by a description, the vivid impressions of Mental Activity or celerity which the daily operations of these Schools produced on my mind—actual Observation can alone give anything approaching to the true idea. I do not exaggerate when I say, that the most active and lively Schools I have ever seen in the United States must be regarded almost as Dormitories, if compared with the fervid life of the Scotch Schools: and, by the side of theirs, our Pupils would seem to be Hybernating Animals, just emerging from their Torpid state, and as yet but half-conscious of the possession of Life and Faculties. It is certainly within bounds to say, that there were Five times as many Questions put, and Answers given, in the same space of time, as I ever heard put or given in any School in our own country. But a few preliminary observations are necessary to make any description of a Scotch School intelligible. In the numerous Scotch Schools which I saw, the custom of Place-taking prevailed not merely in Spelling, but in Geography, Arithmetic, Reading, Defining, &c. Nor did this consist solely in the passing up of the one giving a Right answer above the one giving a Wrong; but, if a Scholar made a very Bright answer, he was promoted (99) at once to the Top of the Class—if he made a very Stupid one, he was sentenced no less summarily to the Bottom. Periodically Prizes are given, and the fact of having been 'Dux' (that is, at the Head of the

Class) the greatest number of times, is the principal ground on which the Prizes are awarded. In some Schools, an auxiliary stimulus is applied. The fact of having passed up so many places (say ten or twelve) entitles the pupil to a Ticket; and a given number of these tickets is equivalent to being 'Dux' once. When this sharper goad to Emulation is to be applied, the spectator will see the Teacher fill his hand with small bits of pasteboard, and, as the Recitation goes on, the Competition grows keen, and places are rapidly lost and won, the Teacher is seen occasionally to give one of these Tickets to a Pupil as a counter, or token, that he has passed up above so many of his fellows; that is, he may have passed up above four at one time, six at another, two at another—and if Twelve is the number which entitles to a Ticket, One will be given without any stopping or speaking—for the Teacher and Pupil appear to have kept a Silent reckoning, and when the latter extends his Hand, the former gives a Ticket without any suspension of the lesson. This gives the greatest intensity to Competition, and at such times the Children have a look of almost Maniacal eagerness and anxiety."

"A Boy errs, giving, perhaps, a wrong Gender, or saying that the word is derived from a Greek Verb, when, in fact, it is derived from a Greek Noun of the same family. Twenty Boys leap forward into the area—as though the house were on Fire, or a Mine or Ambush had been sprung upon them—and shout out the True answer, in a voice that could be heard forty rods. And so the Recitation proceeds for an hour. To an unaccustomed spectator, on entering one of these rooms, all seems Uproar, Turbulence, and the Contention of angry voices; the Teacher traversing the space before his Class in a state of high Excitement, the Pupils springing from their seats, (100) darting to the Middle of the floor, and sometimes, with extended arms, forming a Circle around him, two, three, or four deep—every Finger quivering from the intensity of their Emotions, until some more sagacious Mind, outstripping its rivals, solves the difficulty—when all are in their seats again, as though by magic, and ready for another Encounter of wits. I have seen a School kept for two hours in succession in this state of intense Mental activity, with nothing more than an alteration of subjects during the time, or, perhaps, the relaxation of Singing. At the end of the Recitation, both Teacher and Pupils would glow with heat, and be covered with perspiration, as though they had been contending in the Race or the Ring. It would be utterly impossible for the Children to bear such fiery excitement if the Physical exercise were not as violent as the Mental is intense."

Here is "an exact account of a *Religious* lesson which I saw and heard":—

"*Teacher*.—What sort of Death was denounced against our first Parents for Disobedience?

## APPENDIX.

SECOND  
EDITION

"*First Pupil.*—Temporal Death!

"*T.*—No.—(and pointing instantaneously to the Second)—

"*Second P.*—To Die!

"The Teacher points to the Third, crying, 'Come away!' and then to the Fourth. A dozen Pupils leap on the floor, a dozen hands are held out, all quivering with eagerness.

"*Fourth P.*—Spiritual Death!

"*T.*—Go up, Dux—(that is, to the Head of the Class)."

And so of the following, from the Westminster Catechism, which, with all the proofs, is committed to Memory.

"*Teacher.* What is the Misery of that Estate whereinto Man fell?

"*Pupil.* All Mankind by their Fall lost Communion with God, &c.

"*T.* What sort of a place is Hell?

"*P.* A place of Devils.

"*T.* How does the Bible describe it?

"*First P.* (Hesitates.)

"*T.* Next?—Next?—

(101)

"*Fifth P.* A lake of Fire and Brimstone.

"*T.* Take 'em down Four!

"And thus on these awful themes, a Belief and Contemplation of which should turn the eyes into a fountain of Tears, and make the heart intermit its beatings, there is the same Ambition for Intellectual superiority as on a question in the Multiplication table. There is no more apparent Solemnity in the one case than the other."

Were one to preach a Sermon on Health, as really were worth doing, WALTER SCOTT ought to be the Text. Theories are demonstrably True in the way of Logic; and then in the way of Practice they prove True, or Not true. But here is the Grand Experiment—Do they turn out well? What boots it that a Man's Creed is the Wisest, that his System of Principles is the superfinest, if when set to work the Life of him does nothing but jar, and fret itself into Holes: They are Untrue in that, were it in nothing else, these Principles of his; openly convicted of Untruth—fit only, shall we say, to be rejected as Counterfeits and flung to the Dogs? We say not that: but we do say that Ill-health of Body or Mind is Defeat—is Battle in a Good or Bad Cause with Bad success: that Health alone is Victory. Let all men if they can contrive it manage to be Healthy.—*Carlyle.*

And how Healthy—in Body at least?

Porro ne in Corpore quidem Valetudinem Medici probant quæ a nimia Anxietate contingat; parum est Ægrum non esse; FORTEM ET LÆTUM ET ALACREM VOLO. Prope abest ab Infirmirate in quo sola Salus laudatur.—*Tacitus, Dial. c. 23.*

THE END.

[ 235 ]





**EXTRACTS FROM FITZGERALD'S LET-  
TERS RELATING TO "AGAMEMNON."**

**To E. B. Cowell.**

[1848]

. . . *As to Sophocles, I will not give up my old Titan. Is there not an infusion of Xenophon in Sophocles, as compared to Æschylus,—a dilution? Sophocles is doubtless the better artist, the more complete; but are we to expect anything but glimpses and ruins of the divinest? Sophocles is a pure Greek temple; but Æschylus is a rugged mountain, lashed by seas, and riven by thunderbolts: and which is the most wonderful, and appalling? Or if one will have Æschylus too a work of man, I say he is like a Gothic Cathedral, which the Germans say did arise from the genius of man aspiring to the immeasurable, and reaching after the infinite in complexity and gloom, according as Christianity elevated and widened men's minds. A dozen lines of Æschylus have a more Almighty power on me than all Sophocles' plays; though I would perhaps rather save Sophocles as the consummation of Greek art, than Æschylus' twelve lines, if it came to a choice which must be lost. Besides these Æschyluses trouble us with their grandeur and gloom; but Sophocles is always soothing, complete, and satisfactory.*

**To E. B. Cowell.**

*London, May 7, 1857.*

. . . *I think I want to turn his [Æschylus'] Trilogy into what shall be readable English Verse; a thing*

EXTRACTS FROM FITZGERALD'S LETTERS

*I have always thought of, but was frightened at the Chorus. So I am now; I can't think them so fine as People talk of: they are terribly maimed; and all such Lyrics require a better Poet than I am to set forth in English. But the better Poets won't do it; and I cannot find one readable translation. I shall (if I make one) make a very free one; not for Scholars, but for those who are ignorant of Greek, and who (so far as I have seen) have never been induced to learn it by any Translations yet made of these Plays. I think I shall become a bore, of the Bowring order, by all this Translation: but it amuses me without any labour, and I really think I have the faculty of making some things readable which others have hitherto left unreadable. But don't be alarmed with the anticipation of another sudden volume of Translations; for I only sketch out the matter, then put it away; and coming on it one day with fresh eyes trim it up with some natural impulse that I think gives a natural air to all. . . .*

*To Mrs. W. H. Thompson.*

[1869]

*I was rather taken aback by the Master's having discovered my last—yes, and bonâ-fide my last—translation in the volume I sent to your Library. I thought it would slip in unobserved, and I should have given all my little contributions to my old College, without after-reckoning. Had I known you as the wife of any but the 'quondam' Greek Professor, I should very likely have sent it to you:*

RELATING TO "AGAMEMNON."

*since it was meant for those who might wish for some insight into a Play which I must think they can scarcely have been tempted into before by any previous Translation. It remains to be much better done; but if Women of Sense and Taste, and Men of Sense and Taste (who don't know Greek) can read and be interested in such a glimpse as I give them of the Original, they must be content, and not look the Horse too close in the mouth, till a better comes to hand. . . .*

*To E. B. Cowell.*

*Woodbridge: Tuesday,  
[28 Dec 1869]*

*. . . As to Agamemnon, I bound up a Copy of him in the other Translations I sent to Trinity Library—not very wisely, I doubt; but I thought the Book would just be put up on its shelf, and I had given all I was asked for, or ever could be asked for. The Master, however, wrote me that it came to his Eyes, and I dare say he thought I had best have let Æschylus alone. My Version was not intended for those who know the Original; but, by hook or by crook, to interest some who do not. The Shape I have wrought the Play into is good, I think: the Dialogue good also: but the Choruses (though well contrived for the progress of the Story) are very false to Æschylus; and anyhow want the hand of a Poet. Mine, as I said, are only a sort of 'Entr'acte' Music, which would be better supplied by Music itself. . . .*

EXTRACTS FROM FITZGERALD'S LETTERS

*To W. F. Pollock.*

[1873]

. . . *I think you have seen, or had, all the things but the last, which is the most impudent of all. It was, however, not meant for Scholars: mainly for Mrs. Kemble: but as I can't read myself, nor expect others of my age to read a long MS. I had it printed by a cheap friend (to the bane of other Friends), and here it is. You will see by the notice that Æschylus is left 'nowhere,' and why; a modest proviso. Still I think the Story is well compacted: the Dialogue good, (with one single little originality; of riding into Rhyme as Passion grows) and the Choruses (mostly 'rot' quoad Poetry) still serving to carry on the subject of the Story in the way of Inter-act. Try one or two Women with a dose of it one day; not Lady Pollock, who knows better. . . .*

*To C. E. Norton,*

*Little Grange, Woodbridge, Suffolk.*

*(Post Mark Dec 8) Dec 9, 75.*

*Mr. Carlyle's Niece has sent me a Card from you, asking for a Copy of an Agamemnon: taken—I must not say, translated—from Æschylus. It was not meant for Greek Scholars, like yourself, but for those who do not know the original, which it very much misrepresents. I think it is my friend Mrs. Kemble who has made it a little*

RELATING TO "AGAMEMNON."

*known on your wide Continent. As you have taken the trouble to enquire for it all across the Atlantic, beside giving me reason before to confide in your friendly reception of it, I post you one along with this letter. I can fancy you might find some to be interested in it who do not know the original: more interested than in more faithful Translations of more ability. . . .*

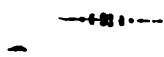


## **AGAMEMNON**





AGAMEMNON.



A Tragedy,

TAKEN FROM ÆSCHYLUS.





[I do not like to put this version—or *per*-version—of Æschylus into the few friendly hands it is destined for, without some apology, to him as well as to them. Perhaps the best apology, so far as they are concerned, would be my simple assurance that this is the very last *lèse-majesté* I ever shall—or can—commit of the kind.

I suppose that a literal version of this play, if possible, would scarce be intelligible. Even were the dialogue always clear, the lyric Choruses, which make up so large a part, are so dark and abrupt in themselves, and therefore so much the more mangled and tormented by copyist and commentator, that the most conscientious translator must not only jump at a meaning, but must bridge over a chasm; especially if he determine to complete the antiphony of Strophe and Antistrophe in English verse.

Thus, encumbered with forms which sometimes, I think, hang heavy on Æschylus himself;<sup>1</sup> struggling with indistinct meanings, obscure allusions, and even with *puns* which some have tried to reproduce in English; this grand play, which to the scholar and the poet, lives, breathes, and moves in the dead language, has hitherto seemed to me to drag and stifle under conscientious translation into the living; that is to say, to have lost that

<sup>1</sup> For instance, the long antiphonal dialogue of the Chorus debating what to do—or whether do anything—after hearing their master twice cry out (in pure Iambics also) that he is murdered.

which I think the drama can least afford to lose all the world over. And so it was that, hopeless of succeeding where as good versifiers, and better scholars, seem to me to have failed, I came first to break the bounds of Greek Tragedy; then to swerve from the Master's footsteps; and so, one license drawing on another to make all of a  
(6) piece, arrived at the present anomalous conclusion. If it has succeeded in shaping itself into a distinct, consistent and animated Whole, through which the reader can follow without halting,<sup>1</sup> and not without some progressive interest from beginning to end, I shall at any rate not have extinguished the Spirit under whatsoever misrepresentations of the Letter; and *that* remains unimpeachable by any treason of mine, inviolate by any but transcriber's errors, in its own imperishable Greek, and undepraved by any wilful alloy of the translator's in more than one English version.

To re-create the Tragedy, body and soul, into English, and make the Poet free of the language which reigns over that half of the world never dreamt of in his philosophy, must still be reserved for some Poet, of congenial

<sup>1</sup> *I wish the reader who knows Beethoven would supply—or supplant—my earlier lyric Choruses from some of his many works, which seem to breathe Æschylus in their language, as Michael Angelo, perhaps, in another. For Cassandra's ejaculations we must resort, I doubt, to a later German music.*

*As for my Lyric Choruses—I wish the reader who does not know the Original (and this Version is scarcely for those who do) would but take the Subject, and supply, or supplant, my descant upon it from some such music as he may find in Beethoven, who breathes Æschylus in his language as I cannot in mine.*

[This second note is pasted over the first in my copy. Ed.]

genius; whether by Translation, Paraphrase, or Metaphrase, to use Dryden's definition, whose Alexander's Feast, and some fragments of whose Plays, indicate that he, perhaps, might have rendered such a service to Æschylus and to us. Or, to go further back in our own Drama, one thinks what Marlowe might have done; himself a translator from the Greek; something akin to Æschylus in his genius; still more in his grandiose, and sometimes *authadostomous* verse; of which some lines relating to this very play fall but little short of Æschylus or Greek, and which I will shame my own by quoting before they appear:—

“Is this the face that launched a thousand ships,  
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?  
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!”]

(8)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AGAMEMNON, *King of Argos.*

CLYTEMNESTRA, *his Queen.*

ÆGISTHUS, *his Nephew.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter of King PRIAM.*

HERALD.

CHORUS of *ancient Councillors.*

---

*The scene is at ARGOS.*

## AGAMEMNON.

[AGAMEMNON'S *Palace: a Warder on the Battlements.*]

### WARDER.

[Once more, once more, and once again once more]  
I crave the Gods' compassion, and release  
From this inexorable watch, that now  
For one whole year, close as a couching dog,  
On Agamemnon's housetop have I kept,  
Contemplating the muster of the stars  
And those transplendent Dynasties of Heav'n<sup>1</sup>  
That, as alternately they rise and fall,  
Draw Warmth and Winter over mortal man.  
Thus, and thus long, I say, at the behest  
Of the man-minded Woman who here rules,  
Here have I watch'd till yonder mountain-top  
Shall kindle with a signal-light from Troy.  
And watch'd in vain, coucht on the barren stone,  
Night after night, night after night, alone,  
Ev'n by a wandering dream unvisited,

<sup>1</sup> The commentators generally understand these λαμπροὺς δυνάστας to mean Sun and Moon. Blomfield, I believe, admits they may be the Constellations by which the seasons were anciently marked, as in the case of the Pleiades further on in the Play. The Moon, I suppose, had no part to play in such a computation; and, as for the Sun, the beacon-fire surely implies a night-watch.



- (10) To which the terror of my post denies  
The customary pass of closing eyes.  
From which, when haply nodding, I would scare  
Forbidden sleep, or charm long night away  
With some old ballad of the good old times,  
The foolish song falls presently to tears,  
Remembering the glories of this House,  
Where all is not as all was wont to be,—  
No, nor as should—Alas, these royal walls,  
Had they but tongue (as ears and eyes, men say)  
Would tell strange stories!—But, for fear they should,  
Mine shall be mute as they are. Only this—  
And this no treason surely—might I but,  
But once more might I, see my lord again  
Safe home! But once more look upon his face!  
But once more take his hand in mine!—

Hilloa!

The word scarce from my lips—Have the gods heard,  
Or am I dreaming wide awake—as wide  
Awake I am—The Light! The Light! The Light!  
On Arachnæum's yet unanswering height!  
Oh more to me than all the stars of night!  
More than the Morning-star!—more than the Sun  
Who breaks my nightly watch, this rising one  
Which tells me that my year-long night is done!  
When, shaking off the collar of my watch,

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

I first to Clytemnestra shall report  
Such news, as if, indeed, a lucky cast  
For her and Argos, sure a Main to me!  
But grant the Gods, to all! A master-cast,  
More than compensating all losses past;  
And lighting up our altars with a fire  
Of Victory that never shall expire!

[ *Exit Warder. Daylight gradually dawns,  
and enter slowly Chorus.*

CHORUS.

(11)

I.

ANOTHER rising of the sun  
That rolls another year away,  
Sees us through the portal dun  
<sup>Dividing</sup>  
~~That divides~~ the night and day  
Like to phantoms from the crypt  
Of Morpheus or of Hades slipt,  
Through the sleeping city creeping,  
Murmuring an ancient song  
Of unvindicated wrong,  
Ten year told as ten year long  
Since to revenge the great abuse  
To Themis done by Priam's son,  
The Brother-Princes, that, co-heir  
Of Athens, share his royal chair,

And from the authentic hand of Zeus  
His delegated sceptre bear,  
Startled Greece with such a cry  
For Vengeance as a plunder'd pair  
Of eagles over their aerial lair  
Screaming, to whirlpool lash the waves of air.

II.

THE Robber, blinded in his own conceit,  
Must needs think Retribution deaf and blind.  
Fool! not to know what tongue was in the wind,  
When Tellus shudder'd under flying feet,  
When stricken Ocean under alien wings;  
And Phoebus watching from his sovereign height,  
And the ten thousand eyes of Night;  
And, were no other eye nor ear of man  
Or God awake, yet universal Pan,  
For ever watching at the heart of things.  
And Zeus, the Warden of domestic Right,  
And the perennial majesty of Kings,  
(12) Let loose the Fury who, though late  
Retarded in the leash of Fate,  
Once loos'd, after the sinner springs;  
Over Ocean's heights and hollows,  
Into cave and forest follows,

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

Into fastest-guarded town,  
Close on the Sinner's heel insists,  
And, turn or baffle as he lists,  
Drags him inexorably down.

III.

THEREFORE to revenge the debt  
To violated Justice due,  
Arméd Hellas hand in hand  
The iron net of Ares drew  
Over water, over land,  
Over such a tract of years;  
Draught of blood abroad, <sup>or</sup> and tears  
At home, and unexhausted yet:  
All the manhood Greece could muster,  
And her hollow ships enclose;  
All that Troy from her capacious  
Bosom pouring forth oppose;  
By the ships, beneath the wall,  
And about the sandy plain,  
Armour-glancing files advancing,  
Fighting, flying, slaying, slain:  
And among them, and above them,  
Crested Heroes, twain by twain,  
Lance to lance, and thrust to thrust,

Front-erect, and, in a moment,  
One or other roll'd in dust.  
Till the better blood of Argos  
Soaking in the Trojan sand,  
In her silent half-dispeopled  
Cities, more than half-unmann'd,  
(13) Little more of Man to meet  
Than the beardless child, or hoary  
Spectre of his second childhood,  
Tottering on triple feet,  
Like the idle waifs and strays  
Blown together from the ways  
Up and down the windy street.

**IV.**

BUT things are as they are; and Fate the Cause  
To Fate the Event determinately draws;  
And vain are Prayer and Sacrifice to tire  
The thankless Power whose altar knows no fire.

**V.**

FOR, before the Navy flush'd  
Wing from shore, or lifted oar  
Into foam the purple brush'd;  
While about the altar hush'd

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

Throng'd the ranks of Greece thick-fold,  
Ancient Chalcas in the bleeding  
Volume of the Future reading  
    Evil things foresaw, foretold:  
That, to revenge some old disgrace  
    Befall'n her sylvan train,  
Some dumb familiar of the Chase  
    By Menelaus slain,  
The Goddess Artemis would vex  
The fleet of Greece with storms and checks:  
    That Troy should not be reach'd at all,  
    Or, ever reach'd, should never fall—  
Unless at such a loss and cost  
As counterpoises Won and Lost.

VI.

THE Elder of the Royal Twain  
Listen'd in silence, daring not arraign  
    Ill omen, or rebuke the raven lips: (14)  
Then taking up the tangled skein  
    Of Fate, he pointed to the ships;  
He sprang aboard: he gave the sign;  
    And blazing in his golden arms ahead,  
Draws the long Navy in a glittering line  
    After him like a meteor o'er the main.

**VII.**

So from Argos forth: and so  
O'er the rolling waters they,  
Till in the roaring To-and-fro  
Of rock-lockt Aulis brought to stay:  
There the Goddess had them fast:  
With a bitter northern blast  
Blew ahead and block'd the way:  
Day by day delay; to ship  
And tackle damage and decay;  
Day by day to Prince and People  
Indignation and dismay.  
"All the while that in the ribb'd  
"Bosom of their vessels cribb'd,  
"Tower-crowned Troy above the waters  
"Yonder, quaffing from the horn  
"Of Plenty, laughing them to scorn"—  
So would one to other say;  
And Man and Chief in rage and grief  
Fretted and consumed away.

**VIII.**

THEN to Sacrifice anew:  
And again within the bleeding .  
Volume of the Future reading,

Once again the summon'd Seer  
 Evil, Evil, still fore-drew;  
 Day by day, delay, decay  
 To ship and tackle, chief and crew:  
 And but one way—one only way to appease (15)  
 The Goddess, and the wind of wrath subdue;  
 One way of cure so worse than the disease,  
 As, but to hear propound,  
 The Princes struck their sceptres to the ground.

IX.

AFTER a death-deep pause,  
 The Lord of man and armament his voice  
 Lifted into the silence—"Terrible Choice!  
 "To base imprisonment of wind and flood,  
 "Whether consign and sacrifice the band  
 "Of heroes gather'd in my name and cause;  
 "Or thence redeem them by a daughter's blood—  
 "A daughter's blood shed by a father's hand;  
 "Shed by a father's hand, and to atone  
 "The guilt of One—who, could the God endure  
 "Oblation on her altar so impure,  
 "Should wipe out her transgression with her own."



X.

BUT, breaking on that iron multitude,  
The Father's cry no kindred echo woke:  
And in the sullen silence that ensued  
An unrelenting iron answer spoke.

XI.

AT last his neck to that unnatural yoke  
He bowed: his hand to that unnatural stroke:  
With growing purpose, obstinate as the wind  
That block'd his fleet, so block'd his better mind,  
And drove him from his better conscience blind.  
For thus it fares with men; the seed  
Of Evil, sown by seeming Need,  
Grows, self-infatuation-nurst,  
From evil Thought to evil Deed,  
Incomprehensible at first,  
And to the end of Life accurst.

(16)

XII.

AND thus, the blood of that one innocent  
Weigh'd light against one great accomplishment,  
At last—at last—in the meridian blaze  
Of Day, with all the Gods in Heaven agaze,  
And arméd Greece below—he came to dare—  
After due preparation, pomp, and prayer,

He came—the wretched father—came to dare—  
 Himself—with sacrificial knife in hand,—  
 Before the sacrificial altar stand,  
 To which—her sweet lips, sweetly wont to sing  
 Before him in the banquet-chamber, gagg'd,  
 Lest one ill word should mar the impious thing;  
 Her saffron scarf about her fluttering,  
 Dumb as an all-but-speaking picture, dragg'd  
 Through the remorseless soldiery—

But soft!

While I tell the more than oft-  
 Told Story, best in silence found,  
 Incense-breathing fires aloft  
 Up into the rising fire,  
 Into which the stars expire,  
 Of Morning mingle; and a sound  
 As of Rumour at the heel  
 Of some great tidings gathers ground;  
 And from portals that disclose  
 Before a fragrant air that blows  
 Them open, what great matter, Sirs,  
 Thus early Clytemnestra stirs,  
 Hither through the palace gate  
 Torch in hand, and step elate,  
 Advancing, with the kindled Eyes  
 As of triumphant Sacrifice?

CLYTEMNESTRA: CHORUS.

Oh, Clytemnestra, my obeisance  
Salutes your coming footstep, as her right  
(17) Who rightly occupies the fellow-chair  
Of that now ten years widow'd of its Lord.  
But—be it at your pleasure ask'd, as answered—  
Fain would I know,  
What great occasion, almost ere Night's self  
Rekindles into Morning from the Sun,  
Has woke your Altar up?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh, never Night,  
Night that is Mother of all Good, men say,  
Conceived a fairer issue than To-day!  
Prepare your ear, Old man, for tidings such  
As youthful Hope would scarce anticipate.

CHORUS.

I have prepared them for such news as such  
Preamble argues.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What if you be told—  
Oh mighty sum in one small figure cast!—  
That ten-year-toil'd-for Troy is ours at last?

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

CHORUS.

"If told!"—Once more!—the word has slipt these ears  
With many a rumour baffled heretofore.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Once more then; and with unconditional  
Assurance having hit the mark indeed  
That Rumour aimed at—Troy, with all the towers  
Our fiery vengeance leaves aloft, is our's.  
Now speak I plainly?

CHORUS.

Oh! to make the tears  
That waited to bear witness in the eye  
Start, to convict our incredulity!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

(18)

Oh blest conviction that enriches you  
That lose the cause with all the victory.

CHORUS.

Ev'n so. But how yourself convinced before?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

By no less sure a witness than the God.

AGAMEMNON.

CHORUS.

What, in a dream?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

I am not apt to trust  
The vacillating witnesses of Sleep.

CHORUS.

Aye—but as surely undeluded by  
The waking Will, that what we strongly *would*  
Imagines strongly?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Like a doating girl.

CHORUS.

Oh, Clytemnestra, pardon mere Old Age  
That, after so long starving upon Hope,  
But slowly brooks his own Accomplishment.  
The Ten-year war is done then! Troy is taken!  
The Gods have told you, and the Gods tell true—  
But—how? and when?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ev'n with the very birth  
Of the good Night which mothers this best Day.

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

CHORUS.

To-day! To-night! but of Night's work in Troy  
Who should inform the scarcely-open'd ear  
Of Morn in Argos?

CLYTEMNESTRA.

(19)

Hephaistos, the Lamè God,  
And spriteliest of mortal messengers;  
Who, springing from the bed of burning Troy,  
Hither, by fore-devis'd Intelligence  
Agreed upon between my Lord and me,  
Posted from dedicated Height to Height  
The reach of land and sea that lies between.  
And, first to catch him and begin the game,  
Mount Ida fired her forest-pine, and, waving  
Handed him on to the Hermæan steep  
Of Lemnos; Lemnos to the summit of  
Zeus-<sup>consecrated</sup>~~dedicated~~ Athos lifted; whence,  
As by the giant taken, so despatcht,  
The Torch of Conquest, traversing the wide  
Ægæan with a sunbeam-stretching stride,  
Struck up the drowsy watchers on Makistos.  
Who, flashing back the challenge, flash'd it on  
To those who watch'd on the Messapian height.  
With whose quick-kindling heather heap'd and fired

The meteor-bearded messenger refresht,  
Clearing Asopus at a bound, struck fire  
From old Kithæron; and, so little tired  
As waxing even wanton with the sport,  
Over the sleeping water of Gorgopis  
Sprung to the Rock of Corinth; thence to the cliffs  
Which stare down the Saronic Gulf, that now  
Began to shiver in the creeping Dawn;  
Whence, for a moment on the neighbouring top  
Of Arachnæum lighting, one last bound  
Brought him to Agamemnon's battlements.  
By such gigantic strides in such a Race  
Where First and Last alike are Conquerors,  
Posted the travelling Fire, whose Father-light  
Ida conceived of burning Troy to-night.

(20)

CHORUS.

Woman, your words man-metal ring, and strike  
Ev'n from the tuneless fibre of Old Age  
Such martial unison as from the lips  
Shall break into full Pæan by and by.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Aye, think—think—think, old man, and in your soul,  
As if 'twere mirror'd in your outward eye,

Imagine what wild work a-doing there—  
 In Troy—to-night—to-day—this moment—how  
 Harmoniously as in one vessel meet  
 Esil and Oil, meet Triumph and Despair,  
 Sluiced by the sword along the reeking street,  
 On which the Gods look down from burning air.  
 Slain, slaying—dying, dead—about the dead  
 Fighting to die themselves—maidens and wives  
 Lockt by the locks, with their barbarian young,  
 And torn away to slavery and shame  
 By hands all reeking with their Champion's blood.  
 Until, with execution weary, we  
 Fling down our slaughter-satiated swords,  
 To gorge ourselves on the unfinisht feasts  
 Of poor old Priam and his sons; and then,  
 Roll'd on rich couches never spread for us,  
 Ev'n now our sleep-besotted foreheads turn  
 Up to the very Sun that rises here.  
 Such is the lawful game of those who win  
 Upon so just a quarrel—so long fought:  
 Provided always that, with jealous care,  
 Retaliation wreaking upon those  
 Who our insulted Gods upon them drew,  
 We push not Riot to *their* Altar-foot;  
 Remembering, on whichever mortal side  
 Engaged, the Gods are Gods in heav'n and earth,

(21)



And not to be insulted unaveng'd.  
This let us take to heart, and keep in sight;  
Lest, having run victoriously thus far,  
And turn'd the very pillar of our race,  
Before we reach the long'd-for goal of Home  
Nemesis overtake, or trip us up;  
Some ere safe shipp'd: or, launcht upon the foam,  
Ere touch'd the threshold of their native shore;  
Yea, or that reach'd, the threshold of the door  
Of their own home; from whatsoever corner  
The jealous Power is ever on the watch  
To compass arrogant Prosperity.  
These are a woman's words; for men to take,  
Or drop for disregarded, if they will;  
Enough for me, if having won the stake,  
I pray the Gods with us to keep it still.  
*[Exit CLYTEMNESTRA.]*

CHORUS.

OH, sacred Night,  
From whose unfathomable breast  
Creative Order formed and saw  
Chaos emerging into Law:  
And now, committed with Eternal Right,  
Who didst with star-entangled net invest  
[ 262 ]

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

So close the guilty City as she slept,  
That when the bloody fisher came to draw,  
Not one of all the guilty fry through crept.

II.

OH, Nemesis,  
Night's daughter! in whose bosoming abyss  
Secretly sitting by the Sinner's sleeve,  
Thou didst with self-confusion counterweave  
His plot; and when the fool his arrow sped,  
Thine after-shot didst only not dismiss  
Till certain not to miss the guilty head.

III.<sup>1</sup>

(22)

OH, Sovereign Zeus  
Who, since the Titan dynasty went down  
Before thy coming, didst the single crown  
Of-universal Deity concentrate  
On thy sole head; and in the name of Fate  
Dost all begin, continue, terminate.

IV.

SOME think the Godhead, couching at his ease  
Deep in the purple Heav'ns, serenely sees

<sup>1</sup> *This strophe is cancelled in some copies. Ed.*

Insult the altar of Eternal Right.  
Fools! For though Fortune seem to misrequite,  
And Retribution for awhile forget;  
Sooner or later she reclaims the debt  
With usury that triples the amount  
Of Nemesis with running Time's account.

V.

For soon or late sardonic Fate  
With Man against himself conspires;  
Puts on the mask of his desires:  
Up the steps of Time elate  
Leads him blinded with his pride,  
And gathering as he goes along  
The fuel of his suicide:  
Until having topt the pyre  
Which Destiny permits no higher,  
Ambition sets himself on fire;  
In conflagration like the crime  
Conspicuous through the world and time,  
Down amidst his brazen walls  
The accumulated Idol falls  
To shapeless ashes; Demigod  
Under the vulgar hoof down-trod,  
Whose neck he trod on; not an eye

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

To weep his fall, nor lip to sigh  
For him a prayer; or, if there were, (23)  
No God to listen, or reply.

VI.

AND as the son his father's guilt may rue;  
And, by retort of justice, what the son  
Has sinn'd, may back upon the father run;  
So may the many help to pay the due  
Of guilt, remotely implicate with one.  
And as the tree 'neath which a felon cowers,  
With all its branch is blasted by the bolt  
Of Justice launch'd from heav'n at *his* revolt;  
Thus with old Priam, with his royal line,  
Kindred and people; yea, the very towers  
They crouch'd in, built by masonry divine.

VII.

LIKE a dream through sleep she glided  
Through the silent city gate,  
By a guilty Hermes guided  
On the feather'd feet of Theft;  
Leaving between those she left  
And those she fled to lighted discord,  
Unextinguishable hate;  
Leaving him whom least she should,

Menelaus brave and good,  
Unbelieving in the mutter'd  
Rumour, in the worse than utter'd  
Omen of the wailing maidens,  
Of the shaken hoary head:  
Of deserted board and bed.

For the phantom of the lost one  
Haunts him in the wonted places;  
Listening, looking, as he paces

For a footstep on the floor,  
For a presence at the door;

As he gazes in the faces

(24) Of the marble mute Colossi,  
Each upon his marble throne;  
Yearning gazes with his burning  
Eyes into those eyes of stone,  
Till the light dies from his own.

But the silence of the chambers,

And the shaken hoary head,  
And the voices of the mourning  
Women, and of ocean wailing,

Over which with unavailing

Arms he reaches, as to hail

The phantom of a flying sail—

All but answer, Fled! fled!-fled!

False! dishonour'd! worse than dead!

## VIII.

At last the sun goes down along the bay,  
And with him drags detested Day.  
He sleeps; and, dream-like as she fled, beside  
His pillow, Dream indeed, behold! the Bride  
Once more in more than bridal beauty stands;  
But, ever as he reaches forth his hands,  
Slips from them back into the viewless deep,  
On those soft silent wings that walk the ways of sleep.

## IX.

Not beside thee in the chamber,  
Menelaus, any more;  
But with him she fled with, pillow'd  
On the summer softly-billow'd  
Ocean, into dimple wreathing  
Underneath a breeze of amber  
Air that, as from Eros breathing,  
Fill'd the sail and flew before;  
Floating on the summer seas  
Like some sweet Effigies  
Of Eirène's self, or sweeter  
Aphrodite, sweeter still:  
With the Shepherd, from whose luckless  
Hand upon the Phrygian hill

(25)

Of the three Immortals She  
The ~~fatal~~ prize of Beauty bore,  
Floating with him o'er the foam  
She rose from, to the shepherd's home  
On the Ionian shore.

X.

Down from the City to the water-side  
Old Priam, with his princely retinue,  
By many a wondering Phrygian follow'd, drew  
To welcome and bear in the Goddess-bride,  
Whom some propitious wind of Fortune blew  
From whence they knew not o'er the waters wide,  
Among the Trojan people to abide  
A pledge of Love and Peace for ever—Yes;  
As he who drawing from the leopardess  
Her suckling cub, and, fascinated by  
The creature's velvet grace and lustrous eye,  
Takes home, for all to fondle and caress,  
And be the very darling of the house  
It makes a den of blood of by and by.

XI.

For that wind that amber blew  
Tempest in its bosom drew;  
Soon began to hiss and roar;

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

And the sweet Effigies  
That amber breeze and summer seas  
Had wafted to the Ionian shore,  
By swift metamorphosis  
Turn'd into some hideous, hated,  
Fury of Revenge, and fated  
Hierophant of Nemesis;  
Who, growing with the day and hour,  
Grasp'd the wall, and topp'd the tower,  
And, when the time came, by her throat  
The victim City seized and smote.

(26)

XII.

BUT now to be resolv'd, whether indeed  
Those fires of Night spoke truly, or mistold  
To cheat a doating woman; for, Behold,  
Advancing from the shore with solemn speed,  
A Herald from the Fleet, his footsteps roll'd  
In dust, Haste's thirsty consort, but his brow  
Check-shadow'd with the nodding Olive-bough;  
Who shall interpret us the speechless sign  
Of the fork'd tongue that preys upon the pine.

HERALD: CHORUS.

Oh, Fatherland of Argos, back to whom  
After ten years do I indeed return



Under the dawn of this auspicious day!  
Of all the parted anchors of lost Hope  
That this, depended least on, yet should hold;  
Amid so many men to me so dear  
About me dying, that myself exempt  
Return to live what yet of life remains  
Among my own; among my own at last  
To share the last communion of the Dead!  
Oh, welcome, welcome, welcome once again  
My own dear Country, and the light she draws  
From the benignant Heav'ns, and all the Gods  
Who guard her; Zeus Protector first of all;  
And Phœbus, by this all-restoring dawn  
Who heals the wounds his arrows deal so fast  
Beside Scamander; and not last nor least  
Among the Powers engaged upon our side,  
Hermes, the Herald's Patron, and his Pride;  
(27) Who, having brought me safely through the war,  
Now brings me back to tell the victory  
Into my own belovéd country's ear;  
Who, all the more by us, the more away,  
Belovéd, will greet with Welcome no less dear  
This remnant of the unremorseful spear.  
And, oh, you kingly Columns and Colossi,  
You Tribunes that affront the rising sun,  
If ever, now your marble foreheads gild

**AGAMEMNON.**

**FIRST  
EDITION**

With the resplendent beam of rising day  
To welcome back your so long absent Lord;  
Who by Zeus' self directed to the spot  
Of Vengeance, and the special instrument  
Of Retribution put into his hands,  
Has undermined, uprooted, and destroy'd,  
Till scarce one stone upon another stands,  
The famous Citadel, that, deeply cast  
For crime, has all the forfeit paid at last.

**CHORUS.**

Oh hail and welcome, Herald of good news!  
Welcome and hail! and doubt not thy return  
As dear to us as thee.

**HERALD.**

To me so dear,  
After so long despaired of, that, for fear  
Life's after-draught the present should belie,  
One might implore the Gods ev'n now to die!

**CHORUS.**

Oh, your soul hunger'd after home!

HERALD.

So sore,  
That sudden satisfaction of once more  
Return weeps out its surfeit at my eyes.

(28)

CHORUS.

And our's, you see, contagiously, no less  
The same long grief, and sudden joy, confess.

HERALD.

What! Argos for her missing children yearned  
As they for her, then?

CHORUS.

Aye; perhaps and more,  
Already pining with an inward sore.

HERALD.

How so?

CHORUS.

Nay, Silence, that has best endured  
The pain, may best dismiss the memory.

HERALD.

Ev'n so. For who, unless the God himself,  
Expects to live his life without a flaw?

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

Why, once begin to open that account,  
Might not *we* tell for ten good years to come  
All that we suffer'd in the ten gone by?  
Not the mere course and casualty of war,  
Alarum, March, Battle, and such hard knocks  
As foe with foe expects to give and take;  
But all the complement of miseries  
That go to swell a long campaign's account.  
Cramm'd close aboard the ships, hard bed, hard board;  
And worse perhaps encamp'd or foraging  
Ashore in winter; if not from the walls,  
Pelted from Heav'n with rain and sleet, to couch  
Between the falling dews and rising damps  
That elf'd the locks, and set the body fast  
With cramp and ague; or to mend the matter (29)  
Good mother Ida from her winter top  
Flinging us down a coverlet of snow.  
Or worst perhaps in Summer, toiling in  
The bloody harvest-field of torrid sand,  
When not an air stirr'd the fierce Asian noon,  
And ev'n the sea sleep-sicken'd in his bed.  
But why lament the Past, as past it is?  
If idle for the Dead who feel no more,  
Idler for us to whom this blissful Dawn  
Shines doubly bright against the stormy Past;  
Who, after such predicament and toil,

Boast, once more standing on our mother soil,  
That Zeus, who sent us to revenge the crime  
Upon the guilty people, now recalls  
To hang their trophies on our temple walls  
For monumental heir-looms to all time.

CHORUS.

Oh, but Old age, however slow to learn,  
Not slow to learn, nor after you repeat,  
Lesson so welcome, Herald of the Fleet!  
But here is Clytemnestra; be you first  
To bless her ears, as mine, with news so sweet.

CLYTEMNESTRA: HERALD: CHORUS.

I sang my Song of Triumph ere he came.  
Alone I sang it while the City slept,  
And these wise Senators, with winking eyes,  
Look'd grave, and weigh'd mistrustfully my word,  
As the light coinage of a woman's brain.  
And so they went their way. But not the less  
From those false fires, I lit my altar up,  
And, woman-wise, held on my song, until  
The City taking up the note from me,  
Scarce knowing why, about that altar flock'd,  
Where, like the Priest of Victory, I stood,

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

Torch-handed, drenching in triumphant wine (30)  
The flame that from the smouldering incense rose.  
Now what more needs? This Herald of the Day  
Adds but another witness to the night;  
And I will hear no more from other lips,  
Till from my husband Agamemnon all,  
Whom with all honour I prepare to meet.  
Oh, to a loyal woman what so sweet

As once more wide the gate of welcome fling  
To the lov'd Husband whom the Gods once more  
After long travail home triumphant bring;  
Where he shall find her, as he left before,  
Fixt like a trusty watchdog at the door,  
Tractable him-ward, but inveterate  
Against the doubtful stranger at the gate;  
And not a seal within the house but still  
Inviolatè, under a woman's trust  
Incapable of taint as gold of rust.

[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.]

HERALD: CHORUS.

A boast not misbecoming a true woman.

CHORUS.

For then no boast at all. But she says well;  
And Time interprets all. Enough for us

To praise the Gods for Agamemnon's safe,  
And more than safe return. And Menelaus,  
The other half of Argos—What of him?

**HERALD.**

Those that I most would gladden with good news,  
And on a day like this—with fair but false  
I dare not.

**CHORUS.**

What, must fair then needs be false?

(31)

**HERALD.**

Old man, the Gods grant somewhat, and withhold,  
As seems them good: a time there is for Praise,  
A time for Supplication: nor is it well  
To twit the celebration of their largess,  
Reminding them of something yet denied.

**CHORUS.**

Yet, till we know how much denied or granted,  
We know not how the balance to adjust  
Of Supplication or of Praise.

**HERALD.**

Alas,

The Herald who returns with downcast eyes,  
'And leafless brow prophetic of Reverse,

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

Let him at once—at once let him, I say,  
Lay the whole burden of Ill-tidings down  
In the mid market-place. But why should one  
Returning with the garland on his brow  
Be stopt to name the single missing leaf  
Of which the Gods have stinted us?

CHORUS.

Alas,

The putting of a fearful question by  
Is but to ill conjecture worse reply!  
You bring not back then—do not leave behind—  
What Menelaus was?

HERALD.

The Gods forbid!  
Safe shipp'd with all the host.

CHORUS.

Well but—how then?

Surely no tempest—

HERALD.

(32)

Ay! by that one word  
Hitting the centre of a boundless sorrow!

CHORUS.

Well, but if peradventure from the fleet  
Parted—not lost?



HERALD.

None but the eye of Day,  
Now woke, knows all the havoc of the night.  
For right it was; all safe aboard—sail set,  
And oars all beating home; when suddenly,  
As if those old antagonists had sworn  
New strife between themselves for our destruction,  
The sea, that tamely let us mount its back,  
Began to roar and plunge under a lash  
Of tempest from the thundering heavens so fierce  
As, falling on our fluttering navy, some  
Scatter'd, or whirl'd away like flakes of foam;  
Or, huddling wave on wave, so ship on ship  
Like fighting eagles on each other fell,  
And beak, and wing, and claws, entangled, tore  
To pieces one another, or dragg'd down.  
So when at last the tardy-rising Sun  
Survey'd, and show'd, the havoc night had done,  
We, whom some God—or Fortune's self, I think—  
Seizing the helm, had steer'd as man could not,  
Beheld the waste Ægæan wilderness  
Strown with the shatter'd forest of the fleet,  
Trunk, branch, and foliage; and yet worse, I ween,  
The flower of Argos floating dead between.  
Then we, scarce trusting in our own escape,

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

And saving such as yet had life to save,  
Along the heaving wilderness of wave  
Went ruminating, who of those we miss'd  
Might yet survive, who sunk; the saved, no doubt, (33)  
As sadly speculating after us.  
Of whom, if Menelaus; and the Sun,  
(A prayer which all the Gods in Heav'n fulfil!)  
Behold him on the water breathing still;  
Doubt not that Zeus, under whose special showers  
And suns the royal growth of Atreus' towers,  
Will not let perish stem, and branch, and fruit,  
By loss of one corroborating root.

CHORUS.

OH, Helen, Helen, Helen! oh, fair name  
And fatal, of the fatal-fairest dame  
That ever blest or blinded human eyes!  
Of mortal women Queen beyond compare,  
As she whom the foam lifted to the skies  
Is Queen of all who breathe immortal air!  
Whoever, and from whatsoever wells  
Of Divination, drew the syllables  
By which we name thee; who shall ever dare  
In after-time the fatal name to wear,  
Or would, to be so fatal, be so fair!

Whose dowry was a Husband's shame;  
Whose nuptial torch was Troy in flame;  
Whose bridal Chorus, groans and cries;  
Whose banquet, brave men's obsequies;  
Whose Hymenæal retinue,  
The wingéd dogs of War that flew  
Over lands and over seas,  
Following the tainted breeze,  
Till, Scamander reed among,  
Their fiery breath and bloody tongue  
The fatal quarry found and slew;  
And, having done the work to which  
The god himself halloo'd them, back  
Return a maim'd and scatter'd pack.

(84)

II.

AND He for whose especial cause  
Zeus his wingéd instrument  
With the lightning in his claws  
From the throne of thunder sent:  
He for whom the sword was drawn;  
Mountain ashes fell'd and sawn;  
And the arméd host of Hellas  
Cramm'd within them, to discharge  
On the shore to bleed at large;

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

He, in mid accomplishment  
Of Justice, from his glory rent!  
What ten years had hardly won,  
In a single night undone;  
And on earth what saved and gain'd,  
By the raven sea distraint'd.

III.

SUCH is the sorrow of this royal house;  
But none in all the City but forlorn  
Under its own peculiar sorrow bows.  
For the stern God, who, deaf to human love,  
Grudges the least abridgment of the tale  
Of human blood once pledg'd to him, above  
The centre of the murder-dealing crowd  
Suspends in air his sanguinary scale;  
And for the blooming Hero gone a-field  
Homeward remits a beggarly return  
Of empty helmet, fallen sword and shield,  
And some light ashes in a little urn.

IV.

THEN wild and high goes up the cry  
To heav'n, "So true! so brave! so fair!  
"The young colt of the flowing hair

“And flaming eye, and now—look there!  
(35) “Ashes and arms!” or, “Left behind  
“Unburied, in the sun and wind  
“To wither, or become the feast  
“Of bird obscene, or unclean beast;  
“The good, the brave, without a grave—  
“All to redeem *her* from the shame  
“To which she sold herself and name!”—  
For such insinuation in the dark  
About the City travels like a spark;  
Till the pent tempest into lightning breaks,  
And takes the topmost pinnacle for mark.

## V.

BUT avaunt all evil omen!  
Perish many, so the State  
They die for live inviolate;  
Which, were all her mortal leafage  
In the blast of Ares scatter'd,  
So herself at heart unshatter'd,  
In due season she retrieves  
All her wasted wealth of leaves,  
And age on age shall spread and rise  
To cover earth and breathe the skies.  
While the rival at her side

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

Who the wrath of Heav'n defied,  
By the lashing blast, or flashing  
Bolt of Heav'n comes thunder-crashing,  
Top and lop, and trunk and bough,  
Down, for ever down. And now,  
He to whom the Zeus of Vengeance

Did commit the bolt of Fate—

Agamemnon—how shall I,  
With a Pæan not too high  
For mortal glory, to provoke  
From the Gods a counter-stroke;  
Nor below desert so lofty

Suitably felicitate?

Such as chasten'd Age for due  
May give, and Manhood take for true.

(36)

For, as many men comply  
From founts no deeper than the eye

With other's sorrows; many more,  
With a Welcome from the lips,  
That far the halting heart outstrips,

Fortune's Idol fall before.

Son of Atreus, I premise,

When at first the means and manhood  
Of the Cities thou didst stake

For a wanton woman's sake,

I might grudge the sacrifice;

But, the warfare once begun,  
Hardly fought and hardly won,  
Now from Glory's overflowing  
Horn of Welcome all her glowing  
Honours, and with uninvincible  
Hand, before your advent throwing,  
I salute, and bid thee welcome,  
Son of Atreus, Agamemnon,  
Zeus' revenging Right-hand, Lord  
Of taken Troy and righted Greece:  
Bid thee from the roving throne  
Of War the reeking steed release;  
Leave the laurel'd ship to ride  
Anchor'd in her country's side,  
And resume the throne and helm  
Of thy long-abandon'd realm:  
What about the State or Throne  
Of good or evil since has grown,  
Alter, cancel, or complete;  
And to well or evil-doer,  
Evenhanded Justice mete.

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

*Enter AGAMEMNON in his chariot, CASSANDRA*  
*following in another.*  
*at his side.*

(37)

AGAMEMNON: CHORUS, ETC.

AGAMEMNON.

First, as first due, my Country I salute,  
And all her tutelary gods; all those  
Who, having sent me forth, now bring me back,  
After full retribution wrought on those  
Who retribution owed us, and the Gods  
In full consistory determined; each,  
With scarce a swerving eye to Mercy's side,  
Dropping his vote into the urn of blood.  
Caught and consuming in whose fiery wrath,  
The stately City, from her panting ashes  
Into the face of the revolting heavens  
E'en now fat gusts of opulence puff's up.  
For which, I say, the Gods alone be thank'd;  
By whose connivance round about the wall  
We drew the belt of Ares, and laid bare  
The flank of Ilium to the Lion-horse,  
Who sprung by night over the city wall,  
And foal'd his iron progeny within,  
About the setting of the Pleiades.  
Thus much by way of prelude to the Gods.



For you, oh white-hair'd senators of Argos,  
Your measur'd Welcome I receive for just;  
Aware on what a tickle base of fortune  
The monument of human Glory stands;  
And, for humane congratulation, knowing  
How, smile as may the mask, the man behind  
Frets at the fortune that degrades his own.  
This, having heard of from the wise, myself,  
From long experience in the ways of men,  
Can vouch for—what a shadow of a shade  
Is human loyalty; and, as a proof,  
(38) Of all the Host that fill'd the Grecian ship,  
And pour'd at large along the field of Troy,  
One only Chief—and he, too, like yourself,  
At first with little stomach for the cause—  
The wise Odysseus—once in harness, he  
With all his might pull'd in the yoke with me,  
Through envy, obloquy, and opposition:  
And in Odysseus' honour, live or dead—  
For yet we know not which—shall this be said.  
Of this enough. For other things of moment  
To which you point, or human or divine,  
We shall forthwith consider and adjudge  
In seasonable session; what is well,  
Or in our absence well deserving, well  
Establish and requite; what not, redress

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

With salutary caution; or, if need,  
With the sharp edge of Justice; and to health  
Restore, and right, our ailing Commonwealth.  
Now, first of all, by my own altar-hearth  
To thank the Gods for my return, and pray  
That Victory, which thus far by my side  
Has flown with us, with us may still abide.

*Enter CLYTEMNESTRA from the Palace.*

CLYTEMNESTRA: AGAMEMNON: CHORUS, ETC.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

~~You Men of Argos,~~

~~Men of Mycenæ,~~ count it not a shame

If a fond wife, and one whom riper years  
From Youth's becoming bashfulness excuse,  
Dares own her love before the face of men;  
Nor leaving it for others to enhance,  
Simply declares the wretched widowhood  
Which these ten years she has endured, since first  
Her husband Agamemnon went to Troy.  
'Tis no light matter, let me tell you, Sirs,  
A woman left in charge of house and home—  
And when that house and home a Kingdom—and  
She left alone to rule it—and ten years!  
Beside dissent and discontent at home,  
Storm'd from abroad with contrary reports,

(39)

Now fair, now foul; but still as time wore on  
Growing more desperate; as dangerous  
Unto the widow'd kingdom as herself.  
Why, had my husband there but half the wounds  
Fame stabb'd him with, he were before me now,  
Not the whole man we see him, but a body  
Gash'd into network; aye, or, had he died  
But half as often as Report gave out,  
He would have needed thrice the cloak of earth  
To cover him that triple Geryon  
Lies buried under in the world below.  
Thus, back and forward baffled, and at last  
So desperate—that, if I be here alive  
To tell the tale, no thanks to me for that,  
Whose hands had twisted round my neck the noose  
Which others loosen'd—my Orestes too,  
In whose expanding manhood day by day  
My Husband I perused—and, by the way,  
Whom wonder not, my Lord, not seeing here;  
My simple mother-love, and jealousy  
Of civil treason—ever, as you know,  
Most apt to kindle, when the lord away—  
Having bestow'd him, out of danger's reach,  
With Strophius of Phocis, wholly yours  
Bound by the generous usages of war,  
That make the once-won foe so fast a friend.

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

Thus, widow'd of my son as of his sire,  
 No wonder if I wept—not drops, but showers,  
 The ten years' night through which I watch'd in vain  
 The star that was to bring him back to me;  
 Or, if I slept, so thin a sleep as scared  
 Ev'n at the slight alarum of the gnat; (40)  
 And yet more thick with visionary terrors  
 Than thrice the waking while had occupied.  
 Well, I have borne all this: all this have borne,  
 Without a grudge against the wanderer,  
 Whose now return makes more than rich amends  
 For all his wretched absence—Agamemnon,  
 My Lord and Husband; Lord of Argos; Troy's  
 Confounder; Mainstay of the realm of Greece;  
 And Master-column of the house of Atreus—  
 Oh, wonder not that I accumulate  
 All honour and endearment on his head!  
 If to his country, how much more to me,  
 Welcome, as land to sailors long at sea,  
 Or water in the desert; whose return  
 Is fire to the forsaken winter-hearth;  
 Whose presence, like the rooted Household Tree  
 That, winter-dead so long, puts forth anew  
 To shield us from the Dogstar, what time Zeus  
 Wrings the tart vintage into blissful juice.  
 Down from the chariot thou standest in,

Crown'd with the flaming towers of Troy, descend,  
And to this palace, rich indeed with thee,  
But beggar-poor without, return! And ye,  
My women, carpet all the way before,  
From the triumphal carriage to the door,  
With all the gold and purple in the chest  
Stor'd these ten years; and to what purpose stor'd,  
Unless to strow the footsteps of their Lord  
Returning to his unexpected rest!

**AGAMEMNON.**

Daughter of Leda, Mistress of my house,  
Beware lest loving Welcome of thy Lord,  
Measuring itself by his protracted absence,  
Exceed the bound of rightful compliment,  
And better left to other lips than thine.  
(41) Address me not, address me not, I say  
With dust-adoring adulation, meeter  
For some barbarian Despot from his slave;  
Nor with invidious Purple strew my way,  
Fit only for the footstep of a God  
Lighting from heav'n to earth. Let whoso will  
Trample their glories underfoot, not I.  
Woman, I charge you, honour me no more  
Than as the man I am; if honour-worth,  
Needing no other trapping but the fame

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

Of the good deed I clothe myself withal;  
And knowing that, of all their gifts to man,  
No greater gift than Self-sobriety  
The Gods vouchsafe him in the race of life:  
Which, after thus far running, if I reach  
The goal in peace, it shall be well for me.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Why, how think you old Priam would have walk'd  
Had he return'd to Troy your conqueror,  
As you to Hellas his?

AGAMEMNON.

What then? Perhaps  
Voluptuary Asiatic-like,  
On gold and purple.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Well, and grudging this,  
When all that out before your footstep flows  
Ebbs back into the treasury again;  
Think how much more, had Fate the tables turn'd,  
Irrevocably from those coffers gone,  
For those barbarian feet to walk upon,  
To buy your ransom back?

AGAMEMNON.

(42)

AGAMEMNON.

Enough, enough!

I know my reason.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

What! the jealous God?

Or, peradventure, yet more envious Man?

AGAMEMNON.

And *that* of no small moment.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

No; the one

Sure proof of having won what others strive for.

AGAMEMNON.

No matter—strife but ill becomes a woman.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And frank submission to her simple wish

How well becomes the Soldier in his strength?

AGAMEMNON.

And I must then submit?

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Aye, Agamemnon,  
I prithee let me have my way for once.

AGAMEMNON.

But not till I have put these sandals off,  
That, slave-like, too officiously would pander  
Between the purple and my dainty feet.  
For fear, for fear indeed, some Jealous eye  
From heav'n above, or earth below, should strike  
The Man who walks the earth Immortal-like.  
So much for that. For this same royal maid, (43)  
Cassandra, daughter of King Priamus;  
And whom, as flower of all the spoil of Troy,  
The host of Hellas dedicates to me;  
Entreat her gently; knowing well that none  
But submit hardly to a foreign yoke;  
And those of Royal blood most hardly broke.  
That if I sin thus trampling underfoot  
A woof like that in which the Heav'ns are dyed,  
The jealous God may less resent his crime,  
Who mingles human mercy with his pride.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

The Sea there is, and shall the sea be dried?  
Fount inexhaustibler of purple grain



Than all the wardrobes of the World could drain;  
And Earth there is, whose dusky closets hide  
The precious metal wherewith not in vain  
The Gods themselves this Royal house provide;  
For what occasion worthier, or more meet,  
Than now to carpet the victorious feet  
Of Him who, thus far having done their will,  
Shall now their last About-to-be fulfil.

[AGAMEMNON *descends from his chariot, and goes with*  
CLYTEMNESTRA *into the house, CASSANDRA remaining*  
*where she was.*]

CHORUS.

ABOUT the nations runs a saw,  
That Over-good ill-fortune breeds;  
And true that by the mortal law,  
Fortune her spoilt children feeds  
To surfeit, such as sows the seeds  
Of Insolence, that, as it grows,  
The flower of Self-repentance blows.  
(44) And true that Virtue often leaves  
The marble walls and roofs of kings,  
And underneath the poor man's eaves  
On smoky rafter folds her wings.

II.

THUS the famous City, flown  
 With insolence, and overgrown,  
 Is humbled: all her splendour blown  
 To smoke: her glory laid in dust;  
 Who shall say by doom unjust?  
 But should He to whom the wrong  
 Was done, and Zeus himself made strong  
 To do the vengeance he decreed—  
 At last returning with the meed  
     He wrought for—should the jealous eye  
     That blights full-blown prosperity  
 Pursue him—then indeed, indeed,  
 Man should hoot and scare aloof  
 Good-fortune lighting on the roof;  
 Yea, even Virtue's self forsake  
 If Glory follow'd in the wake;  
 Seeing bravest, best, and wisest  
     But the playthings of a day,  
 Which a shadow can trip over,  
     And a breath can puff away.

CLYTEMNESTRA (*re-entering*).

Yet for a moment let me look on her—  
 This, then, is Priam's daughter—

Cassandra, and a Prophetess, whom Zeus  
Has giv'n into my hands to minister  
Among my slaves. Didst thou prophecy that?  
Well—some more famous have so fall'n before—  
Ev'n Herakles, the son of Zeus, they say  
Was sold, and bow'd his shoulder to the yoke.

(45)

CHORUS.

And, if needs must a captive, better far  
Of some old house that affluent Time himself  
Has taught the measure of prosperity,  
Than drunk with sudden superfluity.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ev'n so. You hear? Therefore at once descend  
From that triumphal chariot—And yet  
She keeps her station still, her laurel on,  
Disdaining to make answer.

CHORUS.

Nay, perhaps,  
Like some stray swallow blown across the sea,  
Interpreting no twitter but her own.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

But, if barbarian, still interpreting  
The universal language of the hand.

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

CHORUS.

Which yet again she does not seem to see,  
Staring before her with wide-open eyes  
As in a trance.

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Aye, aye, a prophetess—  
Wench of Apollo once, and now—the King's!  
A time will come for her. See you to it:  
A greater business now is on my hands:  
For lo! the fire of Sacrifice is lit,  
And the grand victim by the altar stands.

[*Exit* CLYTEMNESTRA.]

CHORUS (*continuing*).

(46)

Still a mutter'd and half-blind  
Superstition haunts mankind,  
That by some divine decree  
Yet by mortal undivin'd  
Mortal Fortune must not over-  
Leap the bound he cannot see;  
For that even wisest labour  
Lofty-building, builds to fall,  
Evermore a jealous neighbour  
Undermining floor and wall.  
So that on the smoothest water

Sailing, in a cloudless sky,  
The wary merchant overboard  
Flings something of his precious hoard  
To pacify the jealous eye,  
That will not suffer man to swell  
Over human measure. Well,  
As the Gods have order'd we  
Must take—I know not—let it be.  
But, by rule of retribution,  
Hidden, too, from human eyes,  
Fortune in her revolution,  
If she fall, shall fall to rise;  
And the hand of Zeus dispenses  
Even measure in the main:  
One short harvest recompenses  
With a glut of golden grain;  
So but men in patience wait  
Fortune's counter-revolution  
Axled on eternal Fate;  
And the Sisters three that twine,  
Cut not short, the vital line;  
For indeed the purple seed  
Of life once shed—

(47)

CASSANDRA.

Phœbus Apollo!

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

CHORUS.

Hark!

The lips at last unlocking.

CASSANDRA.

Phœbus! Phœbus!

CHORUS.

Well, what of Phœbus, maiden? though a name  
'Tis but disparagement to call upon  
In misery.

CASSANDRA.

Apollo! Apollo! Again!  
Oh, the burning arrow through the brain!  
Phœbus Apollo! Apollo!

CHORUS.

Seemingly  
Possess'd indeed—whether by—

CASSANDRA.

Phœbus! Phœbus!  
Thorough trampled ashes, blood, and fiery rain,  
Over water seething, and behind the breathing

AGAMEMNON.

Warhorse in the darkness—till you rose again—  
Took the helm—took the rein—

CHORUS.

As one that half asleep at dawn recalls  
A night of Horror!

CASSANDRA.

Hither, whither, Phœbus? And with whom,  
Leading me, lighting me—

(48)

CHORUS.

I can answer that—

CASSANDRA.

Down to what slaughter-house!  
Foh! the smell of carnage through the door  
Scares me from it—drags me tow'rd it—  
Phœbus! Apollo! Apollo!

CHORUS.

One of the dismal prophet-pack, it seems,  
That hunt the trail of blood. But here at fault—  
This is no den of slaughter, but the house  
Of Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

CASSANDRA.

Down upon the towers  
Phantoms of two mangled Children hover—and a fam-  
ish'd man,  
At an empty table glaring, seizes and devours!

CHORUS.

Thyestes and his children! Strange enough  
For any maiden from abroad to know,  
Or, knowing—

CASSANDRA.

And look! in the chamber below  
The terrible Woman, listening, watching,  
Under a mask, preparing the blow  
In the fold of her robe—

CHORUS.

Nay, but again at fault:  
For in the tragic story of this House—  
Unless, indeed, the fatal Helen—  
No woman—

CASSANDRA.

(49)

No Woman—Tisiphone! Daughter  
Of Tartarus—love-grinning Woman above,  
Dragon-tail'd under—honey-tongued, Harpy-claw'd,



AGAMEMNON.

Into the glittering meshes of slaughter  
She wheedles, entices, him into the poisonous  
Fold of the serpent—

CHORUS.

Peace, mad woman, peace!  
Whose stony lips once open vomit out  
Such uncouth horrors.

CASSANDRA.

I tell you the lioness  
Slaughters the Lion asleep; and lifting  
Her blood-dripping fangs buried deep in his mane,  
Glaring about her insatiable, bellowing  
Bounds hither—Phœbus, Apollo, Apollo, Apollo!  
Whither have you led me, under night alive with fire,  
Through the trampled ashes of the city of my sire,  
From my slaughtered kinsmen, fallen throne, insulted  
shrine,  
Slave-like to be butcher'd led the daughter of a Royal  
line!

CHORUS.

And so returning, like a nightingale  
Returning to the passionate note of woe  
By which the silence first was broken!

CASSANDRA.

Oh,

A nightingale, a nightingale, indeed,  
 That, as she "Itys! Itys! Itys!" so  
 I "Helen! Helen! Helen!" having sung  
 Amid my people, now to those who flung  
 And trampled on the nest, and slew the young (50)  
 Keep crying "Blood! blood! blood!" and none will heed!  
 Now what for me is this prophetic weed,  
 And what for me is this immortal crown,  
 Who like a wild swan from Scamander's reed  
 Chaunting her death-song float Cocytus-down?  
 Here let them like myself to perish lie!  
 To perish, or enrich some other brow  
 With that all-fatal gift of Prophecy  
 They palpitated under Him, who now,  
 Checking his flaming chariot in mid sky,  
 With divine irony sees disadorn  
 The wretch his love has made the people's scorn,  
 The raving quean, the mountebank, the scold,  
 Who, wrapt up in the ruin she foretold  
 With those who would not listen, now descends  
 To that dark kingdom where his empire ends.

CHORUS.

Strange that Apollo should the laurel wreath  
Of Prophecy he crown'd your head withal  
Himself disgrace. But something have we heard  
Of some divine revenge for slighted love.

CASSANDRA.

Aye—and as if in malice to attest  
With one expiring beam of Second-sight  
Wherewith his victim he has curs'd and blest,  
Ere quencht for ever in descending night;  
As from behind a veil no longer peeps  
The Bride of Truth, nor from their hidden deeps  
Darkle the waves of Prophecy, but run  
Clear from the very fountain of the Sun.  
Ye call'd—and rightly call'd me—bloodhound; ye  
That like old lagging dogs in self-despite  
(51) Must follow up the scent with me; with me,  
Who having smelt the blood about this house  
Already spilt, now bark of more to be.  
For, though you hear them not, the infernal Choir  
Whose dread antiphony forswears the lyre,  
Who now are chaunting of that grim carouse  
Of blood with which the Children fed their Sire,

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

Shall never from their dreadful chorus stop  
Till all be counter-pledg'd to the last drop.

CHORUS.

Hinting at what indeed has long been done,  
And widely spoken, no Apollo needs;  
And for what else you aim at—still in dark  
And mystic language—

CASSANDRA.

Nay, then, in the speech,  
She that reproved me was so glib to teach—  
Before yon Sun a hand's-breadth in the skies  
He moves in shall have moved, those age-sick eyes  
Shall open wide on Agamemnon slain  
Before your very feet. Now, speak I plain?

CHORUS.

Blasphemer, hush!

CASSANDRA.

Aye, hush the mouth you may,  
But not the murder.

CHORUS.

Murder! But the Gods—

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AGAMEMNON.

CASSANDRA.

The Gods!

Who now abet the bloody work within!

(52)

CHORUS.

Woman!—The Gods!—Abet with whom?—

CASSANDRA.

With Her,

Who brandishing aloft the axe of doom,  
That just has laid one victim at her feet,  
Looks round her for that other, without whom  
The banquet of revenge were incomplete.  
Yet ere I fall will I prelude the strain  
Of Triumph, that in full I shall repeat  
When, looking from the twilight Underland,  
I welcome Her as she descends amain,  
Gash'd like myself, but by a dearer hand.  
For that old murder'd Lion with me slain,  
Rolling an awful eyebrow through the gloom  
He stalks about of Hades up to Day,  
Shall rouse the whelp of exile far away,  
His only authentic offspring, ere the grim  
Wolf crept between his Lioness and him;  
Who, with one stroke of Retribution, her

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

Who did the deed, and her adulterer,  
Shall drive to hell; and then, himself pursued  
By the wing'd Furies of his Mother's blood,  
Shall drag about the yoke of Madness, till  
Releast, when Nemesis has gorg'd her fill,  
By that same God, in whose prophetic ray  
Viewing To-morrow mirror'd as To-day,  
And that this House of Atreus the same wine  
Themselves must drink they brew'd for me and mine;  
I close my lips for ever with one prayer,  
That the dark Warder of the World below  
Would <sup>ope</sup>~~open~~ the portal at a single blow.

CHORUS.

(53)

And the raving voice, that rose  
Out of silence into speech  
Out-ascending human reach,  
Back to silence foams and blows,  
Leaving all my bosom heaving—  
Wrath and raving all, one knows;  
Prophet-seeming, but if ever  
Of the Prophet-God possest,  
By the Prophet's self confest  
God-abandon'd—woman's shrill  
Anguish into tempest rising,

Louder as less listen'd.

Still—

Spite of Reason, spite of Will,  
What unwelcome, what unholy  
Vapour of prognostic, slowly  
Rising from the central soul's  
Recesses, all in darkness rolls?  
What! shall Age's torpid ashes  
Kindle at the random spark  
Of a raving maiden? Hark!  
What was that behind the wall?  
A heavy blow—a groan—a fall—  
Some one crying—Listen further—  
Hark again then, crying "Murder!"—  
Some one—who then? Agamemnon!  
Agamemnon?—Hark again!  
Murder! murder! murder! murder!  
Help without there! Rouse the people!  
Break the doors in!—

(54)

CLYTEMNESTRA,

(*Appearing from within, where lies AGAMEMNON dead.*)<sup>1</sup>

Spare your pain.

Look! I who but just now before you all

<sup>1</sup> Hermann says, "*Tractis tabulatis*"—the scene drawing—"conspicitur Clytemnestra in conclavi stans ad corpus Agamemnonis."

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

Boasted of loyal wedlock unashamed,  
 Now unashamed dare boast the contrary.  
 Why, how else should one compass the defeat  
 Of him who underhand contrives one's own,  
 Unless by such a snare of circumstance  
 As, once enmesht, he never should break through?  
 The blow now struck was not the random blow  
 Of sudden passion, but with slow device  
 Prepared, and levell'd with the hand of time.  
 I say it who devised it; I who did;  
 And now stand here to face the consequence.  
~~Aye, in a deadlier web than of the loom~~  
~~Aye, in the fatal meshes of that loom~~  
 In whose blood-purple he divined his doom,  
 And fear'd to walk upon, but walk'd at last,  
 Entangling him inextricably fast,  
 I smote him, and he bellow'd; and again  
 I smote, and with a groan his knees gave way;  
 And, as he fell before me, with a third  
 And last libation from the deadly mace  
 I crown'd the cup of complement to Hades,  
 The subterranean Saviour—of the Dead!  
 At which he spouted up the Ghost in such  
 A burst of purple as, bespatter'd with,  
 No less did I rejoice than the green ear  
 Rejoices in the largess of the skies  
 That fleeting Iris follows as it flies.



CHORUS.

Oh woman, woman, woman!  
By what accurséd root or weed  
(55) Of Earth, or Sea, or Hell, inflamed,  
Dar'st stand before us unashamed  
And, daring do, dare glory in the deed!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Oh, I that dream'd the fall of Troy, as you  
Belike of Troy's destroyer. Dream or not,  
Here lies your King—my Husband—Agamemnon,  
Slain by this right hand's righteous handicraft.  
Like you, or like it not, alike to me;  
To me alike whether or not you share  
In making due libation over this  
Great Sacrifice—if ever due, from him  
Who, having charg'd so deep a bowl of blood,  
Himself is forc'd to drain it to the dregs.

CHORUS.

Woman, what bowl of blood but that of Troy,  
Which the just God himself prepared and filled,  
And gave him to administer? And now,  
Over his murder'd body, Thou  
Talk of libation!—Thou! Thou! Thou!

AGAMEMNON.

But mark! Not thine of sacred wine  
Over his head, but ours on thine  
Of curse, and groan, and torn-up stone,  
To slay or storm thee from the gate,  
The City's curse, the People's hate,  
Execrate, exterminate—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Aye, aye, to me how lightly you adjudge  
Exile or death, and never had a word  
Of counter-condemnation for Him there—  
Who, when the field throve with the proper flock  
For Sacrifice, forsooth let be the beast,  
And with his own hand his own innocent  
Blood, and the darling passion of my womb—  
Her slew—to lull a peevish wind of Thrace  
And him who curs'd the city with that crime (56)  
You hail with acclamation; but on me  
Who only do the work you should have done,  
You turn the edgéd axe of condemnation.  
Well; threaten you, I take the challenge up;  
Here stand we face to face; win Thou the game,  
And take the stake you aim at; but if I—  
Then, by the Godhead that for me decides,  
Another lesson you shall learn, though late.

CHORUS.

Man-mettled evermore, and now  
Manslaughter-madden'd! Shameless brow!  
But do you think us deaf and blind  
Not to know, and long ago,  
What Passion under all the prate  
Of holy Justice made thee hate  
Where Love was due, and love where—

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Nay, then, hear!  
By this dead Husband, and the reconciled  
Avenging Fury of my slaughter'd child,  
I swear I will not walk the house in fear  
While he that holds me, as I hold him, dear,  
Kindles his fire upon this hearth: my fast  
Shield for the time to come, as of the past.  
Yonder lies he that in the honey'd arms  
Of his Chryseides under Troy walls  
Dishonour'd mine: and this last laurell'd wench,  
This prophet-messmate of the rower's bench,  
Thus far in <sup>triumph</sup> glory his, with him along  
Shall go, together chaunting one death-song,  
To Hades—fitting garnish for the feast  
Of blood which these avenging hands have drest.

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

CHORUS.

(57)

Woe, woe, woe, woe!  
That death as sudden as the blow  
That laid Thee low would me lay low  
Where low thou liest, my sovereign Lord!  
Who ten years to Trojan sword  
Devoted, and to storm aboard,  
In one ill woman's cause accurst,  
Liest slain before thy palace door  
By one accursedest and worst!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Call not on Death, old man, that call'd or no,  
Comes quick; nor spend your ebbing breath on me,  
Nor Helena: who but as arrows be  
Shot by the hidden hand that holds the bow.

CHORUS.

Alas, alas! The Curse I know  
That round the House of Atreus clings;  
About the roof, about the walls,  
Shrouds it with his sable wings;  
And still as each new victim falls,  
Ungorg'd with kingly gore,

[ 313 ]

AGAMEMNON.

Down on the bleeding carcase flings,  
And croaks for "More, more, more!"

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Aye, now, indeed, you harp on likelier strings.  
Not I, nor Helen, but that terrible  
Alastor of old Tantalus in Hell;  
Who, one sole actor in the scene begun  
By him, and carried down from sire to son,  
The mask of Victim and Avenger shifts:  
And, for a last catastrophe, that grim  
Guest of the abominable banquet lifts  
(58) His head from Hell, and in my person cries  
For one full-grown sufficient sacrifice,  
Requital of the feast prepared for him  
Of his own flesh and blood—And there it lies.

CHORUS.

Oh, Agamemnon! Oh, my Lord!  
Who, after ten years toil'd;  
After barbarian lance and sword  
Encounter'd, fought, and foil'd;  
Returning with the just award  
Of Glory, thus inglorious by  
Thine own domestic Altar die,

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

Fast in the spider-meshes coil'd  
Of Treason most abhorr'd!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

And by what retribution more complete,  
Than, having in the meshes of deceit  
Enticed my child, and slain her like a fawn  
Upon the altar; to that altar drawn  
Himself, like an unconscious beast, full-fed  
With Conquest, and the garland on his head,  
Was slain; and now, gone down among the Ghost,  
Of taken Troy indeed may make the most,  
But not one unrequited murder boast.

CHORUS.

Oh, Agamemnon, dead, dead, dead, dead, dead!  
What hand, what pious hand shall wash the wound  
Through which the sacred spirit ebb'd and fled!  
With reverend care compose, and to the ground  
Commit the mangled form of Majesty,  
And pour the due libation o'er the mound!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

This hand, that struck the guilty life away,  
The guiltless carcase in the dust shall lay  
With due solemnities: and if with no  
Mock tears, or howling counterfeit of woe,

(50)

AGAMEMNON.

On this side earth; perhaps the innocent maid,  
Whom with paternal love he sent before,  
Meeting him by the melancholy shore,  
Her arms about him with a kiss shall throw,  
And lead him to his throne among the Shade.

CHORUS.

Alas! alas! the fatal rent  
Which through the house of Atreus went,  
Gapes again; a <sup>purple</sup> bloody rain  
Sweats the marble floor, and falls  
From the tottering roof and walls,  
The Dæmon heaving under; gone  
The master-prop they rested on;  
And the storm once more awake  
Of Nemesis; of Nemesis  
Whose fury who shall slake!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

Ev'n I; who by this last grand victim hope  
The tower of Retribution so to cope,  
That—and methinks I hear him in the deep  
Beneath us growling tow'rd his rest—the stern  
Alastor to some other roof may turn,  
Leaving us here at last in peace to keep  
What of life's harvest yet remains to reap.

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

CHORUS.

Thou to talk of reaping Peace  
Who sowest Murder! Woman, cease!  
And, despite that iron face—  
Iron as the bloody mace  
Thou bearest—boasting as if Vengeance  
Centred in that hand alone;  
Know that Fury pledg'd to Fury,  
Vengeance owes himself the debts  
He makes, and while he serves thee, whets  
His knife upon another stone,  
Against thyself, and him with thee  
Colleaguings, as you boast to be,  
The tools of Fate. But Fate is Zeus;  
Zeus—who for a while permitting  
Sin to prosper in his name,  
Shall vindicate his own abuse;  
And having brought his secret thought  
To light, shall break and fling to shame  
The baser tools with which he wrought.

(60)

ÆGISTHUS: CLYTEMNESTRA: CHORUS.

All hail, thou daybreak of my just revenge!  
In which, as waking from injurious sleep,



Methinks I recognize the Gods enthroned  
In the bright conclave of eternal Justice,  
Revindicate the wrongs of man to man!  
For see *this* man—so dear to me now dead—  
Caught in the very meshes of the snare  
By which his father Atreus netted mine.  
For that same Atreus surely, was it not?  
Who, when the question came of, Whose the throne?  
His younger brother out from Argos drove,  
My sire—Thyestes—drove him like a wolf,  
Keeping his cubs—save one—to better purpose.  
For when at last the home-heartbroken man  
Crept humbly back again, craving no more  
Of his own country than to walk its soil  
In liberty, and of her fruits as much  
As not to starve withal—the savage King,  
With damnable alacrity of hate,  
And reconciliation of revenge,  
Bade him, all smiles, to supper—such a supper,  
Where the prime dainty was—my brother's flesh,  
(61) So maim'd and clipt of human likelihood,  
That the unsuspecting Father, light of heart,  
And quick of appetite, at once fell to,  
And ate—ate—what, with savage irony  
As soon as eaten, told—the wretched man  
Disgorging with a shriek, down to the ground

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

The table with its curst utensil dashed,  
And, grinding into pieces with his heel,  
Cried, loud enough for Heav'n and Hell to hear,  
"Thus perish all the race of Pleisthenes!"  
And now behold! the son of that same Atreus  
By me the son of that Thyestes slain  
Whom the kind brother, sparing from the cook,  
Had with his victim pack'd to banishment;  
Where Nemesis—(so sinners from some nook,  
Whence least they think assailable, assailed)—  
Rear'd me from infancy till fully grown,  
To claim in full my father's bloody due.  
Aye, I it was—none other—far away  
Who spun the thread, which gathering day by day  
Mesh after mesh, inch upon inch, at last  
Reach'd him, and wound about him, as he lay,  
And in the supper of his smoking Troy  
Devour'd his own destruction—scarce condign  
Return for that his Father forc'd on mine.

CHORUS.

Ægisthus, only creatures of base breed  
Insult the fallen; fall'n too, as you boast,  
By one who plann'd but dared not do the deed.  
This is your hour of triumph. But take heed;  
The blood of Atreus is not all outrun

With this slain King, but flowing in a son,  
Who, saved by such an exile as your own  
For such a counter-retribution—

(62)

ÆGISTHUS.

Oh,  
You then, the nether benchers of the realm,  
Dare open tongue on those who rule the helm?  
Take heed yourselves; for, old and dull of wit,  
And harden'd as your mouth against the bit,  
Be wise in time; kick not against the spurs;  
Remembering Princes are shrewd taskmasters.

CHORUS.

Beware thyself, bewaring me;  
Remembering that, too sharply stirred,  
The spurrer need beware the spurred;  
As thou of me; whose single word  
Shall rouse the City—yea, the very  
Stones you walk upon, in thunder  
Gathering o'er your head, to bury  
Thee and thine accomplice under!

ÆGISTHUS.

Raven, that with croaking jaws  
Unorphean, undivine,

AGAMEMNON.

FIRST  
EDITION

After you no City draws;  
And if any vengeance, mine  
Upon your wither'd shoulders—

CHORUS.

Thine!

Who daring not to strike the blow  
Thy worse than woman-craft design'd,  
To worse than woman—

ÆGISTHUS.

Soldiers, ho!

CLYTEMNESTRA.

(63)

Softly, good Ægisthus, softly; let the sword that has so  
deep  
Drunk of righteous Retribution now within the scabbard  
sleep;  
And if Nemesis be sated with the blood already spilt,  
Even so let us, nor carry lawful Justice into guilt.  
Sheath your sword; dismiss your spears; and you, Old  
men, your howling cease,  
And, ere ill blood come to running, each unto his home in  
peace,  
Recognizing what is done for done indeed, as done it is,

And husbanding your scanty breath to pray that nothing  
more amiss.

Farewell. Meanwhile, you and I, Ægisthus, shall de-  
liberate,

When the storm is blowing over, how to settle House and  
State.

[NOTE.—The alterations in the text are found in FitzGerald's auto-  
graph in all copies of this edition known to me. Ed.]

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